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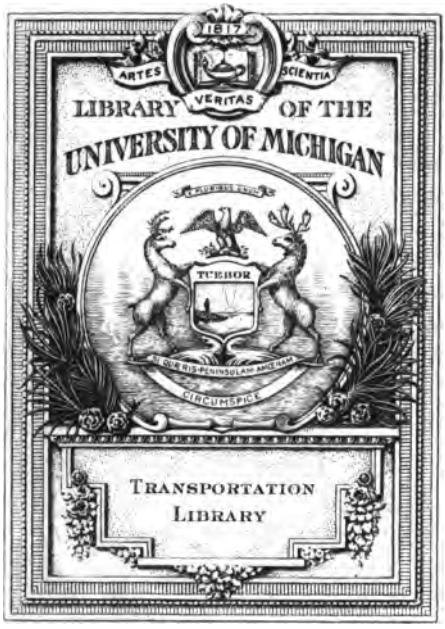
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THINGS AS THEY ARE

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IN the autumn of 1853, I was advised to cross the Atlantic for change of air and scene; and as the suggestion coincided with my own desire, formed on other grounds, to visit AMERICA, I gladly assented. The present work is a narrative of what chiefly fell under observation during my tour in some of the BRITISH AMERICAN POSSESSIONS and UNITED STATES—the recollection of which excursion, and of the many marks of undeserved kindness I received, will always be to me a source of unqualified gratification.

W. CHAMBERS.

GLENORMISTON, *August* 1854.

E. J. K. 5-10-44

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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO HALIFAX.

A VISIT to America is usually one of the early aspirations of the more impressionable youth of England. The stirring stories told of Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Raleigh, and Captain John Smith; the history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from persecution; the description of Penn's transactions with the Indians; the narratives of the gallant achievements of Wolfe and Washington, and the lamentable humiliations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; the exciting autobiography of the Philadelphian printer, who, from toiling at the press, rose to be the companion of kings —all had their due effect on my imagination, and stimulated the desire I felt to cross the Atlantic, and see the country which had been the theatre of so many interesting events, and latterly the scene of so many social developments. The ordinary occupations of a busy life, however, had dispelled this early dream. Like other ardently but vaguely entertained notions, it vanished and was forgotten, when circumstances all at once recalled it to mind, and rendered its realisation

possible. In short, towards the close of 1853, I was enabled to visit the more interesting portions of North America, where the rapid rate at which travellers are whirled from place to place, left me a reasonable time for observation and inquiry.

When a thing has to be brought down from the realms of fancy, to be considered in its practical details, it is astonishing how many little difficulties require to be encountered and overcome. In the present instance, I had to determine, in the first place, which route I should adopt. Should I go by way of the British American provinces, or leave them to be reached after visiting the United States? I resolved to set out direct for one of the nearest of the colonial possessions—Nova Scotia, and pass on thence to Canada, by this means taking the more northerly parts first. Perhaps, also, the fact of the Nova Scotian peninsula being ordinarily, and it may be said, unjustly, neglected by tourists, helped to fix my resolution, and accordingly I engaged a berth in the *America*, one of the Cunard line of steamers bound from Liverpool to Boston, and touching at Halifax.

It was on a dull September morning, with a thick fog overhanging the Mersey, that I found myself amidst a crowd of persons standing on the deck of a small steamer at the landing-quay of Liverpool. In the forepart of the vessel was a huge pile of boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, the luggage of the passengers; while the middle and after parts were so thickly covered with human beings, as to leave barely standing-room. The duty of this little craft, called 'the tender,' is to carry passengers from the shore to the steam-ship that lies moored in the middle of the river, and which, having previously, while in dock, taken on board all its cargo, is now ready to start out to sea. As nine o'clock struck, the tender moved away from the shore, and in

two minutes was enveloped in the fog — a most dangerous situation, for the Mersey was studded over with vessels in various attitudes, and at any instant we might rush violently against them. Such a catastrophe actually occurred. By what I must consider to have been incautious steering, the small steamer was brought suddenly into collision with the bows of a large vessel, and our instantaneous destruction seemed to be inevitable. With indescribable alarm I expected that the vessel would pass over us, and that we should all be immediately struggling beneath the flood. There was a rush to the roof of the small engine-room, as being likely to remain longest above water. I climbed to the highest point near me, and looked ahead for the coming shock. A moment of extreme excitement ensued. Crash went in the bulwarks of the tender, and down went its mast across the pile of luggage! I thought all was over. Fortunately, the bowsprit of the large vessel, in coming in contact with and breaking our mast, slightly turned off the collision, and we immediately lost sight of her great hull in the mist. We felt, as it were, a reprieve from death, and looked each other in the face with a feeling of congratulation. Then broke forth on the unlucky steersman a shower of those warm epithets which the English, in moments of indignation, scatter about with characteristic liberality. Idiot—ass—fool! were pelted at him all the rest of the way; nor did we feel safe from a fresh calamity till we were alongside of the *America*, which towered like a castle above us, and till we had our feet securely planted on her capacious poop. The tender, it is needless to say, had a very damaged appearance. Her mast and cordage lay athwart the confused mass of baggage, some of which was broken in pieces, and some had gone overboard. Whether such incidents are common at Liverpool, I do not know. It is, at all

events, clear that the method of putting passengers on board American vessels, in a foggy river, by means of small and overcrowded tenders, is a very bad one; and I have no hesitation in saying, that there is more danger to life from this practice, than in a whole voyage across the Atlantic.

The *America* did not immediately depart. The mails were still to be put on board, and these did not arrive in a subsequent trip of the tender till nearly noon. When they made their appearance, they consisted of at least two cart-loads of well-stuffed leather bags, with some boxes containing special dispatches for Canada. The whole having been transferred to the hold in the large steamer, the captain and pilot took their places on the paddle-box, the other officers went to their appropriate posts, the bell was rung, the wheels moved, and we were off. Slowly at first did the great floating mass proceed through the water. The mists which lay to seaward were not yet quite dispelled by the sun, and to go down the Mersey required careful guidance. For half an hour, the passengers leant over the brass railings of the elevated poop, catching glimpses of the parting quays—some waving hats or handkerchiefs to friends far in the receding distance—some, myself for one, thinking of those dear to them at home, and half doubtful of our own safe return to Old England. Gradually, the ship got into greater speed; for an instant it paused in its career, to allow the pilot to descend to his boat; again it moved along, and we were fairly on our course. The direction it took was straight up the Channel between Ireland and the Isle of Man. It was going what is called 'north about,' which is preferred to the southern passage in certain states of wind and tide.

As the vessel gained the open sea, and left nothing to look at but the wide-spread waters, one by one the

passengers descended to view the nature of their own particular accommodations, or to inspect the general mechanism of the ship. To me, at least, everything was new and curious; and, for the sake of the uninitiated, I will try to give an idea of what came under my notice.

As is pretty well known, there are two chief and distinct lines of steamers. One, the Cunard, so called after Mr Cunard of Halifax, who was its projector, is exclusively British property, and has a large money-grant from our government for carrying the mails. Some of its vessels sail direct to and from New York, the remainder to and from Boston, calling at Halifax. The other line, called the Collins, is American property, and sails only to and from New York; it is subsidised by the United States' government also for mail purposes. These two lines are in many respects rivals, but, by a judicious arrangement, the vessels depart from each port on different days of the week, so that no actual inconvenience is experienced from their competition. Latterly, there has sprung up a separate line of steamers to and from Philadelphia, and another to and from Portland; but of these I do not need here to speak. It is by the Cunard and Collins steamers that the intercourse with North America is mainly carried on, and on both sides of the Atlantic there is much keenness of feeling as to their respective merits. The Cunards are strong and compact vessels, built wholly in the Clyde, and possess engines of the most trustworthy workmanship. They are likewise in the charge of first-rate seamen. But, from the rounded form of their bows, or some other architectural peculiarity, they do not sail so fast as the Collins steamers, and they ship water on the decks to an unpleasant extent. They also fall considerably short of the Collinses in point of spaciousness and elegance of accommodation; and I

am sorry to say that, in the ticket-dispensing department at Liverpool, there is great room for increased attention and politeness. On calling to get my ticket on the night previous to departure, I experienced such treatment as might be expected by a pauper emigrant who went to seek an eleemosynary passage. Nor was this the worst of it; for although paying the highest fare, £25, which I had remitted ten days previously, and although informed that one of the best berths in the ship had been assigned to me, I found that this said excellent berth was among the fore-cabin passengers—a circumstance that led to much discomfort during the voyage, as I shall afterwards have occasion to notice. I allude to these circumstances with reluctance, and only under a sense of public duty.

On board the *America*, which bears a close resemblance to the other vessels in the line, there was nothing to find fault with, but, on the contrary, much to commend. Everything in the Cunards goes on, as the saying is, 'like clock-work.' In the striking of bells, changing of watches, posting of officers, throwing the log, taking solar observations, and other transactions, there is all the regularity and precision of a man-of-war; and this imparts a feeling of security even in the worst states of the weather, by night or day. The burden of the *America* is 1832 tons, and its length about 249 feet; it has two large engines, which act separately or together on both paddle-wheels, and in ordinary circumstances give a speed of from ten to twelve miles an hour. The quantity of fuel consumed is from fifty to sixty tons a day; necessitating a stock on board of about 900 tons of coal for the trip, and so leaving space for 900 tons for freight and miscellaneous articles.

It is wonderful to see how much is made of the internal accommodation. A great deal is done on

deck. There is really little deck visible. Along each side, adjoining the paddle-box, there is a row of small apartments, covered with wood, and over these are empty boats turned upside down, ready for launching in case of accident. In the open space beneath these boats, the cook keeps his fresh vegetables, and you occasionally see one of his assistants climbing up to clutch at a cabbage or bunch of carrots, and bring them from their repository. The apartments on the starboard side (the right side looking towards the head of the vessel) have brass-plates on the doors, with inscriptions denoting what they are. The first in the row is the cabin of the second officer; next is the cabin of the third officer; next is the workshop of the baker; next is that of the butcher or flesher; next is the house for the cow; and further on are sundry smaller offices. The apartments on the left side of the deck (larboard) are—first, the cabin of the surgeon; next, that of the purser; and further on are various places for culinary operations, stores, and so forth. Along the centre of the deck, beginning at the stern, are, first, the wheel-house, in which a helmsman is seen constantly at his post, and who has an outlook in front over the top of the saloon. At each side of the wheel-house are apartments for the captain and first officer. The saloon comes next. It is a large sitting and dining apartment for the first-class passengers, and is lighted by a row of windows on each side. Separated from it by a narrow cross-passage, and on the same line with it, is the steward's apartment, surrounded by shelves of china and glass articles, and having in its centre a little bureau whence liquors are dispensed. Over the door of this bureau is a clock, visible from the saloon, which is altered daily in correspondence with the changing longitude. Beyond the steward's room, towards the middle of the vessel, is a kind of apartment open at the

sides, and in which stands the capstan. At its extremity is the chimney of the furnaces, by which means the enclosure is kept tolerably warm even in cold weather. Provided with seats, it forms the outdoor lounge of cigar-smokers, and those who do not know what to do with themselves. Besides being dry overhead, the capstan-gallery is kept dry to the feet by means of open wooden work laid on the deck; so that when the sea washes over the vessel, passengers can remain here without being wetted.

Beyond the capstan-gallery is the kitchen; adjoining is the open deck, with the ventilators for the engine-room. Clearing this spot towards the head of the vessel, we have, first, the mess-room of the officers, a small apartment erected on the deck; and in continuation, the sitting and eating saloon for the fore-cabin passengers. This saloon is smaller than that for the first-class passengers; but it is neatly fitted up with hair-cloth sofa seats, and has stewards for its own special attendance. Beneath it are the sleeping-berths for this department; and from all I could see, they equal in comfort those of the higher class, with the disadvantage, however, of being exposed to the noises incidental to the working of the paddles and the concussions of the waves on the forepart of the vessel. All that part of the deck, beyond the second-class saloon, is the proper field for the sailors.

So much for what stands on the level of the deck; and with so many incumbrances, the space left for walking amounts only to a stripe at each side of the saloon, unless we choose to mount to the poop, which is the entire roof of the saloon, steward's apartment, and capstan-gallery, united in one long sweep. The poop, enclosed with railings, and furnished with seats, affords a fine airing-ground, and from the binnacle, or stand for the compass, to the great red tube forming the

engine chimney at the further extremity of the poop, there is an unimpeded view over the surrounding ocean. The indoor space is necessarily circumscribed. Below the saloon are the sleeping-berths, two beds in each, in long rows; a certain number with a small parlour being set aside for ladies. The descent to this sleeping region is by two good stairs. The fore-cabin passengers, in like manner, occupy berths below their saloon, and in this respect, at least, enjoy accommodations no way inferior to those of first-class passengers.

The conducting of this magnificent vessel from port to port across the ocean, exhibits a remarkable triumph of human skill. A body of officers, dressed in a uniform like that of the royal navy, is charged with the management of the ship. The chief command in the *America*, for the time being, was in the hands of Captain N. Shannon,* a Scotsman of experienced seamanship, and most agreeable and obliging in his intercourse with the passengers. Under him are three officers. The laborious duties of the ship are performed by a boatswain and an efficient corps of mariners; there is likewise a head-engineer with his assistants, having the special charge of the machinery. In the ordinary working of the ship, it seems to be a rule, that two officers shall always be on the alert—one stationed on the gangway at the side of the paddle-boxes, to look sharply ahead; the other stationed at the binnacle, to communicate orders to the man at the wheel. When an order is issued by the captain, or first officer on duty, it is repeated aloud by the second officer; and you thus hear it rapidly echoed from point to point till acted upon by the helmsman. Orders to the engineer to slacken speed, to stop, or go on, are communicated by pulling the wire of a bell at the paddle-box; by

* Now in the *Europa*, to and from New York.

which simple contrivance, the movements of the ship are under the most perfect control. The watches, as must be known to many, are four hours each, and are regulated by striking a bell placed near the wheel, the sounds being answered by a bell at the forecastle. These are struck every half-hour. Half-past twelve o'clock is indicated by one blow; one o'clock by two blows; half-past one o'clock by three blows; and so on to four o'clock, which is marked by eight blows. At half-past four they begin again; and in this way the twenty-four hours of the day are divided.

Although ably assisted by his officers, the commander of a vessel of this class holds a situation requiring sleepless vigilance. I observed that in his room at night a light was kept constantly burning, to illuminate the charts, compasses, and barometers, with which the apartment is furnished; and at various times a mariner came to report the progress of the ship, and the state of the winds. It is also noticeable, that any order despatched by the captain to the officer on duty, is given in writing, so as to avoid the mistakes incidental to verbal messages. Latterly, a tell-tale compass has been invented, for the purpose of checking irregularities in sailing. By means of an ingenious kind of mechanism attached to a compass, its dial-plate is punctured in the line of direction of the ship. Should the vessel be kept unsteadily on its assigned course, the deviations will be marked on the dial like a cloud of zigzag punctures; but should the vessel be kept steadily to its proper path, the punctures, accordingly, will be in a straight line. Fresh dials of paper are supplied daily. With one of these tell-tale compasses, the captain, on awaking in his berth, can discover whether his orders have been carefully attended to or otherwise.

Captains of ocean steamers differ considerably in their attention to exactness in compasses. Good

compasses are doubtless furnished to all vessels of this important class; but the very best compass may be rendered worse than useless, by a disregard of the petty circumstances on board that derange its action. Captain Shannon related to us a curious instance of a derangement in the compass, which had since rendered him punctiliously cautious. He had left Halifax with his vessel on the homeward-bound voyage; it was during one of the cold winter months, when fogs prevail on the American coast. His directions at night to the officers of the watch were to run for a point thirty miles eastward of Newfoundland, so as to make sure of keeping clear of its rock-bound shores; and the point of the compass that would lead in this required direction was fixed upon. On coming on deck in the gray of the morning, what was his horror on seeing that the ship had just entered a small bay, and seemed about to be dashed in pieces on the lofty precipices that revealed themselves through the mist! By instantaneously shouting orders to the man at the wheel, and by reversing the engines, he barely saved the vessel from destruction. After some trouble, it was paddled out to deep water. His first impression of course was, that the compass had been neglected. But to his surprise, he found that his orders in this respect had been exactly followed. The head of the vessel had been kept in the direction which, by compass, should have led to the open sea, thirty miles from land, and yet here was it running full inshore. To all concerned, the deviation seemed perfectly magical—not on any ordinary principle to be accounted for. The truth at length dawned on the captain. The error must have arisen from some local derangement of the compass. He caused all the compasses in the ship to be ranged on the deck; and soon it was perceived that no two agreed. The seat of the disorder was ascertained to be at a certain spot close

to the funnel of the stove of the saloon. Could this funnel be the cause? It was of brass, and had never before shewn any power of distracting the needle. On looking into it, however, the captain discovered that, when at Halifax, a new iron tube had been put inside the brass one, without his knowledge, and the circumstance had never been mentioned to him! There, in that paltry iron tube, was the whole cause of the derangement, 'which I speedily,' added Captain Shannon, 'made to shift its quarters.' How near was thus a fine vessel being wrecked, from a petty circumstance which no one could have previously dreamt of; and it may be said, how many first-class steamers, assumed to be diverted towards rocks by currents, may have been led to destruction from causes equally trivial.

By a strict regard to compasses and to lights, and by careful pilotage on approaching the coast, the danger to well-built sea-going steamers is exceedingly small. Rocks, collisions, and conflagrations, are the things that need alone raise a feeling of apprehension. On board the *America*, as in similar vessels, lights are hung up at sunset on the fore-mast and on each paddle-box, so as to warn ships that a steamer is approaching, whereby collisions may be avoided; and as regards fire, extreme care seems to be taken. All the lamps below, excepting that in the captain's apartment, are put out at midnight; nor is any one allowed to burn lights on his own account. There is, also, in connection with the steam-engine, a set of force-pumps, by which a deluge of water could be immediately propelled to any part of the vessel. To avert the danger and delay incidental to breakages of machinery, duplicates of various parts are kept on board, and could be substituted if necessary, without materially interrupting the progress of the voyage. Such precautionary arrangements cannot but

give a certain degree of confidence to the most timid class of passengers.

The *America*, as I said, quitted her moorings in the Mersey on Saturday at noon; and passing north about, it was not until about seven o'clock on Sunday evening that we lost sight of Ireland, and were fairly afloat on the Atlantic. Without any land in view, the ship now seemed to be moving in the centre of a circular piece of water terminating in the sky. And on and on, day after day, did the noble vessel go ploughing her way across this shifting liquid disk. Seldom did any sail make its appearance on the track we were pursuing. Our ship was seemingly alone on the waste of waters—a thing enchanted into life by the appliances of science and art, hastening across the trackless deep, and transferring a living portion of Europe to America. How suggestive, to sit down to dinner, amidst the splendours of a hotel, and to see so many refined people about you, yet know that you are a thousand miles from land—a mere speck amidst the tumultuous waves! The greatness of this marvel is probably lessened to most minds by the pressure of common-place circumstances. The slightest touch of sea-sickness takes away the poetry of the ocean; nor, when a man is hungry, does he indulge complacently in fanciful speculations. One of the first things which passengers do on coming on board, is to select the place where they propose to sit at table; which they do by laying down their card at the spot. In this way, a party of persons acquainted with each other make choice of a locality; and the seat each selects he keeps during the voyage. Let us pause for a moment on the appearance of the saloon, in its varying character of sitting and eating room.

It is one of the many well-managed matters in these vessels, that the meals are served peremptorily to a minute, according to the striking of the bells. No

matter what be the state of the weather, the dishes are brought in at the appointed time; and I verily believe that if the ship were sinking, the stewards would still be continuing to serve the dinner. The stewards, in fact, twelve in number, the whole under a *chef*, and dressed in smart blue jackets, are but a variety of the waiter genus, and know only one thing—which is to supply the wants of passengers. At eight o'clock in the morning, they ring their first bell, which is the signal for rising; and at half-past eight they ring again for breakfast. Irish stew, cold meat, ham, mutton-chops, some kind of fish, eggs, tea, coffee, and hot rolls, are placed in profusion on the two upper tables. The tables in the saloon are eight in number—that is, four on each side, with sofa seats in red velvet plush. Seldom more, however, than the upper tables are covered for breakfast; for the meal is drawn out till ten o'clock, and for two hours people come dropping in and going out as suits their fancy. At ten, the tables are cleared: after this, nothing hot can be obtained; but any one at any time can have such other fare as is on board. At half-past eleven, the tables are covered to a larger extent, and the bell at twelve o'clock is the signal for lunch. This is a well-attended meal, and there is usually a considerable consumption of soup, cold beef, and roasted potatoes — the latter served with their jackets on, and a great favourite with the more moderate hands. Again the tables are cleared, and so they remain till half-past three o'clock, when they are covered from end to end in *grande tenue*, and the bell for dressing is rung. This bell might as well be spared, for not one makes the slightest preparation; and when the bell at four o'clock is sounded, there is a general rush from the poop, smoking-gallery, and other quarters, into the saloon. The number of passengers during our voyage was a hundred and sixty, and the whole of these,

with two or three exceptions, sat down to dinner daily. At the top of each of the eight tables is a silver tureen of soup, and the signal for taking off the lids is the entrance of the captain, who appears in the saloon only at this meal, and takes his seat at the upper end of the first table on the left-hand side. The stewards are drawn up in lines, and confine their attendance to their respective tables. When dishes are sent in to the apartment, they are handed from one to another along the lines, and in the same noiseless manner are they handed out—the whole thing going on silently like an adroit military manœuvre. Every day fresh bills of fare are laid on the tables for the use of the guests. Iced water is served in abundance, and it is observable that not many call for wines. Those who do, give their orders on cards furnished for the purpose, which they settle for at the end of the voyage. For general accommodation, a shelf for bottles and glasses is suspended from the ceiling over each of the tables, and large tankards of iced water are always at hand.

The elegance and profusion of the dinners is surprising. They consist of the best soups, fish, meat, fowls, and game, with side-dishes in the French style; followed by a course of pastry of various kinds, with a dessert of fresh and preserved fruits. How so many things can be cooked, how there can be so much pastry dressed up daily, is a standing wonder to everybody. And the wonder is greater when we know that from the same apparatus must be daily produced not only all this profusion for the saloon, but also copious dinners at different hours for the fore-cabin passengers, the officers' mess, and the working departments of the ship. Dinner in the saloon is drawn out to upwards of an hour, but towards its conclusion numbers drop off to their accustomed lounge in the capstan-gallery or on the poop. A few, here and there, linger over a bottle

of wine; some recline on the sofas; and some take to reading. There is now a cessation in eating till seven o'clock, when the bell is sounded the last time for the day, and tea and coffee are served. For these beverages there is always abundance of milk; the cow on board being an assurance that there will be no want in that particular. As regards this poor animal, which was certainly an involuntary passenger, I observed that she was carefully attended to in the way of food and cleanliness; nor did she feel the want of company; for most persons talk to her in passing her little house, over the half-door of which she keeps her head poked out to see what is going on, and to receive the caresses of the sailors. In rough weather, she lies down in a comfortable bed of straw, and is untouched by the spray of the sea; yet, she is sometimes sick, and on such occasions, like others on board, probably wishes she were safe on dry land.

It will appear, from this brief description, that eating goes on with short interruptions from morning till night. One feels as if living in a table-d'hôte room, with the same company always sitting down or rising up; and I should think that, if a person be at all well, he can scarcely fail to add to his weight during the voyage. At first, and for a few days afterwards, there is a general shyness; but this wears gradually off. Persons sitting near to or opposite each other, begin to become acquainted; cards are sometimes mutually exchanged; and mere chance proximity leads to a lasting and valued intimacy. At tea, some do not take their accustomed places at table, but, for the sake of variety, visit acquaintances in other parts of the room. As anything is gladly hailed which will impart a degree of novelty to the scene, the passengers were one evening gratified to learn that a gentleman proposed to give a lecture on Spirit Rapping. All being assembled in their places,

the lecturer, who was an American, with a singularly thoughtful cast of countenance, stood up in the middle of the saloon, and commenced his harangue. He began by narrating the spiritual agencies mentioned in the Scriptures; was strong on the case of Saul and the Witch of Endor; came to recent manifestations; and ended with the clenching argument, 'that he had seen a table rise into the air and go round the room; and that if that was not effected by spirits, he asked any one to say how it had been done!' He was listened to with respect, but failed, I believe, to make any converts to his real or affected belief.

Devoured by idleness, passengers sometimes practise betting to a ridiculous and mischievous extent. They will bet on anything—whether a sail will be seen to-morrow; what day and hour the ship will reach port; or more commonly, what number of miles will be run in the current four-and-twenty hours. Betting on this latter point admits of speedy and accurate settlement; for every day, at noon, there is stuck up on the door of the saloon a memorandum of the ship's run, calculated from the log; and numbers, watching for the exhibition of this piece of intelligence, enter it gravely in their note-books, and go about telling everybody how many miles have been made in the ship's course.

In tolerable states of the weather, the greater number of passengers take walking exercise on the poop, which is the great airing-ground. The younger men amuse themselves in a different manner, with games of shovel-board, on the stripes of deck outside the saloon. Here, with thin circular pieces of hardwood, they play at a game which resembles that of bowls, only that the pieces thrown are made to slide along instead of being rolled. On fine forenoons, the ladies are spectators of these games, or indulge in walking exercise, if able to bear the unsteady motion of the ship. In the saloon, much

is done to kill time by card-playing, chess, and back-gammon. Some keep playing on for hours, morning and evening. They have crossed the Atlantic a dozen times, and to them the whole affair is hackneyed and tame. Their only solace is whist, and accordingly no sooner is the breakfast off the table, than the cards make their appearance. At night, when the candles are lighted, these whist-parties increase in number, and to look down the room, you would imagine yourself at a large evening-party in a watering-place. Occasionally, towards ten o'clock, when certain youngsters are finishing the day with deviled legs of fowl and 'glasses of something warm to put away that nasty squeamishness,' you may hear a song break forth, and there is for a time an air of jovialty among the various scattered parties. Yet, on no occasion does one ever see any approach to boisterousness; and notwithstanding the mixture of nations—English, Scotch, American, Canadian, German, and Italian—there prevails from first to last the staid demeanour of well-bred and select society.

Our voyage was rather more rough than usual. Head-winds from the west tumbled the sea about, and retarded the progress of the vessel. At starting, the ship was able to make upwards of 200 miles a day; but on Thursday, the run sunk to 101 miles; on Friday, it rose a little, being 120; and on Saturday, it was 166. During these three days, the beating of rain and wind, and the dashing of spray from the paddles, were the least of the discomforts. As the vessel ducked down in front to meet the billows, she constantly, and just as a spoon would lift water, shipped a sea, which came rolling along the decks ankle-deep, and finding only an imperfect outlet at the scuppers. The concussions of the heavy surging waves on the bows and paddles were sometimes awful, threatening, as they appeared to do, the

destruction of everything that opposed the repeated shocks. Yet under these pitiless blows, the vessel scarcely quivered, so well were her timbers put together; and calmly she made her way, though at moderated speed, through the raging and foaming ocean. Now was it apparent that mere power of engine is of little avail during storms in the Atlantic, and, indeed, will only aggravate the concussions, unless the prow of the vessel be of that sharpened and vertical form that will enable it to cleave its way, and at the same time sustain a level course in the water. A vessel of this improved shape, and of increased length, is, I believe, in course of construction by the Cunard Company, and it will be interesting to watch the result. Meanwhile, the frequent shipping of seas in bad weather is an intolerable nuisance. As regards myself, the deluging of the decks of the *America* poisoned the whole comforts of the voyage. In going from my berth in the morning, and returning to it in the evening, I had to walk amidst sea-water; and one night, by the plunging of the ship, I was thrown down, and bruised and drenched to a serious extent. For this there was no redress. Some other gentlemen among the first-class passengers had to undergo the like torment of occupying berths in the forepart of the ship. We were in the predicament of persons who, every night after supper, and in darkness, amidst a storm of wind and rain, had to go out of doors in quest of a lodging. May our sufferings be a warning not to pay for a passage in these vessels without first seeing a printed plan, and being assured that the berth required is actually under or in connection with the saloon.

While the head-winds lasted, and kept the decks in disorder, the smoking and talking assemblages in the capstan-gallery were kept up with redoubled energy. Collected in this sheltered spot, and grouped on camp-stools, the English and Americans carried on earnest

discussions on matters of social polity: an Americanised Irish gentleman from Ohio told stories of the early settlements; a Californian, in a shaggy pea-jacket, and with breastpins made of great nuggets of gold, related tales of Lynch-law and Colt's revolvers; and from a grizzly-haired little man, who spoke emphatically through his teeth, the captain of a South-sea whaler, we had daily narratives of shipwreck, which would have gone far to fill a volume. It was remarkable, that during even the worst weather, and when the motion of the vessel was considerable, there was little sickness among the passengers. Altogether, I experienced no feeling of this kind except for an hour on the second day. The length and solidity of the vessel, with its power of overcoming the short broken waves, give an easiness that is wanting in the small class of steamers; so that a voyage to America may really be attended with less painful consequences than an ordinary trip from Dover to Calais. While the bad weather lasted, only two of the passengers ventured on the poop. One of them was a grave gentleman, clothed from top to toe in India-rubber, who defied the rain and wind, and became a subject of jocularity to the young men on board. The other was a handsome young Swiss, who had never been to sea before, and was always in a state of extreme alarm lest the vessel should sink. In the midst of dinner, if there was a particularly loud concussion against the paddles, out the poor Swiss would bolt, and hurry to the furthest corner of the wheel-house, as if resolved to be among the last to perish. A hurricane of laughter from the young Nova Scotians followed these demonstrations, which were among the standard subjects of merriment.

On the eighth day out, the weather mended very considerably, and at noon our run by log was 231 miles. Being Sunday, preparations were made for

performing divine service. At one o'clock, the principal steward entered the saloon with a trayful of Bibles and prayer-books, which he distributed among the passengers. He then adjusted a red-plush sofa-cushion on the inner side of one of the tables, by way of pulpit; and after these simple arrangements, the bell on the forecastle began deliberately to toll. Several passengers from the fore-cabin now entered along with the officers in uniform, and about a dozen sailors in their Sunday jackets. In the whole scene there was an air of considerable solemnity. The bell ceased to ring, and a perfect silence prevailed. The officiating minister now took his seat at the cushion, on which lay a large Bible and service-book. When no clergyman is on board, the service for the day is read by the captain. In the present instance, a clergyman belonging to the college of Toronto was a passenger, and by him the service was conducted according to the usual forms; including the preaching of a sermon, which was listened to with as great attention as if delivered in a parish church. The rest of the day was spent with the ordinary decorum of Sunday in England.

On the following Tuesday, being the tenth day out, sailing vessels began to be seen on the horizon, being probably barks engaged in the fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, which we were now declared to be upon. We also enjoyed an agreeable clearing up in the sky, and the colour of the sea changed from blue to a light greenish tinge. From this time, too, more gulls were seen on the wing, and the ship had become a refuge for a flight of small birds resembling larks, which had been driven from land by stress of weather, and were glad to rest their wearied wings by perching on the more prominent parts of the vessel. This day, about noon, a large steamer from New York to Liverpool, came in sight, and was watched with deep interest by

the passengers. It passed at the distance of two miles. There were, as usual, mutual greetings by signal. The system of communication at sea, by signals, is one of the most remarkable inventions of the day, and merits a word of explanation.

The inventor, or, at all events, perfecter, of the code of naval signals, was the late Captain Frederick Marryat, of the royal navy, well known as a popular novelist. By Marryat's signals, as they are generally termed, a conversation on almost any subject can be carried on between two ships, as effectually as if the respective captains spoke to each other in distinct words. The signals employed consist of fifteen different small narrow flags, which are run up at a point over the stern, and fully visible through a glass at a distance of several miles. Ten of them represent the ten figures in arithmetic, and by these any number is expressed. The other five refer respectively to certain departments in the code, and are designed to lead at once to the subject of conversation. When a particular number is expressed, the code, which is a volume resembling a dictionary, is turned up by the party addressed, and he sees a sentence or part of a sentence opposite that number in the book. So expert, however, do mariners become in reading the signals, that they seldom require to refer to the code. On both sides, the signals are run up and pulled down, and questions asked and answered with the rapidity of ordinary conversation. In this way, vessels passing within sight of each other at sea, no longer need to bend from their course or stop in their career to put questions through speaking-trumpets. The merchant ships of nearly all countries have embraced Marryat's code, which is now therefore the universal language of the sea —a symbol of brotherhood among nations.

Thursday, the twelfth day out. The joyful intelligence of land being in sight, was reported at breakfast.

Through the misty distance, rugged headlands and brown rocky hills were visible on the west. We were now going southward, down the American coast, which was kept in view all day. The prospect was not cheering, for the land facing the ocean about the Gulf of St Lawrence has a generally bare and deserted appearance. Why steamers from England to America should for the most part hold so northerly a course before running south, is not clear to the understanding of landsmen. The practice may be connected with the principle of great-circle sailing, or that of crossing where the degrees of longitude are comparatively narrow. On this point, there were learned but not particularly lucid discussions in the capstan-gallery; and here also, by the older sea hands, were given accounts of the Gulf-stream, and its wonderful effects in tempering the climate of the British Islands. These and other themes of the capstan parliament, as we named it, came abruptly to a close in the evening, when the lights at the mouth of Halifax harbour shone in sight. Swiftly the entrance is made; the lights of the town make their appearance; mails and baggage are brought on deck; guns are fired and rockets sent up; lanterns flit about the wooden quay where we are to land; ropes are thrown out; a gangway is pushed on board; and, along with some half-dozen fellow-passengers who go no further, I scramble ashore, and have my foot on American soil.

The voyage, so far, had occupied nearly twelve and a half days; which, with a delay of several hours for coaling and the subsequent run to Boston, would, to the bulk of the passengers, make a voyage of fourteen days.

CHAPTER II.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Stepping ashore at Halifax, I found myself among friends, acquaintances, and a people generally who may be said to have vied with each other in welcoming me to the new world, whether British or American. Everything was new, yet familiar. Thousands of miles from home, I was still, as it were, in England, with nothing differing around me in language or in usages from what I had been previously accustomed to. But without any generic difference there was novelty. Driving at night through imperfectly lighted streets, I could see that the houses were principally of wood, and Woodenness, as I may call it, is one of the distinctive features of America—wooden houses, wooden door-steps, wooden slates, wooden pillars, wooden palings, wooden wharfs, and here and there wooden roads and wooden pavements!

Yet, though wooden, how neat, how beautiful! On looking out in the morning from my window over the town and scenery beyond, I thought I never had seen anything so pretty. No dingy brick with a canopy of smoke, as in London; no dull gray walls incrusted with the soot of centuries, as in the older parts of Edinburgh; but all smart, fresh, new, and seen through an atmosphere as clear as crystal. A town composed for the most part of detached houses, and painted a clear white, was seen stretching with a sunny exposure down

the declivities of a hill to a sea-water lake dotted with islands; while on the further side of the lake, which was apparently about two miles wide, there lay a picturesque range of country, ornamented with white cottages, and on the brink of the water the small town of Dartmouth imbosomed among trees. Then the lake itself—quite a Highland firth, reminding one of Loch Fyne—lay glittering in the morning sun, and boats with flowing sails were tacking in different directions on its bosom. All was charming; nor did a nearer inspection alter the original impressions of the scene. Halifax, with wide streets laid out in lines at right angles with each other, an abundant intermixture of trees and gardens, and a population of forty to fifty thousand souls, is as pleasing in its outlines when seen from the harbour as from the higher grounds. With a fair proportion of church spires, public edifices, and a fort with flag-staff crowning the hill on which it stands, and with a long series of wharfs lined with shipping, it is a complete and respectable-looking city, and may challenge comparison with any town of similar size in America.

If an Englishman can entertain little respect for a city whose very churches—one of them a handsome Gothic edifice—are built of wood, he must confess unbounded admiration of the natural beauties of its situation. One of the finest inlets on the American coast is the harbour of Halifax. Running up seven or eight miles from the open sea, it abruptly narrows a short way above the town, and then expanding, becomes a spacious land-locked sheet of water, probably six miles long by from two to three broad. This inner lake, with deep water and good anchorage, is surrounded by ranges of high ground, picturesque cliffs, and overhanging woods of brilliant foliage. Along the Halifax side, and perforating rocky knolls, there is a

fine drive which nearly skirts the water; and it is here, on an eminence a few miles from the town, that the late Duke of Kent built and inhabited a neat villa, the site of which is still visible among the trees. No one can see this remarkably beautiful sheet of water, without reflecting that it offers a harbourage of almost unexampled excellence, and will possibly, at some future day, grace the site of a great emporium of commerce.

Travellers, who have but a few hours to spare, should not omit a drive along the borders of this inner lake; and when about half-way up, by taking a cross-road to the left, they will soon be brought to a smaller but equally beautiful arm of the sea, bounding the peninsula on which stands the city of Halifax, with its spreading suburbs, open common, gardens, and small farms. A drive of this limited extent is in some cases all that travellers indulge in who visit and describe Nova Scotia. In the course of such a ramble, and pushing here and there into scenes beyond, as I did on two or three occasions, numberless picturesque views are presented; affording, too, such developments of the most ancient series of rocks as may well delight the geologist. Forests of shrubs and tangled woods, amidst which you hear the tinkle of bells hung round the necks of the cottagers' vagrant cows, derive support from a thin soil, reposing on vast masses of granite, while boulders of the same imperishable material are scattered about in endless profusion. Some of these detached blocks are so rounded by attrition as to remain poised on a very narrow basis; so that, without calling in the agency of the Druids, you have rocking-stones fit to be the playthings of a race of giants.

Travelling through these woody and rocky solitudes, and now and then coming to a clearing of a few open fields, the property of an industrious settler, you are occasionally startled with the apparition of an Indian

woman and children loitering around a wigwam of the most slender materials. The sight of these members of the decayed tribe of Mic-macs was to me afflicting to the last degree. It was the spectacle of human nature reduced to the level of the brutes; and that such things existed within an hour's ride of a populous and refined city, seemed to me exceedingly anomalous. The degraded condition of the Indian races, however, is more easily lamented than cured. Much has been done to Christianise and to improve the habits of the Mic-macs, and a spirited society in Halifax is now engaged in this work of spiritual and temporal reclamation, which we must hope will not prove altogether fruitless. At no great distance from the frail huts of these poor Indians, it was my fortune to alight upon a number of little cottages, each with a small clearing about it, and to appearance the abode of an order of beings superior to the native races; for between a habitation which consists of a few sticks hung over with dirty blankets and skins, and a dwelling built of wood, with a door, windows, and chimney, there is a great stride. I had the curiosity to look at the interior of these dwellings, and found them to be occupied by negroes—free, of course, but not seemingly much the better for being at their own disposal. I was informed that a large number of these blacks had been carried away, by one of our admirals, from the States, during the war of 1812, and landed at Halifax, where, along with other coloured refugees, they were little better than a nuisance. Some of the blacks live in Halifax, and others in the small cabins I have spoken of as occurring amidst the rural scenery of the neighbourhood. They are not all idlers. I saw several employed in various ways; but, 'as a class, they are not well spoken of. In the long winters they require to be supported by charitable contributions—this in a country where any man able and willing to

work, can never be at a loss for permanent employment at a wage beyond that of the English labourer!

During my stay in Halifax, I had an opportunity of attending an agricultural fête, which took place through the liberal and considerate policy of the lieutenant-governor of the province. First in the series of proceedings, there was a ploughing-match, in a grassy field outside the town, where, with the best kind of ploughs, each drawn by a pair of horses, there was a highly creditable display of provincial taste in husbandry. Wandering about the field, enjoying the sight of the eager competitors, and also the graceful spectacle of ladies on horseback and in carriages, and the *élite* of the provincial government surveying the proceedings, I derived an additional gratification in knowing that the spot was in some sort classic ground. It formed part of the experimental farm of the late John Young, an enthusiastic Scotch agriculturist, who, writing in the local press under the name of *Agricola*, was the first to stimulate a spirit of improvement in the province, and lived to see the principles and practice of East Lothian husbandry naturalised in this part of America. Men not very aged remember the time when the only vegetables consumed in Halifax were imported from Boston, and when butter, pork, and other edibles came from Ireland. All this has been changed, and not a little of the progress in various branches of culture is due to John Young, whose son, the Hon. William Young, Speaker of the House of Assembly, very appropriately opened the proceedings on the present occasion. On the day after the ploughing-match, there was an exhibition of horses, cattle, and other animals, also of implements of agriculture, and some fruits. I do not profess to be a judge of such things, but there could be no doubt that the show evinced a high degree of skill in the selection and

rearing of livestock, and in conducting the business of the farm. The exhibition, in various ways, afforded a pleasing indication of the interest now taken in rural improvement. It was attended by people from all parts of the province, and while it lasted the town had altogether a holiday aspect. As a public dinner and ball formed part of the programme, possibly it was not cattle alone that brought so many strapping young farmers from their distant fields. Indeed, it would be a wonder if it were so, for the ball offered to the eye a wonderful constellation of 'youth, beauty, and fashion;' and if any one has taken up the fancy that Nova Scotian ladies are destitute of the charms of Englishwomen, I only pity his ignorance, and would ask him to look in at a Halifax ball.

At these entertainments, I was introduced to a number of persons of respectability and influence. Speaking of Halifax, they said it had many recommendations as a place of residence, and as was evidenced by the number of persons who had realised large fortunes, it offered good prospects for really industrious and enterprising men. The only complaint against it, was a general want of that spirit of commercial adventure, so strongly evidenced in the States, where realised capital knows no rest, but, greatly to the public advantage, is continually pushing into new channels. By way of keeping up the conversation, I said I could not help remarking, though scarcely entitled to allude to the circumstance, that there appeared to prevail a much more gay and free-and-easy style of life among persons in business, than I had been accustomed to witness in the old country; instancing the number of young men who kept horses, and lived as if independent of any inducement to assiduous labour. The truth of this was admitted; the explanation being, that the Nova Scotians, besides

knowing scarcely anything of taxes, had all the luxuries of life at a comparatively small cost, and were enabled to get through existence in a far more enjoyable manner than was known 'at home.' The long winters, in which much of the ordinary business is suspended, and sleighing and parties of amusement are the order of the day, were also spoken of as productive of those gay and somewhat unsettled habits I had alluded to. As a natural consequence, emigrants from the old country, trained to mind their affairs, and whose whole aim is to succeed, were described as finding little difficulty in improving their circumstances in the colony.

One of the days during my stay was devoted to a glance at the educational institutions of the town, which I examined dispassionately, without regard to sect or party. At a large school for poor children, supported by the subscriptions of the benevolent, I was overwhelmed by a complimentary and undeserved address from the body of managers. In a Roman Catholic orphan seminary, which appeared to me a very model of order and cleanliness, and in the National School, the general routine of procedure seemed to me highly satisfactory. Latterly, a system of common-schools has been organised in the province, and is supported by the state and local rates. But the very fact that it leaves a number of children in Halifax to be educated by begged money—that is, by chance—is indicative of its defects as a system of universal application.

Among the public buildings to which my attention was drawn, was the handsome edifice used for the meetings of the Provincial Assembly, and for conducting the colonial government, and likewise the mansion occupied by the lieutenant-governor; this last being pleasantly situated in the midst of a garden near the environs of the city. In the main streets there are

numerous stores on a large and elegant scale; but the establishments most interesting to a stranger, are certain commercial depôts situated on the wharfs which project into the harbour. Here fishermen are supplied with all the requisites for carrying on their perilous profession, and here are received and stored up the fish that are caught. The quantity of dried fish piled in these establishments, floor above floor, is enormous, though, after all, only a fraction of what is drawn from the adjoining coasts. The export is chiefly to the West Indies.

In the streets of Halifax there was no lack of scarlet uniforms, and this leads me to remark that the military forms no inconsiderable, and I should think no very advantageous, element in the society of the town. The sight of English soldiers on this side of the Atlantic is not very intelligible to the traveller who sees neither disaffection to be kept down, nor a foreign enemy threatening; nor, when he reflects on the enormous expense at which the apparatus of force must necessarily be maintained, does this military system seem consonant with justice to the mother-country, which enjoys nothing in return but the honour of calling Nova Scotia one of her dependencies. It is true that Halifax, with its fort, forms a strong military position; but the experience of the past tells us that fortifications in America have been built only to be left in ruins, or handed over to the very power which they were intended to repel. Nothing produces such melancholy emotions in the Englishman who wanders over the United States, as the frequent spectacle of large military works which cost his country vast sums of money, and are now, in their state of ragged decay, only objects of interest to the draughtsman and the antiquary. Admiring the fort at Halifax as a work of art—its strong walls of granite, its fosses and casemates, its trim grassy mounds, its

barracks and water-tanks, all unexceptionable—I must, nevertheless, consider its erection as a species of error, and look upon the cost of the large military establishment with which it is garrisoned as completely thrown away. It could perhaps be shewn that the expenditure is even injurious to the place. Relying, in one way or another, on the outlay of public money, the people fail to exercise that energetic industry and self-dependence which would naturally be developed were they entirely free from all state patronage. Hospitable and highly polished in manner, the general society of Halifax is, exteriorly, everything that could be wished; but, as might be supposed in the circumstances, there prevails a most unhappy spirit of party politics, which, disuniting those who ought to be friends, substitutes narrow and personal for broad views, and is seriously adverse to the prosperity of the province.

At the time of my visit, the subject uppermost in every man's mind, was that of a railway to extend from Halifax across the country to Amherst, on the borders of the province, there to join, on the one hand, with a projected line to St John's, in New Brunswick, and on the other, with a projected line to Quebec. There can be no doubt that such a line is exceedingly essential, even on a limited scale. Yet, in the face of an obvious necessity, the greatest disunion prevailed. All wanted the railway, but there was a quarrel about details, which was as ridiculous as if the commanders of an army were to go by the ears about some trifling matter of belts and buckles, while they ought to have been gallantly leading their men into action. One party wished the railway to be purely a government measure; another desired that it should be a joint-stock speculation, with merely some assistance from the state. To render the confusion still worse, the provincial authorities had received some kind of promise from the English capitalist, Mr Jackson, to

the effect, that he would make the required line on some expressed conditions involving a public guarantee. The provincial legislature had already passed acts to authorise certain lines; but even these were inoperative, in consequence of the Home Colonial Office having for several months had the subject in consideration before appending the consent of the crown. One had only to see and hear of all this, and observe that *nothing was done*, to feel a degree of pity for the people, who were the victims of such strange complications.

As the nearest available harbour to England on the American coast, Halifax seems to be pointed out by nature as the place where much of the steam-navigation should properly concentrate. It should, to all appearance, be the portal for traffic between Great Britain and her Canadian possessions; and if these possessions are deemed worthy of being retained, one would think that a means of getting to them by land, without going through a foreign country, would be very desirable. Already, Nova Scotia sees her neighbour, Portland, in Maine, become that medium of intercourse which she might reasonably have expected to be. Recently, as may not perhaps be well known in England, a railway was completed, and opened from Portland to the St Lawrence, by which you may travel from the Atlantic to Montreal, a distance of 292 miles, in twelve hours; and in the course of a few months a branch, now nearly completed, will carry you in the same space of time to Quebec. As Portland is also connected with Boston by railway, and has become a harbour during winter for two British steamers, it may be assumed that she has, without more ado, become the port for a large section of Canada. As Portland will further be soon connected by railway with New Brunswick, she may be said to fly off at a sweep with various important branches of colonial trade.

One thing has been done well in Halifax; and that is, the establishment by a company of an electric-telegraphic communication through the province to St John's, New Brunswick, whence the wires are carried on to Portland and other parts in the States. By this line, intelligence arriving by the Cunard steamers from England, is at once despatched over thousands of miles of country. The news brought in by a vessel at night is found next morning in the papers of New Orleans, Cincinnati, Toronto, and a hundred other cities—the whole, as by a flash, being communicated to every newspaper reader in the United States and Canada. On visiting the telegraph-office in Halifax, I could not but admire the rapidity with which messages are sent to and from St John's—the wires of communication, be it remembered, being carried on the tops of rude poles, along miserable highways, and through forests and across water-courses, far from the habitations of civilised man. A young person in charge of the telegraph had become so marvellously acute in the ear, that he could distinguish the various intonations made by the ticking noise of the mechanism; and without waiting to see the markings, he could tell you everything that was indicated at the other end of the wires. Being placed in communication with a gentleman in St John's, I requested the ingenious operator to be the interpreter between us. He did so, and inclining his ear to the machine, he said: 'Mr —— welcomes you to America, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you before you quit the country.' The success which has attended the enterprise of this telegraphic company, might surely have pointed out a method for practically carrying out the railway undertakings of the province.

It would be too much to expect that Nova Scotia should do more than execute her own proper share of any great scheme of intercolonial railways; but even

so far, with a view alone to internal communication, she has an important duty to perform. The province abounds in mineral treasures, that need only to be developed. Perhaps in no part of the world are there beds of excellent coal of such vast dimensions—one of them, at Pictou, I was told, being thirty feet in thickness; iron, in various forms, is likewise found in profusion; and as for gypsum, it is inexhaustible. The fisheries all round the coast, including the shores of Cape Breton, are in themselves mines of wealth, as yet imperfectly explored. The country abounds in lakes and rivers, suitable for water-power. And the adaptation of certain districts for cattle-rearing and other purposes, is by no means generally understood.

Nova Scotians complain that their country is spoken of as being all rocky and barren. This has arisen from the difficulty of travelling beyond the exterior and ungenial border of high grounds near the sea-coast. Determined, if possible, to overcome the obstacles which usually deter tourists, I made a journey of several days through one of the most favoured regions of the interior. My object was to cross the country to Annapolis, and there procure a steamer to St John's. For this purpose I took the stage-coach, in the first place, to Windsor, that being a good point of observation at the distance of forty-five miles from Halifax. The stage was somewhat of an oddity. It consisted of a coach-body slung on two great thick belts of leather, which went beneath it from stem to stern, and to appearance it had not been cleaned for years. Inside, it had three cross seats, designed to accommodate nine persons, to whom tarnished leather curtains gave an imperfect protection from the weather. This queer-looking conveyance was driven by a stout burly man in a shaggy dress, who walked on his knees; his feet, as I was informed, 'having been bitten and shrivelled up by

frost.' Thus equipped, we drove off in tolerable style, our route taking us along the inner harbour, and thence up the valley of a small river which falls into it at the further extremity. The day was not warm, but it was clear and pleasant, and was said to mark the commencement of the Indian summer. The trees, robed in their autumnal tints, were variegated and lovely. The green leaves of the vines, which climbed on the white walls and verandas of the cottages, were already edged with red; the dark spruce and the more delicate toned *lignum vitæ* were set off by the yellow of the American elm; the sumach, now leafless, hung out its ripened purple blossoms to the morning sun; and, conspicuous over all, shone the brilliant crimson of the maple. Our way was through natural woods, round jutting rocks, and along the borders of pretty little brooks. The land never rose to any great height, but it was seldom level, and whatever was the character of the surface, the road was generally so bad, that travelling had in it a curious mixture of the ludicrous and the painful. Now, I saw the use of the great belts on which the coach was poised, for on them it pitched and rolled without serious dislocation to the passengers, and without damage to itself. Occasionally, on coming to gently sloping ground, we saw openings in the woods, with a few fields lately cleared of their crop of Indian corn, but still dotted over with yellow pumpkins and squashes now ready for being harvested. These gourd-like vegetables, scattered about in the fields, were the most foreign-looking natural objects which came under notice.

In the course of my journey, I saw no large trees worth speaking of, though it is stated that good timber is abundant. Wherever the country was uncleared, it was covered with a thicket of wood, so dense as to be scarcely penetrable, and into which, without a compass and some local knowledge, it is extremely dangerous to

intrude. Much of the wood was small, and only fit for rails or similar inferior purposes; my impression being that it was a second growth filling up the space which had been cleared by fire or the axe. Now and then a huge white pine, scorched and leafless, the survivor of a long-past conflagration, shot up like a giant among dwarfs, or lay prostrate and rotting amidst the underwood. Much of the soil of America may be said to abound with the germs of timber. Unless cleared land be kept under a system of culture, trees spring up; so that the agriculturist is called on to wage continual war against a volunteer growth of shrubbery as well as of weeds.

Half-way to Windsor, the coach stopped, professedly for dinner; but the meal, according to what I afterwards found customary in roadside inns, was of no such distinct character. In a neat upper room, with a blazing wood-fire on the hearth, a table was spread with an entangled complication of dinner and tea. As I never could acquire the habit of taking tea at one o'clock as a finish to a solid meal, I declined the offer of a cup; but all the rest of the company, chiefly farmers, made this their only beverage; a circumstance which shewed the remarkable extension of temperance principles in the country. Not a drop of intoxicating liquor was consumed; and I may add, that during all this journey in Nova Scotia, I saw no beverage stronger than tea or coffee. I cannot say I admire the fashion of taking tea to dinner, any more than that of beginning breakfast with potatoes, which seemed everywhere common; but anything is better than an everlasting appeal to the gill-measure or pint-pot. I was beginning to see new social developments—farmers solacing themselves with tea instead of whisky, and commercial travellers who can dine without consuming half-a-crown's worth of sherry.

At Windsor, which we reached about four o'clock,

the country assumed an old and settled appearance. The lands were cleared for miles, and laid out in good-sized farms with suites of handsome buildings. Here and there patches of timber, for ornament and use, enlivened the scene; and orchards, loaded with cherry-cheeked apples, seemed to form an appendage to every rural establishment. As regards these orchards, they possessed an interest which usually attaches to antiquity. They were originally planted by the French, the first European settlers in the province, and who, at their expulsion by the English, were forced to leave behind them the apple-trees which reminded them of their beloved Normandy. The quantity of fruit now produced in Nova Scotia from this source is immense.

Windsor is a pretty little town of white wooden houses, with trees, American fashion, growing in the main street. It occupies a low site on the river Avon, where it joins a navigable estuary in the Bay of Mines. Remaining here a night and part of next day, I had an opportunity of visiting several places in the neighbourhood. Among these was the villa of Judge Halliburton, which, situated on a lawn among trees, with a pretty look-out on the town and bay, reminded me of an English country-seat. I was sorry to find that the judge was from home, on circuit. Within the precincts of his grounds, I was shewn a vast quarry of gypsum, which is carted off by a tram-way to the port, for shipment to the States. At the distance of about a mile inland, and occupying a fine exposure on the face of a ridge of land, stands a large but plain building, known as the College of Windsor. The institution I found to be in a state of extreme decay, the number of students having declined to fourteen. Near the college there is a preparatory grammar-school, in better circumstances.

From Windsor, I proceeded with a friend in a hired calèche, along the west side of the estuary of the Avon,

which we crossed by a wooden bridge of five spans, covered with a roof, which gave it the appearance of a long dark gallery. On the west side of the Avon, and towards an inlet of the Bay of Mines, the country continued to improve. At Lower Horton and Wolfville, it seemed to be as beautiful and prolific as a garden. The orchards increased in number; huge tall willows, memorials of the early French settlers, and neat white cottages dotted the sides of the highway. On our left, on a rising-ground, we passed a handsome large building, a college of the Baptist connection. Arriving at Kentville, as the limit of our day's ride, we paused for the night, and spent the ensuing day in visiting the adjacent township of Cornwallis.

Kentville is a small thriving town, with some smart villas, and the drive from it in a northerly direction to Cornwallis, over some irregular woody heights, was highly exhilarating. Cornwallis, which has the reputation of being one of the most fertile regions in Nova Scotia, may be described as a great open plain, with slight inclinations to small water-courses, and bounded and sheltered on the north by the long range of a well-timbered mountain. Behind this mountain is the Bay of Fundy. A creek of the bay bounds the eastern extremity of the plain of Cornwallis; and, in point of fact, this plain, in pretty nearly its whole extent, is but a stretch of land secured by diking and other processes from the waters of the creek. Here, again, we hear stories of the doings of the old French settlers. It was they who built the first rampart to keep out the sea; the present occupants only following their example in fresh diking. Conducted by a young and intelligent farmer over the district, I was shewn the great Wellington dike, a recent work of art requiring enormous labour in the construction, and esteemed the main curiosity of the kind in the province. Composed of earth and brush-

wood, and rising about thirty feet in height, with a similar breadth, it forms a barrier to the ocean, securing a large tract of dry land for purposes of agriculture. The land so enclosed is called *dike land*, and the wealth of a farmer is measured by the quantity of this species of soil, a rich muddy residuum, which he possesses. So fertile is this land, that it is known to have yielded heavy crops for a century without manuring. In consequence of the wheat-crops being somewhat precarious, owing to the destructive attacks of a fly, the most profitable culture at present is that of potatoes, which are exported in prodigious quantities to the United States. Hay is likewise exported to a considerable extent. Various small havens in the Bay of Fundy offer ready means for these exports, which have latterly been so remunerative, that the farmers who were before in difficulties had cleared off the mortgages on their properties. Farms of fine diked land may be purchased here for from £30 to £50 per acre; the cleared uplands, of less fertility, but under cultivation, from £3 to £10 per acre. Cleared land, not under cultivation, may be had at a considerably lower price. I asked if there were any farms at present for sale, and was informed that here, as almost everywhere else in America, there were few persons who would not sell and clear out on being tempted with an offer in cash; the explanation of this fact being, that there is in all places a restless desire of change, induced by the universal prospect of improvement in circumstances.

In my interviews with the Cornwallis settlers, I saw an agreeable specimen of those farm establishments in which the occupants were the proprietors of the soil. Being of comparatively old date, there was here no such roughness as is observable in newly opened districts of country. Things did not differ materially from what is seen in England. The houses resembled neat villas, and

with pretty little dining and drawing rooms, were as well furnished as dwellings of a moderate size in the neighbourhood of London. Each family possessed a light four-wheeled gig—a wagon, as it is locally called —in which to make visits and to drive to church; the style of dressing and manners was all that could be wished; and there prevailed a hearty desire to try all proper means of improvement. The aspect of things was altogether calculated to give one a favourable impression of that kind of farming in which each husbandman tills his own land, and has neither factor nor tax-collector to trouble him. Yet life, even in this Arcadia, is not unmixed happiness. A duty of 30 per cent. imposed by the United States on potatoes imported into that country, was felt to be a serious grievance; though, doubtless, the Americans themselves were the chief sufferers by this artificial enhancement of price in a prime necessary of life. Besides this, the farmers whom I conversed with complained of the want of labourers. They could give plenty of work to steady men, at a remuneration of from £20 to £30 per annum and their board. One farmer mentioned that the persons in his employment lived on the best of everything, and were discontented if they got a dinner without a course of puddings or tarts!

The profusion of food was everywhere remarkable; and it is dispensed with a liberality which gives the assurance that it is easily obtained. This abundance is naturally attended by low prices. At the comfortable hotel at Kentville, and also at Windsor, I had occasion to remark the cheapness of accommodation for travellers. For tea, bed, and breakfast, my bill was only three English shillings; and 5s. a day may be said to be a fair average charge for living in these hotels, in which, though on a scale very inferior to what is seen in the States, everything is clean, neat, and well managed.

From Kentville I proceeded in the stage, a long day's journey by Aylesford and Bridgeton to Annapolis. Much of the country we passed through, midway, was uncleared and swampy, and much consisted of poor-looking sandy plains, locally called the Devil's Goose Pasture. Here we saw geese and pigs browsing, in a state of greater contentment and obesity than could be expected after the account of the district by Sam Slick, who tells us that the plain hereabout 'is given up to the geese, which are so wretched poor, that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad!' On the confines of this territory, and where the country was beginning to look a little better, the stage stopped at the house of a Scotsman, who had emigrated thirty years ago from Aberdeenshire, and in the course of that time had cleared a considerable tract of land, and formed a large establishment, including a handsome store, kept by his son. The success of this personage, now a wealthy squire in his way, offered a fine example of what any poor but industrious man may do in any part of the British American colonies or the States. He seemed gratified, during the few minutes the coach stopped, in having an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of his countrymen. He spoke feelingly of Scotland, which he would like once more to see before he died; but he said he was now too old to think of so distant a journey.

Some miles beyond this point, we got into the valley of the river Annapolis, which we crossed at the thriving town of Bridgeton. The country was now green, beautiful, and devoted apparently to cattle-grazing. After a long ride, we arrived in the town of Annapolis, a place which has a historical, almost an antiquarian interest, in being the oldest European settlement in North America; it was planted by the French in 1605, and has endured the fate of being conquered, burnt, and

rebuilt several times. It is situated at the head of an inlet of the sea, and at present derives some importance from being a point of steam communication, to and from St John's, across the Bay of Fundy. Unfortunately, it did not come up to this character on the present occasion. The first news communicated to us was, that a telegraphic message had just arrived from St John's, stating that the steamer was laid up for repairs, and that the mails would arrive by a pilot-boat. A sad disappointment this; for as I declined risking the passage of this dangerous bay in any kind of small boat, my proposed visit to New Brunswick was now impracticable. The advance of the season rendered every day precious. I could not risk delay. Not to lose time, there seemed to be only one line of procedure open, and that was to return to Halifax, and take passage to Boston in the next Cunard vessel touching there on its way from England. This retracement of my journey I immediately effected. By good-luck, I caught the *Canada*, steam-ship, as it arrived in Halifax, and felt thankful when, after a toilsome journey, I found myself comfortably seated in its saloon.

In taking leave of this interesting British province, I am glad to be in a position to bear witness to its general progress. For some cause, which I am unable to divine, the Nova Scotians have been spoken of derisively as *Blue Noses*, who are in most things behind the rest of the world. I have not refrained from lamenting the unfortunate circumstances which tend to exclude the country from the benefits of railway intercommunication; and in this, as well as some other matters, there is room for amendment. But, to give the Nova Scotians their due, the wonder is not that they have done so little, but so much. In the face of all sorts of misrepresentations and sarcasms, they have made extraordinary advances as regards the fisheries,

and coasting and foreign commerce, and also the carrying trade of other countries. I find by a late report of the lieutenant-governor, that at the end of 1852, the number of vessels registered in the province, and actually employed in conducting its fishery, commerce, and carrying trade, had increased to 2943, with a tonnage of 189,083; as many as 360 vessels having been added in six years. From irregularity of surface, sea-indentations, and other physical features, the province has no pretension to compare herself as a wheat-growing country with the lands adjoining the great lakes; but even in this respect, and with a population of only 300,000, 'she beats,' says the same authority, 'five of the New England states, and twelve of the more recently settled states and territories.'

CHAPTER III.

BOSTON TO MONTREAL.

The run from Halifax to Boston occupied about thirty hours, and was not marked by any incident worth relating. The course pursued was across the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, where fogs often prevail, and where there is at all times a wild tumbling sea. Fortunately, however, the fogs which vex mariners along the whole of the coasts in this quarter, did not make their appearance on the present occasion; and at a late hour on a clear moonlight evening, we quietly made our way into the spacious and sinuous inlet which forms the harbour of Boston.

It is remarkable how much a traveller is left to learn by chance as he proceeds on his journey. The notion in England is, that the Liverpool and Boston steamers actually go to the place to which they are said to be bound; but such is not the case; and this fact I was not aware of till we were on the point of landing. I now ascertained, that instead of going to the wharfs of the city, the vessel was to proceed to East Boston, an island from which there is a communication by a ferry-boat to the mainland.

On approaching within hail of our destined haven, the gentle moonlight enabled us to perceive that a crowd awaited the arrival of friends on the landing-place. Anon, wives and husbands and old acquaintances are heard calling to each other; and in a few minutes,

such kissing and cordial shaking of hands! Among the passengers were many who had been long absent in England and on the continent, and were carrying home impressions of European scenery and society.

The transfer of luggage to the custom-house shed was soon effected; and although the hour was late, everything was examined with a rapidity and civility that merited universal thanks. Coaches for the various hotels stood outside, and each being duly freighted, off we drove for the ferry, which I am bound to acknowledge is managed in such a way as to give the least possible uneasiness. So large are the boats, that they accommodate a number of carriages which drive from the quay direct upon their deck. In this strange fashion of riding on a floating steam-propelled bridge, we were carried without rising from our seats across a channel 1800 feet wide to the lower end of one of the streets of Boston, and thence to our respective hotels.

The stay I was now able to make in the far-famed capital of Massachusetts was so brief, that it will be better to defer any notice of the place till the occasion of my subsequent and more lengthened visit to the New England States. I need only say, that, like most strangers, I was much struck with the old and respectable appearance of Boston—its substantial and handsome houses of stone and brick, its well-paved and cleanly streets, its busy and orderly population, as well as with the various tokens of literary taste and refinement which met the eye. The merest glance at this city and its thoroughfares, thronged with passengers differing in no respect from those one sees any day in Regent Street or the Strand, would dispel the strange and misty notions entertained in England respecting the people of the United States. 'Did you find them civilised at all?' inquired a gentleman shortly after my return home. Such a question reminds one of the

anecdote told by the late Marchioness of ——, an English peeress, but an American by birth. Soon after her ladyship's arrival in Great Britain, she went on a visit to the house of a nobleman in the country. There, on being conducted through the hall to dinner, she observed that a crowd of servants were on the watch to have a glimpse of her in passing; and one of them, vastly to her amusement, was overheard to utter in an emphatic whisper: 'She's white!'

In Boston, I had the opportunity of seeing for the first time a specimen of that extraordinary hotel system, which forms one of the leading social features of the United States, and which may be said to have attained its full development in the city of New York. I lodged at the Revere House, an establishment consisting of several hundred apartments, including a more than usually splendid suite of public drawing-rooms and parlours, and a spacious saloon, in which all the guests take their meals, as at a table-d'hôte. At dinner, which was attended by about a hundred guests, I waited to see the nature of the scramble, which English travellers speak of as characteristic of the American dining-system. But the whole routine was quiet and decorous. The dinner was served from side-tables, according to order from printed bills of fare, placed before every guest; and instead of anything like hurry or hasty eating, I felt embarrassed by the formality and prolixity of the proceedings. The meal, in its various courses, lasted about an hour; and in fact the time at my disposal would not allow me to see it to a conclusion.

From Boston there now radiate eight lines of railway, affording a ready means of transit in every direction. Persons desirous of reaching Lower Canada proceed by way of Portland in Maine as the most direct route; but I made choice of that by Albany, Saratoga, and Lake Champlain, as opening to view a line of country

associated in many parts with the history of the revolutionary struggle. The completion, some years ago, of a line of railway to Albany on the Hudson has been of the greatest importance to Boston; for it brings its port in direct communication with the western country and its lakes, and enables it to maintain something like a rivalry with New York, and other Atlantic cities. It may, indeed, be said, that without a connection of this kind, no American seaport can expect to rise above local mediocrity. The West! What schemes are daily planned, what efforts are everywhere being made to secure a share of its traffic—great in the present, but mighty beyond calculation in the future! The distance from Boston to Albany is 200 miles, and to perform this journey, I set off on a Saturday afternoon at half-past four o'clock—charge, five dollars, and the time promised on the road, eight hours. It was my first American railway journey, and all was novel.

In a large covered terminus, a train of cars was drawn up, ready to start with a locomotive at their head across an open street; and the whole set off without any other protection to foot-passengers than that which might be imparted by the warning sounds of a bell attached to the top of the engine. And so onward, through town and country, here intersecting a village, and there crossing a highway, did the train pursue its way, with no other trace of protection for the public, than the very useful piece of advice—'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!' painted in large characters on sign-boards at every point of danger. If any get themselves killed after this obliging hint to mind the bell, they have themselves to blame, of course! The cars were of considerable length, with a range of windows alternating with polished mahogany panels along the sides, an ornamental ceiling, and a flooring of painted cloth. Each accommodated fifty-eight

passengers, who sat, two together, in arm-chairs covered with red plush, in a row on each side, leaving a passage in the middle which communicated with a door at both ends. The passengers faced the engine, but by shifting the backs of their seats, they could look in a contrary direction. Outside, at the two ends of each car, there was a small platform, whence to descend by steps to the ground, and by stepping from platform to platform, the passengers could move from one car to another along the whole train. Each car was provided with a stove, which stood in the middle, on one side, and was heated with billets of wood. A recent English tourist speaks of the manœuvring of American travellers to secure seats as far from the stove as possible. I saw nothing of this kind, now or subsequently. The heat was not offensive in any train, within my experience, though I believe it is so occasionally; and, on the whole, this method of heating railway carriages, rude as it may be, is certainly better than the practice of not heating them at all. In consequence of the warmth in the cars, the railway wrapper which had accompanied me from England proved an unnecessary incumbrance. So much may be said in the meanwhile on a subject which will require more ample treatment when the railways in various states have come under notice. In taking my place at Boston, I observed, as on many subsequent occasions, that there was only one class; but there was little perceptible difference, as respects the dress or orderly demeanour of the passengers, which could not perhaps be said of such a miscellaneous gathering of English travellers.

Our line of route afforded a fair opportunity of seeing a considerable part of Massachusetts, and it was anything but pleasing in point of rural scenery. The land, of an undulating configuration, is generally poor. Knolls, covered with scraggy bush, through which

peeped masses of granite, and sandy plains with a scanty herbage, were intermingled with a never-ending series of ponds or small lakes, and I could not help pitying the farmers who endeavoured to wring a livelihood out of the partially cleared and ungenial soil. Massachusetts, however, lays no claim to a reputation for agriculture. It is not able to raise food to support itself, and, like many parts of England, rests on the manufacturing skill and general ingenuity of its inhabitants. The railway passes through a number of populous cities, each the seat of some kind of thriving manufacture. The largest of these centres of industry are Worcester and Springfield; the latter situated on the east bank of the Connecticut river, a navigable stream of great size, flowing through a tract of country more green and rich than that previously seen on the route.

The enlivening objects on the line of road, are the numerous villages and detached dwellings, of the true New England character. The houses constructed of wood, painted white, with their bright green jalousies folded back as exterior window-shutters, and their neat porches and flower-plots in front, look every one of them as if just taken from a box and put out for an airing. It is impossible to see these trimly-kept and pretty dwellings, without an inclination to congratulate the country on having been originally settled by a people who brought with them from the south of England, not only the love of civil liberty, but an inherent taste for domestic cleanliness—a quality which, possibly through this channel, has been largely diffused through the United States.

After passing Springfield, the number of passengers in the cars was considerably diminished, and the lamps shed a dim light over the vacant seats and those who remained as my companions. As the track was as

usual only single, the train required to stop at one of the stations to wait the arrival of that which was coming in a contrary direction. How long we were to remain here was not explained, until the door of our car was opened, and a head in a rough cap, from a neighbouring groggery, made the abrupt announcement: 'You have an hour to wait, and there's good eating round the corner.' Then arose a commotion among the passengers. A number left their seats, to follow the head wheresoever it might lead them; and joining the throng, we crossed a complication of rails, turned a corner, and ascended a wooden outside stair to an apartment, which united the character of bar-room, shop, and kitchen. At one side, a man behind a counter had charge of the liquoring department; in another quarter, a lad dispensed ham and pumpkin pie; and at the further end of the room, two women were assiduously engaged in dressing oysters in frying-pans. The scene was strange, and the place not exactly such as I should have selected for supper, had there been a choice. As it was, I procured some refreshment, and having warmed myself at a stove, returned to the nearly deserted car. There, I found only a humble couple, an emigrant and his wife, bound for the western country. The man had charge of a bundle on which were tied a tin kettle and drinking-cup, and the wife pressing a clamorous child to her bosom, promised it in the Doric of Lowland Scotland, that if it would be good and lie still, it would soon get to Albany, and have everything nice, and be put to bed. It was a difficult matter, however, to persuade young Sandy to be perfectly submissive, and I was glad when his remonstrances were drowned in the premonitory tolling of the engineer's bell and the onward rolling of the train.

This was not the only delay to our progress. About an hour after midnight, we came to a sudden pause

where no station was visible; and immediately, very much to my surprise, the engine-driver, conductor, and several passengers were seen sallying forth with lanterns, and hastening down the embankment on our right. 'What are they going to do now?' said I to a gentleman, who, like myself, kept his seat. 'Only to take a look at some cars that were smashed this morning,' was the reply. On opening the window to observe the state of affairs, as well as the darkness would allow, there, to be sure, at the bottom and along the side of the high bank, lay an unhappy train, just as it had been upset. The locomotive on its side was partly buried in the earth; and the cars which had followed it in its descent lay in a confused heap behind. On the top of the bank, near to us, the last car of all stood obliquely on end, with its hind wheels in the air in a somewhat grotesque and threatening attitude. All was now still and silent. The killed and wounded, if there were any, had been removed. No living thing was visible but the errant engineer and others from our train clambering with lanterns in their hands over the prostrate wreck, and with heedless levity passing critical remarks on the catastrophe. Curiosity being satisfied, all resumed their places, and the train moved on without a murmur of complaint as to the unnecessary, and, considering the hour, very undesirable delay. I allude to the circumstance, as one of a variety of facts that fell within my observation, illustrative of the singular degree of patience and imperturbability with which railway travellers in America submit uncomplainingly to all sorts of detentions on their journey.

In consequence of these stoppages, the train did not arrive at its terminus on the Hudson till past two o'clock in the morning; and, after all, the passengers required to cross in a ferry-boat to Albany. This

unpleasant feat being accomplished, a fellow-passenger obligingly conducted me to the Delavan House, one of the hotels in the city.

Here I remained all next day, for even had I been inclined to proceed on my journey, I could not have done so; for in the northern states there is no railway travelling on Sunday. It is the practice for trains to stop at the town or village where they arrive late on Saturday night; and there travellers, as in the olden time in England, have a day to spend in the tranquil enjoyment of a country inn, with a little breathing-time for the performance of religious duties. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and, walking out, I had an opportunity of seeing how Sunday was kept in the capital of the state of New York. Occupying a pleasant situation on a rising-ground facing the Hudson, the long streets, lined with lofty and well-built houses, and ornamented, as usual, with rows of trees shading the footpaths, were in universal repose. All places of business were shut; the traffic connected with the shipping was at rest; and nothing seemed to be going on except in a few half-shut groggeries on the quay fronting the river, where boatmen and sailors in bushy whiskers, and rough Wellington-boots pulled over their trousers, sat smoking away at long pipes in mere vacuity of thought. The only sound that broke upon the sunshiny stillness, was the voice of an itinerant preacher, who stood, Bible in hand, on the middle of a drawbridge which crossed to one of the exterior wharfs. It was a thankless expenditure of good intentions. Except a fluctuating crowd of idle youngsters, no one appeared to listen to the poor man's discourse, which, for anything I know, lasted all day, as I found a similar harangue going on on the same spot in the evening.

Albany, like all other cities in America, possesses

a choice collection of churches of handsome exterior, each sect apparently vieing with another as regards the attractiveness of its place of worship. The bells having begun to ring, I entered a church of respectable appearance, which I found to belong to the Baptist connection. The church, which was filled with an exceedingly well-dressed and attentive congregation, was fitted up with a regard to taste and comfort strikingly characteristic of places of public worship in the United States. Every traveller remarks the neatness of American churches. They resemble neither the venerable parish churches of England, with their old oak family-pews, antique monuments, and troop of charity children; nor the parish churches of Scotland, with their plain deal-seats, damp earthen floors, and unmelodious precentors. All of them, of whatever communion I chanced to attend during my journey, were carpeted all over like a drawing-room; the pews, of finely polished or painted wood, were spacious and cushioned; the windows furnished with Venetian blinds, to moderate the glare of sunshine; and the pulpit, low and without a sounding-board, consisted of a kind of enclosed platform, which was provided with a handsome sofa for a seat. It may also be noticed, that the pews are generally provided with light fans, which the ladies employ during warm weather. I never saw any functionary acting in the capacity of clerk or precentor. The singing is usually led by an organ and choir in a gallery opposite the pulpit. Not the least remarkable peculiarity in the arrangements, is the voluntary association of a number of young ladies and gentlemen to compose the choir. In some fashionable churches there are paid singers; but throughout the country generally, the members of the choirs belong to the best families, and act gratuitously. In one place which I visited, the leader of the church-choir was the principal

medical man in the town. Facts of this kind are too pleasing to be overlooked.

The hotel into which chance had thrown me at Albany, I found to be conducted on the temperance principle; but it did not seem on that account to be inferior in point of extent or management. About sixty people attended the several meals in the saloon, where everything, as I afterwards discovered to be a common arrangement, was served to order from printed bills of fare. At the head of the room, near the entrance, stood a coloured manager. This personage, with a bow and wave of the hand, allotted seats to the guests, and acted as a kind of fugleman to some eighteen or twenty waitresses, who were dressed in a somewhat uniform style. All of them, as I understood, were Irish girls. As at Boston, there was nothing like fast eating at table; and I began to wonder when this phenomenon was to make its appearance.

Behind the hotel is a narrow street, into which the window of my bedroom opened, and at dawn on Monday morning there commenced the warning sound of engine-bells, and the rattling of trains. Looking down into this narrow thoroughfare, one could not but be amazed at the manner in which a line of railway had been run along its centre, leaving scarcely space for an ordinary carriage on each side, and, consequently, putting children and passengers in continual peril. Other streets in the lower part of the city are similarly traversed; and that such encroachments are here and elsewhere permitted, may be supposed to be a strong indication of the small value set upon private right and convenience, when the interests of the public are presumed to be concerned. It may, indeed, be said, that danger to life and limb is seldom of so much consequence as to prevent railways from being extended in an unguarded form into the heart of any village or

city in the States; the advantages of railway communication in developing resources, and increasing the value of property, being apparently held to be paramount to every other consideration.

By one of the railways so strangely projected along and across certain streets, I moved westward from Albany to Saratoga, the line of route being through a rather pretty country, undulating and well wooded, and settled by a class of farmers whose fields were regularly enclosed and cultured. Joined by a branch from Troy, a populous city on the east bank of the Hudson, the line crosses several branches of the river Mohawk, and at different points we pass near the Erie and Champlain canals, by which a large traffic is poured through this part of the country. On the Mohawk, several fine falls are disclosed, and we drive through scenery which must afford the most delightful summer rambles to the leisurely pedestrian. Villages of smart wooden houses are passed at intervals, and at the distance of thirty-two miles from Albany we arrive at Ballston Spa, a place celebrated for its mineral waters, and right through which the railway passes, offering the facility of setting down and taking up passengers at the door of the principal hotel. Seven miles further on, in the midst of a level and sandy tract of country covered with trees, we reach Saratoga Springs, the most fashionable and numerously attended watering-place in the United States.

Gay and thronged in the height of summer, how dull were now the deserted promenades of Saratoga! A long broad street, ornamented with rows of trees, from which every light wind brought down showers of discoloured leaves, was lined with hotels of enormous dimensions, but with two or three exceptions, all were shut up for the season; and so they would remain till the heats of the next dog-days brought troops of new

visitors to the springs. I had the curiosity to taste one of the medicinal waters, which rose in a powerful volume through a wooden tube fixed over the spring. It sparkled with confined air, had a slight flavour of iron and weak beer, and was by no means unpleasant. The efficacy of the different springs would require, I think, to be considerable; for in the village itself, independently of a gay hotel-life, and the pleasure of lounging in arm-chairs under long shady verandas, there seemed to be absolutely no attractions. Rides through glades in the forest, and visits to interesting scenes in the neighbourhood, possibly help to draw strangers to the spot. Here we may consider ourselves to be in the centre of a district in which took place a series of warlike engagements, first between the English and French, and afterwards between the British and American forces. It will be recollected, that it was at Fish Creek, on the Hudson, after a variety of operations in this vicinity, that the unfortunate Burgoyne surrendered with an army of 5000 men to General Gates on the 17th of October 1777. Having walked over the scene of this dismal humiliation, the tourist will pursue his way to Fort Edward, and Lakes George and Champlain, the whole forming a group of scenes not only among the most picturesque in America, but abounding at almost every step in the deepest historical interest.

At the time of my visit, various alterations were going on in Saratoga, including the laying of pipes for gas and the erection of some new structures. I had some amusement in noticing the removal of a house on rollers—a process at which the Americans are adepts. The house in question was of two stories, and the object seemed to be its transference to the opposite side of the street. It had already performed one-half of its journey across, and I have no doubt would settle down in its new situation without any untoward casualty. The

furniture within it did not appear to be disturbed, nor had it been deserted by its adventurous inhabitants.

The construction of houses of wood admits of these not very difficult transitions; and so far a timber dwelling has its advantages. But other circumstances render wood desirable as a material for house-building. Not to speak of the cheapness of deals, or lumber, as this kind of timber is ordinarily called, a wooden house is much warmer than one of stone during the inclemency of winter, and therefore many persons consider it preferable. Such, at least, I found to be the general opinion in Nova Scotia. The method of erecting these wooden houses is very simple. In the first place, a skeleton framework is formed, over which plain deals are fastened, leaving spaces for door and windows. The next step is to nail shingles, or thin slips of wood, on the deals, so as to overlap each other like rows of slates; and the same arrangement is followed with the roof. A shingle-covered house, with ornamental architraves to door and windows, and properly painted, has a fully better effect than a house simply weather-boarded. In either case, the air is effectually excluded; and as the inside is always plastered, and finished off with ornamental paper-hangings, the house is as comfortable as can be desired. At all events, this easily extemporised dwelling, in which only the chimneys are of brick, suits a new country; and it is such houses, of a small and neat kind, placed in the outskirts and by-ways of American cities, that are owned and occupied by artisans and others of much higher means. That which appears strange to an Englishman, is the durability of these wooden structures, the very roofs of which are of a seemingly perishable material. But all is explained by that exceeding dryness of atmosphere, which forms a leading peculiarity of the North American climate, and which even the heaviest rains can scarcely be said to interrupt.

From Saratoga, travellers may diverge towards Lake George; but my plans not admitting of this interesting lateral trip, I contented myself with pursuing the route northwards to the foot of Lake Champlain. This run of 220 miles in one day, by cars and steamers, from Saratoga Springs to Montreal, was the most suggestive and pleasant I made in the whole course of my journey. It took me through a region, almost every foot of which had been the scene of military contention. Projected from the borders of Canada, and connected by its outlet with the St Lawrence, Lake Champlain has always been a favourite channel of attack on the States from the north, and at different points has been strengthened by military posts, to which the English succeeded on the expulsion of the French, and which now, within the American frontier, are with one exception deserted and in ruins.

Passing the hamlet of Fort Ann, the cars, a few miles further on, reach Whitehall, known during the war as Skenesborough. Here the railway stops, and we have the first glimpse of Lake Champlain, probably the finest thing of its kind in America, and in some respects rivalling the most beautiful lakes of the old world. Stepping on board a steam-boat which awaited the arrival of the train, I was amazed at the size and magnificence of the vessel. Resembling a floating palace in its interior accommodations and ornament, it offered for repose a spacious and airy saloon, furnished with the richest carpets and sofas, and from tall pier-mirrors, surmounting marble tables, you were reflected at every movement. The only discordant feature in this elegant apartment, was a number of large spittoons of brown earthenware, placed near the velvet-covered sofas for the use of the passengers. Such things had already come under my notice in the parlours of the hotels I had visited; and although I

cannot say they were much in requisition, the circumstance of their being profusely scattered about, conveyed an unpleasant idea of habits which have gained an unenviable notoriety.

The southern extremity of Lake Champlain is narrow like a river, between high banks. Twenty miles up, it expands considerably, runs into creeks, is encroached upon by bushy headlands, and overlooked by the small clearings and cottages of settlers. Finally, it reaches a breadth varying from six to nine miles, and extends altogether a length of 132 miles. On our left, in advancing northwards, we have the state of New York, and on the right that of Vermont. The former is the more picturesque; the latter, embracing a variety of easy slopes, and in all respects more open, seems the better adapted for cultivation. Far in the distance, on the Vermont side, are seen the lofty green mountains, from which the state has derived its designation. They were the first hills, worthy of the name, I had seen in America. The steamer, in its progress up the lake, stopped at various points to land and take up passengers. One of these points, adjoining a promontory on our left, was Ticonderoga, the ruins of whose fortifications are observed overhanging the cliffs, and intermingled with the wild brushwood. Here the French, in their warfare against the English colonists, established themselves in 1755; here was the scene of some desperate engagements, in which Montcalm, Howe, and Abercromby were concerned; and here, as is well known, did a small English garrison, commanded by Captain Delaplace, yield themselves prisoners to Colonel Ethan Allen and a band of Green Mountain Boys, May 10, 1775. Crown Point, further up the lake on the same side, and where the ground inclines to an accessible beach, is the site of a still older and more imposing fort of the same origin. After being wrested from the

French, the fortress was greatly enlarged by Lord Amherst, and is said, in various ways, to have cost the British government two millions sterling. It also fell into the hands of the Americans, and now consists of a number of rugged walls and grassy mounds, a glimpse of which is obtained from the deck of the passing steamer.

Having passed these spots, the passengers were summoned to dinner in a lower saloon, along which two tables were prepared as tastefully as in a first-rate hotel. On descending to take our places, the gentlemen of the party were requested to wait till the ladies had come down and seated themselves; an arrangement with which, of course, all acquiesced. Those gentlemen who had ladies in charge participated in the choice of places at the top of the tables; the *balance* of the seats, to use an American phrase, being left to such solitary travellers as myself. I did not, however, find on this or subsequent occasions that any difference was made between the upper and lower parts of the tables, as respects viands or attendance. Again, in this meal, I failed to observe any voracity in the guests; and nothing was drunk but iced water—a luxury with which the people of England generally have, as yet, little practical acquaintance.

Burlington, a handsomely built and thriving town, is the port of largest size touched by the steamer. It is situated at the bottom of a bay, on the east or Vermont side of the lake, and possesses railway communication in several directions, by which travellers have an opportunity of varying their route. Further on, and diagonally crossing this fine sheet of water, which is here eight to nine miles wide, and prettily dotted with islands, we arrive at Plattsburg, in the state of New York. A railway train in waiting now carried us forward in a northerly direction, and having

advanced a few miles, we cross the frontier into Lower Canada; the only indication we have of the change being the admonition in French at railway crossings: 'Prenez garde de la machine, quand la cloche sonne' —a strange invasion of the peaceful routine of habitant life.

About nine o'clock in the evening, the train arrived at a point on the St Lawrence where we were ferried across to La Chine, the steamer occupying twenty minutes in the passage; my introduction to this magnificent river took place, therefore, in the partial darkness of an autumn night. There was just sufficient light from the stars to shew that we were upon a stream at least a mile in width, rolling in a ceaseless flood from the great lakes to the ocean. At La Chine, the passengers landed on the western extremity of the island of Montreal, and entering a railway terminus, found a train with the English form of carriages, ready to depart for the city of Montreal. This trip of eight or nine miles was soon over. At ten o'clock, I was in the hands of an Irish cabman, driving impetuously through a series of streets to a hotel; having in the space of fourteen hours, without toil or anxiety, and for a few dollars, performed a journey which, thirty years ago, would probably have required a week to accomplish.

CHAPTER IV.

MONTREAL.

THE English tourist who steps ashore for the first time in France, is not more struck with the novelty of general appearances, than is the traveller from the United States on arriving in Montreal. A journey of a few miles has transferred him from towns of brick and painted wood, spacious streets with as many trees as houses, bright green jalousies and shady verandas, to a city of stone, houses covered with tin, iron window-shutters, and narrow thoroughfares with designations in French. Other things serve to impress him with the change. He sees convents within high walls, such as present themselves in Bruges or Ghent; and the spectacle of soldiers loitering about in scarlet uniforms reminds him that he is not only in a British possession, but in a country which, from some cause or other, is considered to require the presence of a standing army.

Half French and half English—a diversity in manners and dress as well as in creeds—institutions drawn from the coutume de Paris and the Parliament of Westminster—ancient feudalities and modern privileges—traditions of the Sulpicians and reminiscences of Lord Sydenham—nunneries next door to Manchester warehouses—barristers pleading in the language of France and a custom-house decorated with the royal arms of England—priests in long black dresses, and Scotch Presbyterians—cabmen in frieze jackets fresh from

Ireland, and native market-carters in coloured sashes and night-caps—in short, a complication of incongruities; the old and new world jumbled together, and then assorted according to some odd device in social economics. Such is Montreal. In the general constitution of things, the United States, though near neighbours, have contributed little beyond their hotel-system, which is so much more acceptable than that of England, that it has everywhere been imported across the frontier and naturalised in Canada. The leading hotel is Donegana's, in the centre of the city; but for the sake of proximity to the river and steamers, I preferred the Montreal House, with which I had every reason to be satisfied. All the waiters in the establishment, about a dozen in number, were negroes; being probably refugees from the south.

Proceeding out of doors on the morning after my arrival, that which first drew my attention was the St Lawrence, clear and beautiful, and about a mile in breadth, facing the town on the south. Looking across this splendid river, we see a flat country beyond, and in the far distance, the Vermont hills of the United States. On careful observation, the river is seen to be broken into a hurried stream or rapid, immediately above the town; vessels, accordingly, are unable to ascend beyond this point without proceeding through a canal which has been constructed on the Montreal side, the first of a series of similar works through whose agency ships of moderate size can now make their way unimpeded from the ocean to Lake Huron, a distance of 1300 miles. Immediately in front of us is the long and well-built quay, with commodious projecting piers for large steam-vessels, one of which has just come up the river from Quebec and is landing her passengers, while another is about to start for the railway on the opposite side of the river. Several sailing

vessels are at the same time unloading cargoes of miscellaneous goods for the 'fall trade;' and approaching a small craft which seems to engage general curiosity, we find that it is freighted with oysters, which an ancient mariner, who speaks French with great volubility, is selling in bushel measures to a crowd of customers. Turning from this object of attraction, we are surprised to hear the sound of cannon, and on looking about, discover that the reports proceed from a fortified island a short way down the river, where a body of soldiers are practising the use of artillery.

Walking along the street part of the quay, which stretches a mile in length, we find it lined with tall and massive houses, built of light gray limestone, and having steep roofs covered with tin, which glitters like burnished silver in the morning sun. Tallest and most massive of all is a huge market-house, conspicuous by its lofty dome, and more ambitious than appropriate in its architecture. From this open thoroughfare, along which an inexhaustible supply of light dust careered in unwelcome gusts, I was glad to strike into the cross streets which rise with a gentle inclination from the quay. On diverging into these and the adjoining streets which run lengthwise through the town, the stranger will not fail to remark the number of wholesale stores thronged with manufactured articles imported from England, and forming depôts for the supply of the Canadian traders. The aspect of these warehouses, with English and Scotch names at the side of the doors, reminded me of the business alleys behind Cheapside, and demonstrated the commercial character of the place.

In all quarters of Montreal, there are seen substantial indications of advancement, as if modern were pushing out old ideas, and an English outgrowing the original French population. 'When I came to this place thirty

years ago,' said a venerable settler from Scotland, 'I scarcely heard a word of English, and could with difficulty find my way; now matters are entirely changed.' The modernisation of the city has been considerably promoted by a fire which some years ago committed extensive ravages. A crop of handsome new buildings has sprung up; but with few exceptions, they follow the line of the old and narrow streets, instead of expanding over a larger space of ground. The best street is the Rue Notre Dame, along the centre of the low ridge on which the city has been placed; but it is exceeded in breadth and in elegance of architecture by St James's Street, a little further west. At an open species of square that intervenes between these two streets, we find some of the more important public edifices of the city, including a Roman Catholic cathedral. Everybody has of course heard of this last-mentioned structure, which is said to be the largest place of public worship in the mediæval style of architecture in America. Built of gray stone, with pointed windows and lofty square towers, seen at a great distance, it is unfortunately plain to baldness, and must give the Canadians but an imperfect notion of such edifices as the cathedrals of Rouen and Antwerp—things of beauty to be remembered for ever. Inside, everything has been sacrificed to congregational accommodation. Fitted with pews and galleries, in order to afford sittings for 10,000 people, it has no pretensions to congruity of character, and with roof and pillars coarsely coloured, it may be said that an effort has been successfully made to render it valueless as a work of art.

At a short distance, in this quarter, there are some good buildings in the Grecian style, among which are more particularly observable two banks and a large new court-house. Montreal, it is proper to state, is a centre of considerable banking operations. From the

Bank of British North America (an English concern) and of Montreal, both of a highly respectable character, branches are extended to every town of any importance in Canada. Each issues notes of as low a value as 5s. currency, or 4s. sterling; and a note of this kind is popularly equivalent to an American dollar. The maintenance of what is termed *currency* in the present advanced state of things, is not very intelligible to travellers from the old country. One might see some meaning in the denomination, if there was a correspondingly depreciated coinage in circulation. But excepting the small notes just referred to, and occasionally American dollars, the entire circulating medium consists of English money. Why an ordinary shilling is spoken of as fifteenpence, or how storekeepers, in asking sevenpence-halfpenny for an article, should mean sixpence, is a mystery in finance not easily explained. In my ignorance, I ventured respectfully to suggest to a respectable colonist, that I thought it would only be reasonable to call a shilling a shilling, and change the nominal prices of things accordingly. But I felt, by the reply, that I had trodden on dangerous ground. The method of computation in which the pound sterling is considered equivalent (strictly) to £1, 4s. 4d. currency, could not, it seems, bear criticism. Perhaps, then, it is hardly advisable in me to hint to the Canadian and other British American provinces, the propriety of assimilating their money-reckoning to the sterling standard, or of adopting the simple dollar and cent system of the United States, which, for most practical purposes, would be more convenient.

Conducted, first through several banks of an imposing appearance, and then visiting some large libraries, reading-rooms, and other public institutions, I had next a pleasant drive out of town towards the Mountain—the road in a northerly direction taking us amidst lines of

detached villas embowered in gardens and flower-plots. As every stranger in London goes to see St Paul's, so all who visit Montreal require to see the Mountain. Of this mountain, the inhabitants are not a little proud; and they have some reason for being so. The hill, which forms a kind of background to Montreal, sheltering it most agreeably from the north, is covered with a profusion of orchards, gardens, and masses of forest trees, and having the lower part disposed in small farms and villa enclosures. Some years ago, the hill and country beyond were scarcely approachable on account of the state of the roads; but now the thoroughfares are kept in the best order by revenues drawn from toll-bars. The establishment of these bars by an ordinance of Lord Sydenham, was loudly exclaimed against by the rural habitans, who, in coming to market, greatly preferred jolts to the dispensing of coppers; but I was told that the tide of opinion against toll-paying had lately undergone a considerable change among these ancient settlers; as they had discovered by the saving of time and other advantages, that the money they paid to the toll-keeper was by no means thrown away.

By one of these improved roads, carried at a moderate height, we are enabled to make a circuit of the whole mountain, and obtain some remarkably fine views over the surrounding country. The scene on the northern side embraces an extensive tract of land, laid out in farms, and dotted over with villages, distinguishable by their churches with tin-covered steeples. From the summit, the eye is able to trace out, in the generally level country, the outlines of the Isle of Montreal, and the Isle Jesu beyond it on the north, as well as the valley of the Ottawa. The river Ottawa, coming out of a region rich in timber, and abounding in picturesque scenery, joins the St Lawrence in a somewhat broken manner, by parting into separate branches, and

intersecting the land so as to form the two above-mentioned islands. The Isle of Montreal, about thirty miles in length, and celebrated for its beauty and fertility, was originally gifted by the king of France to the seminary of St Sulpice, to which body the superiority still principally belongs, and is a source of large annual income. Along the southern slopes of the mountain, and favoured by the high temperature in summer, grow those fine varieties of apples—the Fameuse, Pomme Gris, and others—which are the admiration of all strangers. The view from the higher parts of the hill on the south embraces the city and environs in the foreground, with the broad St Lawrence and its shipping, and the extensive tract of country beyond, which includes the pleasant valley of the Richlieu.

The society in Montreal which I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with, did not differ from what one sees in a respectable English town; and from all I could learn, it appeared that notwithstanding many bitter political and religious animosities, the city in its various concerns was making signal progress. The population had increased to about 60,000; and trade of all kinds had been extended in the current year. The completion of the Atlantic and St Lawrence Railway, by opening up a ready means of transit to Portland and Boston, had already given an impetus to improvement; and as steamers will now ply direct to and from England during summer, the opening of a new traffic was confidently anticipated. On many accounts, therefore, Montreal possesses an animation and hopefulness which could scarcely have been predicated from its past history or the mixed and antagonistic materials in its population. Nor are the interests of practical science and literature forgotten. A museum of the minerals, united with a geological survey of the province, attests the attention paid to an important branch of knowledge.

A few weeks before my visit, there had been a large exhibition of improved agricultural implements and livestock. Latterly, there has been added to the educational institutions a handsomely endowed establishment called the M'Gill College—a kind of university for the higher branches of learning, and in which no tests are exacted. A High School, of earlier origin, has, I am told, been added to it as a preparatory department. The French Roman Catholic body also own some educational establishments of good reputation. So far, there is nothing to complain of in the city; but in Lower Canada generally, the state of education is on a lamentably imperfect footing; for although there is a school law applicable to the province, such is the general ignorance of letters that many local commissioners of education are said to be unable to read or write; and as the rating for schools is under popular control, the habitans find it more agreeable to let their children grow up uninstructed than vote means for their education. On advancing into Western Canada, which is settled by a purely English and Scotch population, the state of affairs is found to be very different.

As regards the actual appearance and character of the original French settlers in the rural districts, or habitans, as they are ordinarily called, I naturally felt some degree of curiosity; and was projecting an excursion into the country, when I was cordially invited to pay a visit to the extensive and interesting seignory of Major T. E. Campbell, situated in the valley of the Richlieu, about nineteen miles south from Montreal. The account of this visit may perhaps give an idea of rural life in this part of Canada, which is essentially different from what prevails in the western portion of the province.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any details respecting the settlement of Lower Canada by the

French, and of the final cession of the country to England in 1763. It is enough to know that Great Britain agreed, by treaty, to respect the religious and other institutions introduced by France; and these accordingly remain, with some modifications, till the present day. One of the social arrangements so preserved, was the method of holding land by feudal tenure. A number of distinguished personages called seigneurs or lords, to whom large tracts of land had been granted, were allowed to partition their property among vassals, who by purchase at entry, and incurring certain obligations, obtained the rights of perpetual heritage. These tracts of land are known as seignories, each retaining the name of the seigneur to whom it originally belonged. The vassal-tenants are technically called *censitaires*. About thirty years after the cession of Canada, the rights of the seigneurs were abridged: they no longer included any species of jurisdiction; and, except where the old seignories prevailed, the principle of freehold tenure was introduced. In the present day, the seignorial claims are not by any means oppressive, although still objectionable as being at variance with modern notions and practices. Not many seigneurs, I was informed, live habitually on their domains, or charge themselves with the personal supervision of their vassals. The management, in various instances, is left to local agents; and on this account I felt some satisfaction in visiting a seignory with a proprietor resident, like a lord of the olden time, in the midst of his retainers.

'You will take the steamer at nine o'clock for Longeuil,' said Major Campbell, in giving me directions to visit his property; 'and there you will find a train in waiting to carry you to St Hilaire, which is the station near to my place.' At the hour appointed, next morning, I accordingly crossed the St Lawrence to Longeuil, a distance of three miles in a diagonal

direction down the river, and found a train of cars ready to take the passengers forward, the line of railway being that which communicates with Portland in Maine, and other parts of the United States. The day was dull and hazy, but clear enough to shew the country around; and as the train went at a leisurely pace, I was able to obtain a pretty fair view of the land and its method of treatment.

We go through a district of seignories, the first being that of Longeuil, which extends a number of miles from the river. Settled a hundred and fifty years ago, and long since cleared and enclosed, the country, as we advance, has quite an old appearance, with villages and churches placed at suitable intervals. The land is generally so level, that the railway has been made to a large extent with scarcely any banking or cutting. Onward it goes over fields, enclosed with rail-fences, and entering the valley of the Richlieu, crosses the fine large river of that name by a long wooden bridge. As is usual in all seignorial districts, the holdings of the censitaires consist of long narrow strips of land, projected from the public road. By this plan, each farmer has a convenient frontage to his property; and as all the houses are built in a line on the respective frontages, the people enjoy ample facilities for social converse and amusement. So far this is pleasant; but as every pleasure needs to be paid for, the inhabitants, in proceeding to some portions of their properties, incur the penalty of travelling a long way from home in pursuit of their rural labours. The spectacle presented by these old-fashioned farms was anything but cheering. The small fields, lying in a row, and entered from each other, like a suite of rooms in a French mansion, exhibited a poor kind of husbandry, and to all appearance the principal crop was that of tall weeds growing on the foul and exhausted soil. At one period, the district was known as the granary of Canada;

and a merry place it then was, no doubt. Now, it is barely able to yield produce for its own support; and poverty, I fear, is the general lot of its inhabitants.

Thus, moralising on the change of times, we reach St Hilaire. Here, at a handsome station, with waiting-rooms and depôts for freight, and a great stack of billets of wood for the use of the locomotive, I found Major Campbell, and gladly accompanied him in a pedestrian excursion over his grounds. When I talk of meeting a Canadian seigneur, I am perhaps expected to describe a spare gentleman in a queue and cocked-hat, a red sash, and a coat which might have been in fashion at the Tuileries in the reign of Louis XV. Changes, however, have come over seigneurs as well as other people. In the gallant major I recognised only a bluff and sound-hearted English officer, rigged out in a shooting-jacket, to brave a threatened drizzle, and, as is usual all over Canada, wearing a pair of stout boots up to the knees, sufficient to encounter every variety of mud and quagmire. How the major should have dropped from Her Majesty's service into the position he now occupies, it is not my business to relate. Formerly secretary to the governor-general, his taste for agriculture, and his marriage with a Canadian lady, may be presumed to form a reason for having invested largely in his present possessions. However this may be, nothing could have been more fortunate for the habitans of St Hilaire than to have obtained such a lord of the manor.

The first thing done was to conduct me to the château, which we reached by a wicket from the railway station and a pathway leading across a shrubbery and paddock. Built of red brick and sandstone, I had before me a handsome and recently erected mansion of large size in the Elizabethan style, with doorway and windows in the best possible taste. Inside was a capacious hall,

with a broad stair of dark wood leading to the upper part of the house. On the level of the hall, doors open on various apartments, including a dining and drawing-room, with floors of polished wood, inlaid in different colours. These handsome apartments are lighted by plate-glass windows, which overlook a green lawn that slopes down to the banks of the Richlieu, about a hundred yards distant. The view of the placid river, resembling the Thames at Fulham, with small sailing vessels passing and repassing, and a village and church spire on the opposite shore, adds much to the amenity of this princely dwelling. On looking around, we feel as if visiting a nobleman's establishment in England or France, and can hardly realise the idea of being in the heart of a country which, only a century and a half ago, was reclaimed from the primeval wilderness. At a short distance from the château has been erected a spacious suite of farm-offices adapted for the highest-class husbandry, and used in connection with a model-farm of 150 acres, which Major Campbell keeps in his own hands. What interested me more than anything else in the château, was an apartment occupied as a business-room. Here, at a table covered with papers, sat an aged Canadian, dressed in a blue coat of antique cut, with white metal buttons—a kind of Owen in the house of Osbaldistone & Co.—and his duties I understood to consist in everlastingly poring over a variety of charter-books and ledgers, and keeping the accounts of the seignory. This ancient worthy spoke nothing but French, and the whole transactions of the concern are conducted in that language.

'There seems to be a great deal of writing connected with the property,' I observed to the major. 'Indeed there is,' he replied. 'Keeping the accounts of a seignory is a business in itself: I will shew you the nature of our affairs.' So saying, several books were

obligingly brought into the dining-room, and I set to work to learn the nature of their multifarious details, assisted by the explanations of my kind entertainer.

One of the books, resembling a great broad ledger, consisted of pages partly covered with print in French, with open spaces left for writing. The whole formed a narration of the various holdings of the vassals, with their dates of entry, transfers, extent of tenure, and annual quit-rents. The quantity of land embraced in the seignory, I was informed, is about 32,000 acres, divided among 771 censitaires. Of these, however, only 693 are farmers; the remainder being occupants of houses, orchards, or other small possessions. The annual rent or feu-duty paid for the land is in some instances not more than twopence an acre. But the other obligations are more onerous. At every sale of a tenure, the landlord can demand a fine of a twelfth of the purchase-money; or it is in his option to take the land at the price offered for it. Duties are likewise charged on successions. All the vassals are also obliged to have their grinding done at the mill of the seigneur, who, on his part, is bound to have mills kept in repair for their use. It may easily be supposed that the financial and other operations of such an extensive concern are exceedingly complicated and embarrassing; and nothing but the skill of a diplomatist and the science of an arithmetician could grapple with them. Besides the documents connected with these transactions, Major Campbell shewed me the books he keeps in relation to the farm in his own management. Here were seen the accounts of expenditure on labour and other matters, with an entry of every sale of produce, down to the minutest sums received for dairy articles, according to the best methods of farm book-keeping in England; so that, at the shortest notice, a complete balance-sheet could be exhibited.

I afterwards strolled out with Major Campbell over some of the lands of his tenants, which, in spite of all his remonstrances and advice, are farmed according to old notions, and do not materially differ in appearance from what is observable in adjoining properties. This I expected. The ignorant cannot apprehend abstractions. They require to see a thing done in order to give it full credence. Only a few of the farmers had come the length of believing in the efficacy of the seigneur's operations, as regards draining, manuring, and the proper rotation of crops. Accustomed to be satisfied with a small return for their expenditure and labour, they were astonished to see the large crops produced on the lands farmed by Major Campbell, and were beginning cautiously to follow his example.

The farms terminate on the public highway, which here borders the river; and in the compass of a mile from the gateway of the château, which blocks up the end of the road, I had an opportunity of visiting the houses of several censitaires; taking a look into the village church; examining a girls' school, which, superintended by several Sisters of Charity, has been established by the lady of the seigneur; and, finally, of paying my respects to the curé, a mild, scholarly-looking personage, who dwells in a pretty little mansion in the midst of a garden overlooking the Richlieu.

The day, I have said, was dull, and there was a chilliness in the atmosphere, yet the doors of the houses were generally open, and in the veranda, in front of one of them, sat a farmer smoking a long pipe, while madame was engaged at his side in some kind of knitting. The houses we visited were scrupulously clean, and provided with the heavy kind of old furniture common in the dwellings of the Norman peasantry, which had come down as heirlooms from past generations. I need hardly say that the seigneur was received with

politeness and deference, but with none of the obsequiousness observable among certain classes of tenantry in the old country. A lively conversation was commenced in French—the people, for miles around, being totally ignorant of English—and it turned on the state of rural affairs. Major Campbell strongly represented the advantages of subscribing for and reading a cheap agricultural journal, but without avail. It was pretty evident that the good censitaires had no faith in literature, nor would part with a single half-penny for all the information that could be offered them.

Backward as things are seen to be, the enterprising seigneur has sanguine hopes of effecting a considerable improvement in the habits of the people. He is at least untiring in his benevolent efforts, and deserves a more genial field of operation. One of his branches of revenue is from the manufacture of sugar from the sap of the maple-trees, which ornament, with their glowing foliage, the picturesque and isolated hill of Belôeil, situated within a short distance of his château. In summer, parties of pleasure from Montreal visit this lofty mountain, and climb by a steep and winding path to the top, from which there is a most extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Pious devotees also make a pilgrimage to the hill, on which there are stations where certain appointed prayers are repeated. At the base of the ascent is a small and beautiful lake, whence water is constantly flowing to turn the mills of the seignory.

Having spent a day agreeably, I bade adieu to Major Campbell, and by an evening train returned to Montreal. It required no depth of reflection to perceive that the system of seignorage, of which I had seen a favourable specimen, was entirely out of date in the present day, and that, for the sake of general advancement, it could not be too soon abolished. The subject,

indeed, has already engaged the consideration of the provincial legislature; and, in all probability, a scheme for the extinction of seignorial claims, by valuing and constituting them a redeemable mortgage on the respective tenures, will, at no distant day, pass into a law. Major Campbell stated that he would have no objection to some such equitable adjustment; and it is possible that the opposition to a remedy of this nature will be presented less by the seigneurs than their apparently willing and contented vassals. As things stand, the evil is not confined to the tracts of seignorial territory—extending, I believe, to nearly eight millions of acres—but affects the whole of the lands, granted and ungranted, in Lower Canada. Enterprising and intelligent men will not, to any large extent, settle in a neighbourhood in which the French language and usages prevail. Protestants, it is true, are legally exempted from the tithes levied by the Roman Catholic Church; but the very atmosphere which hovers round these ecclesiastical arrangements is obnoxious in popular estimation. In some quarters of the country, and more particularly in the eastern townships, very considerable advances are made in agricultural management, and the progress of the colony in trade, shipping, and intercommunication, is to be mentioned with much satisfaction. The state of affairs, however, in the rural districts generally, through the deadening influences that have been referred to, is far from creditable. In short, until the seignories are broken up, as a first and essential step to the introduction of the English tongue among the farming population, this fine part of Canada, so far as I can see, must remain an alien and unknown country to the mass of British emigrants who pour in a ceaseless stream across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER V.

QUEBEC.

HAVING spent a few days in Montreal and its neighbourhood, I prepared to make a short visit to Quebec. A communication by railway between these cities, as I shall have occasion to explain, will soon be effected by the extension of a branch from the Atlantic and St Lawrence line. Meanwhile, the only available intercourse is by steam-vessels on the river, one of which departs every evening from Quebec, and another from Montreal; the passage up as well as down being by night.

Montreal is 180 miles above Quebec, and this distance is performed by the steamers in twelve hours, descending, and fifteen to sixteen hours, ascending, the St Lawrence; though, when fogs occur, the time in each case may be considerably extended. Owing to these perplexing fogs, as well as sunken rocks and other dangers, serious accidents occasionally happen. With a less wide-spread reputation for disasters than the Mississippi, the St Lawrence yet possesses an unfortunate aptitude for destroying the steamers which trust themselves upon it. During my stay in the country, two vessels of this kind were wrecked between Quebec and Montreal.

Trusting that I might escape any such misfortune, I one evening went on board a steamer at Montreal, said to be one of the best on the station; and along

with at least 150 passengers, set off on a voyage down the river. Darkness soon coming on, we had little opportunity of seeing the distant banks, which, however, are generally low and uninteresting. Some miles down, on our left, we passed one of the mouths of the Ottawa, whose turbid waters are a long way distinguishable from the clear flood of the St Lawrence. Further still, on the south shore, the Richlieu falls into the river; but the town of Sorrel at this point, and various other places of some note, including Three Rivers, are passed in the dark, and we only hear their names when the vessel stops at them to put passengers ashore.

It was in the gray of a misty morning, about seven o'clock, when, rising from bed and going to the slip of open deck at the paddle-boxes, that I first caught sight of the high cliffy banks as we approached Quebec; and without a word of explanation, I knew at a glance that we were passing the scene of Wolfe's celebrated debarkation below the heights of Abraham. Here the river is a mile in width, and flows in an imposing current, sufficiently deep to carry vessels of large burden. The land is high on both banks, as if sawn down by the mighty stream; for while on our left rise the lofty cliffs of Cape Diamond, on whose summit the city has been built—bringing Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine, with its towers and battlements, to remembrance —on the right, or southern bank, we see the elevated grounds of Point Levi, with its lively village and ferry-boats. Looking down the river, we observe that, below Quebec, it parts into two unequal branches, the larger keeping to the left and the smaller to the right, with the high woody isle of Orleans between.

There was little time to take note of all this. The steamer shot in front of the straggling and busy suburb below the city, and in a few minutes we walked ashore

on a wooden quay, in the midst of porters and cabmen. Driving by winding narrow streets, environed by substantial stone-houses, towards the higher regions, I could see that Quebec is a curious old city, with numerous trades connected with shipping in its lower streets, and having a strong mixture of the military and ecclesiastical character in its upper and more aristocratic division. The street which I ascended in a cab to get to a hotel, was so steep, that I feared the poor horse would fall on its knees; but, driven by an Irishman, it went wonderfully well over the ground, and I arrived in safety in a kind of open square, where the market and some of the principal public buildings are situated.

A glance through the town shewed that it was considerably more French than Montreal, and was equally well provided with churches and monastic establishments, the bequest of its original settlers; to which are superadded the more modern ecclesiastical structures of its English and Scotch inhabitants. Everybody, of course, is acquainted with the fact, that the Canadian parliament was, a few years ago, burned out of its place of meeting in Montreal. Afterwards, locating itself in a handsome building in Quebec, it has, unfortunately, been just burned out of that too, and is left to shift for temporary accommodation. None of the public buildings, including that appropriated to parliamentary meetings, was of sufficient note to detain me any length of time from the scenes associated with Wolfe's victory; these, in reality, imparting to Quebec the chief interest which is attached to it in England.

Let us, in reference to this great event, throw our minds back to the summer of 1759. England, at war with France, has already captured Louisburg in Cape Breton, and desires to complete her acquisitions by seizing on the whole of Canada; for which purpose several expeditions are despatched to open the attack in

different quarters; the principal movements, however, being the approach of Lord Amherst by way of Albany and Ticonderoga, and that of Major-General James Wolfe, a young and promising soldier, by the St Lawrence. In the month of June, a fleet bears Wolfe and a small but select army up this great river, and after a tedious voyage, it comes in sight of Quebec and its exterior defences, held by Montcalm and an army of 13,000 men. Landing, and forming an encampment on the Isle of Orleans, Wolfe has presented to him an imposing spectacle. Opposite, on the north shore, from the fortress of Quebec to the falls of the Montmorenci, along a sloping ground several miles in length, he sees a series of intrenchments bristling with cannon; below the fortress on the east, there is the river St Charles, a seemingly weak point in the line, but its bridge is strongly guarded, and the only place for an attack is apparently at the Montmorenci. So, at least, thought Wolfe; not correctly, for he spent nearly three months in various deadly but bootless encounters at this selected spot. It was only after these tedious discomfitures, and much mental and bodily suffering, that he resolved on the stratagem of sailing up the river, as if going on a distant expedition; at the same time leaving a party to make a feint of again attacking the Montmorenci outposts. This famous movement up the river took place on a starlight night in autumn. Early next morning—the memorable 13th of September 1759—an hour before dawn, the vessels drop down with the tide, bring to at a point previously fixed on, now celebrated as Wolfe's Cove; and there the landing is silently effected. The different regiments make their way by a rude path up the steep bank; at the summit, they seize upon a redoubt and the few French soldiers who have it in charge, and are shortly drawn up in order on the plains of Abraham. Wolfe leads them

forward to a place within three-quarters of a mile of the fortifications, and there, a few hours afterwards, the great struggle ensues which settles the fate of Canada.

The reader may now accompany me to this remarkable field of battle. Driving past the citadel, through a gateway, and along a good road environed with several detached villas, we arrived at the open and bare plain which overhangs the St Lawrence, now partly enclosed, and used as a race-course. The ground is not quite even; it has a slight hollow at the place where we leave the public road, and turn in upon it to our left. Here Wolfe was leading the fight when he received the mortal shot. This sad event did not occur till about noon; for Montcalm was unprepared for any attack in this quarter, and it was not till eleven o'clock that he left his intrenchments and brought his forces to the high ground occupied by the English army. It was a brilliant victory, but clouded by the death of Wolfe; while the French, on their part, mourned the fall of the brave Montcalm. Could the scene of this memorable engagement be visited without emotion? Some slight changes have taken place, as I have said, on the field of battle; but, on the whole, it remains pretty much what it was a century ago—a piece of bare and open pasture-land adjoining the public thoroughfare, which runs westward from the town. In the hollow to which I have referred, a monumental column of moderate height, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, has been erected, and surrounded by a railing. On the base is the simple inscription: 'Here died Wolfe, Victorious.' On a public promenade, at the gardens attached to the castle, an obelisk was, with good taste, erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm by Lord Dalhousie, governor-general, in 1827.

A rock, to the foot of which Wolfe was carried when he fell, and where he expired, has been removed; but

within an enclosure lower down, the well is pointed out from which water was brought to him in his last moments. West's celebrated picture of the death of Wolfe, in which the expiring hero is seen reclining on the ground amidst a group of officers and attendants, is generally considered a faithful representation of the scene. Quitting this deeply interesting spot, and crossing the field diagonally towards the St Lawrence, the visitor reaches the enclosures of Marchmont, immediately above Wolfe's Cove. Here, on looking over the bank, we can appreciate the natural difficulties of the pathway by which the English force ascended from the landing-place on the shore beneath. How far Wolfe was justified in the expectation of finding only an insignificant force at this assailable point, or whether he was assured that, after reaching the open plain, Montcalm, in his excess of gallantry, would have the imprudence to leave his intrenchments and fortifications to meet him—are questions which military men have freely discussed. Probably Wolfe reckoned on circumstances of which we have now no precise knowledge; and surely his success in accomplishing a difficult and hazardous enterprise is the best proof of the correctness of his anticipations. Viewing his victory as an event which, two years afterwards, led to the surrender of Montreal and the relinquishment of Canada to the British monarchy, what a lasting and important influence it may be said to have had on the cause of social progress!

The castle or citadel of Quebec, to which I was admitted by a permit from the proper authority, consists of an open rocky height, thirty to forty acres in extent, with barracks and storehouses, and surrounded by fortifications of great strength, which are extended with various deflexions round the upper part of the town. Guns are pointed from embrasures in different

directions; the principal battery, composed of a number of thirty-two pounders, being on the highest cliff, which commands the St Lawrence and the suburb at the harbour. From this situation, elevated 250 feet, a fine view of the river is obtained, with its rafts and shipping, the green isle of Orleans, and Point Levi on the southern shore. At the time of my visit, a fleet of vessels from the Clyde lay at anchor, waiting to be loaded with timber. The fortress of Quebec, it is well known, is the strongest military post of Great Britain on the American continent, and is guarded with an etiquette worthy of Gibraltar. English soldiers were pacing to and fro on the lofty bastions, on which the air was thin and cold even on a sunny day in October. What must be the sensations of the unfortunate sentinels, I thought, in winter, when the thermometer ranges to 30 degrees below zero, and tends to turn all nature into an icicle!

Proceeding westward by the highway across the plains of Abraham, and passing some fine mansions, enclosed in pleasure-grounds—among others, Spencer-Wood, the residence of the governor-general—visitors will, at the distance of about two miles from Quebec, and near the St Lawrence, reach a recently laid out cemetery, environed with trees, and preserved in the finest order by a resident keeper. To this mournful enclosure I went to see the place of interment of John Wilson, the estimable and much-lamented Scottish vocalist, who died suddenly of cholera at Quebec in 1849. He was buried at the corner of a gravel-walk, near the centre of the ground, and I was gratified to observe that, by the kind contributions of his countrymen in Canada, a tall and handsome monument has been erected over his grave. The sun shone sweetly on the spot, decorated with taste, and secluded amidst sheltering woods; and though lying far from

home, I thought my poor friend could not have reposed in a scene more congenial with the simple lyrics which he so happily illustrated and made so widely known by his powers of melody.

At the entrance to the cemetery, Mr Miller, the superintendent, obligingly pointed out a vault covered with turf and fitted up with stone shelving, which is used as a temporary receptacle for those who die during winter, and cannot be properly interred until frost and snow have disappeared. The necessity for some such depository of the coffined dead helps to give one a notion of the inclemency of a Canadian winter. But this is revealed in other ways. So deeply does the frost penetrate into the ground, that any line of curb-stone, or stone basis for a railing, which is not founded on masonry at least three feet deep, will be dislodged by the frost, and lean over to one side at the first thaw. In many parts of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, snow lies on the ground about five months in the year, and for some part of the season the cold is more intense than we can form any adequate idea of in England. I was informed that at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, so keen is the frost during some nights in winter, that sentinels on duty require to be changed every ten minutes. That there should be English soldiers at all in this place, as well as at Quebec and some other stations, seems to be an unaccountable piece of folly; more particularly as desertions to the States are almost of daily occurrence. In some cases, I was assured, not only individual sentinels, but pickets of a dozen men fully accoutred make off from their posts, and find their way through woods and wilds till they cross the frontier, when they are safe from pursuit. Only on rare occasions are these runaways captured before reaching the States. In the course of one of my excursions in Nova Scotia, I passed on the

road a party of six deserters who had been so recovered; they were walking handcuffed in pairs, in charge of a sergeant's guard. A state of things that admits of so much demoralisation is, I think, of very questionable policy.

Low as is the temperature in Lower Canada during winter, the climate is far from being unhealthy; and although the snow lies long on the ground, little actual loss is sustained by the agriculturist; for when mild weather arrives, nature acts with a vigour which may be said to compensate for the brevity of summer; and after all, there are perhaps more really fine days during the year than in England. Wherever I went I saw a healthy and robust appearance in the people, with much vivacity of manner. The French Canadians are known to marry young; and it is established as a fact, that life is better among them than it is in England. While the increase by births is 1 in 33 in England, it is 1 in 21 in Lower Canada; and while the deaths are 1 in 45 in England, they are 1 in 53 in the whole of Lower Canada. The simplicity of the mode of living among the rural population, doubtless contributes to this remarkable aspect of affairs; for in the district of Quebec, taken alone, the ratio of deaths is greater than it is in England. Facts of this kind go far to assure us, that Lower Canada, with all its frost and snow and its summer heats, is by no means unadapted for comfortable existence. It is only matter for regret that some of its institutions are of a nature so unsuited to modern notions, that the country, as formerly hinted at, is not likely at present to receive any large accession of agricultural settlers from Great Britain.

On leaving the cemetery, we made a circuit through some remarkably well-managed farms, and then proceeded by a by-road down the north side of the ridge of which Quebec occupies the eastern extremity. Here we

arrive in an inferior suburb of wooden houses, wharfs, and ship-building yards, on the banks of the St Charles. Crossing this river by a bridge, and getting upon a good macadamised road, we were now on the way to the river Montmorenci, a tributary of the St Lawrence, and which, with its rapids and falls, forms the great wonder of this part of Canada. The country passed through is enclosed and cultivated; and the houses of the small farmers thickly stud the sides of the highway. About midway, on our right, overlooking the St Lawrence, stands the old village of Beauport, reminding us of the operations of Montcalm, of which it was the centre. Most of the cottages we pass are of a poor appearance, with doors reached by steps, so that they may be level with the surface when the snow covers the ground in winter. On the side of the road has been erected a handsome pillar, surmounted by a conspicuous gilt cross; it is enclosed with a neat railing, and provided with steps in front to accommodate kneeling devotees. I learned that this object is commemorative of the temperance movement, and here, as at a shrine, reclaimed tipplers may piously renew their vows of abstinence.

At the distance of about seven miles from Quebec, we approach the Montmorenci; and clambering over palings on our left, getting across some mossy ground, and descending a rough woody bank, we see the turbulent river forcing its way through a bed composed of layers of limestone, the broken yet regular appearance of which resembles a series of natural steps. The scene is wild and picturesque. In front and in the distance, the river, which is seemingly about the size of the Tweed, is seen dashing and foaming over rocks, and burying itself in great gulfs, while above is a precipice overhung with shrubs, and bearing the marks of attrition thousands of years old. There being no proper

path down the high banks, we return to the road, and crossing by a bridge, gain the left side of the river. Here, on walking a short distance, we have on our right the celebrated fall of Montmorenci—a very fine thing indeed, of its kind; for the whole river is sent at a shoot over a precipice 250 feet high, and dissolves into white foam and spray before it reaches the bottom. After the fall, it goes placidly on its way between high banks to the St Lawrence, which it meets at a right angle a few hundred yards distant. A small portion of the water, before arriving at the brink of the precipice, is led off on the right bank to turn some large saw-mills. From the promontory near the fall, the spectator has a view of Quebec, the Isle of Orleans, and the river for a considerable stretch westward.

Before leaving Quebec, I made some inquiries respecting the number of emigrants arriving annually, and other circumstances connected with the progress of affairs in this part of Canada. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that, as a seat of the provincial government, and a flourishing mart of commerce, Quebec possesses the usual public institutions, literary and otherwise, pertaining to its character. For some time, its ship-building and timber trades have been conducted on a large scale, and on its quays is seen all the bustle of a busy seaport. As the first port at which vessels touch on ascending the St Lawrence, the place possesses a peculiar interest to emigrants; for here they usually disembark and take steamers to their respective points of destination; and here a resident emigration-agent, Mr Buchanan, is appointed to help them with advice and facilitate their movements. At the office of this useful functionary, near the quay, they will at all times receive due attention, and probably see advertisements for artisans and labourers of different classes.

Emigrants who desire to push on westwards, have an opportunity of doing so every day by a steamer from Quebec to Montreal; then they can go on board another steamer, which will take them by canal and river to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario. Should they wish to go on, a fresh steamer will carry them to Toronto, or to Hamilton, which is situated at the head of the lake. There they have now the Great Western Railway, which proceeds right through the fertile peninsula of Canada West to Detroit, affording numerous opportunities of stopping by the way. Soon, a great improvement on these facilities will be effected. The Grand Trunk-railway of Canada, one of the most stupendous undertakings of modern times, involving an outlay of £9,500,000 sterling, and extending its ramifications over nearly 1200 miles, has already, by a union with the Atlantic and St Lawrence Railway, opened the communication between Portland and Longueil. In 1854, a branch will be extended to Quebec, by which emigrants will be taken thence to Longueil in a few hours. The erection of a bridge two miles in length across the St Lawrence from Longueil to Montreal; the construction at Montreal of a vast railway-depôt like that of Crewe; and the carrying of the line westward to Kingston, Toronto, and ultimately to Sarnia, at the foot of Lake Huron, are among the great works just commencing, and for which thousands of hands are required.

When this magnificent railway system is completed, as it is expected to be, five years hence, persons arriving at Quebec will be able to pursue their way uninterruptedly to almost any quarter in the western country; and when I add that ocean steamers, larger and more powerful than those now on the station, are preparing for the trade between Liverpool and the St Lawrence during summer, and between Liverpool and

Portland when the river is frozen in winter, it will be seen what an immense effort is being made to open channels of communication through the province. The Grand Trunk is an English concern, aided by guarantees and bonds of the Canadian government, and having an office of management in Montreal. There, for a time, is located the company's secretary, the indefatigable Sir Cusack P. Roney, well known for his skill in developing railway traffic and uniting the commercial interests of countries far separated from each other. I have no doubt that by his adroit arrangements, travellers and emigrants will soon get tickets at the principal railway stations in England to take them to the remotest part of Canada, if not to St Louis on the Mississippi and other centres of intercourse in the great West.

Even on the present footing of communication by river and lake steamers, there is little to complain of. The vessel in which I returned to Montreal was of large size, and being constructed and managed on the plan of the American river-boats, may admit of a short description. It might be described as a structure three stories in height. Level with the quay from which we step on board, we enter by a gap into the after-part of the middle story. Towards the bows, a similar gap admits the steerage passengers, and here also the freight is taken on board. It will thus be understood that the vessel has two doorways in the side—one before and another behind the paddles. The middle floor of the vessel, so entered from the various landing-places, is sectioned off in three departments. In front, is a part devoted to emigrants or second-class passengers; the centre is for the freight; and the latter part, at the stern, is partitioned off and elegantly furnished as a cabin for ladies. By wandering among boxes and bales of goods, and opening doors, we can go from one end

of the floor to the other. A small part in front of the ladies' cabin is kept clear of freight; and it is into this open space that we pass on getting on board by the after-entrance. Immediately on entering, we find on the left hand a small office with a window at which tickets are sold, as at an English railway-station; and where, till the office is opened, there is a crowd anxiously waiting to have the first chance for state-rooms. The dispenser of these tickets is the purser; the stewards having nothing to do with the money-department. So much for the middle floor of the steamer; the only thing not mentioned being a small open-air platform adjoining the paddle-box on each side, accessible to the passengers, and a favourite lounge for cigar-smokers.

At one corner of the partition which cuts off the ladies' cabin, we ascend by a stair to the upper story. This consists entirely of the saloon, an apartment at least a hundred and fifty feet long, splendidly furnished and decorated; lighted from the roof, and having state-rooms along the sides, each provided with two beds and toilet articles—everything rigorously clean and commodious. A person accustomed to the river vessels of England, would be startled with the first view of this magnificent apartment. Persian carpets, elegant arm-chairs and sofas, a central marble table on which reposes a handsomely bound Bible, cut-glass chandeliers, mirrors and vases of flowers, door-handles of gilt porcelain or ivory, are among the things which meet the eye. The saloon is not of equal breadth throughout. About half-way down, it is interrupted by an enclosure for the engines, and by a passage at each side we reach the portion of the saloon beyond. This division, which is towards the stern, has no beds. It is wider than the other part, and is provided with side and end windows, whence a view of the river is obtained. In the centre

of it is a stove, where the single gentlemen chiefly congregate; a small outer poop at the extremity, being only used in fine weather. The most curious thing about the after portion of the saloon is a barber's shop, lighted from above, and adjoining the enclosure for the engines. Here, on looking through a curtained glass-door, we observe a toilet-table, laid out with all proper apparatus for shaving and hair-dressing; a luxurious chair, with a high rest for the feet; and, seated in a corner, is seen a negro operator, spelling over a newspaper, and patiently waiting for custom. No American steamer of a high class is unprovided with an establishment of this kind for the accommodation of the passengers, who, it may be said, would no more think of doing without a barber than without a cook.

It will be noticed from these arrangements, that the whole vessel, from end to end and side to side, with the exception of a small place at the stern and at the paddle-boxes, is covered in. There is no deck, no roof to which you are admitted. On the top, nothing is visible but the chimney, the beam of the engine, and the wheel-house for the steersman. The saloon is the universal lounge. There most people while away the time, till summoned to their meals. No eating or drinking is carried on in the saloon. It is a drawing, not a dining room. Meals are taken in the lowest story of the vessel, the access to which is by a stair descending from the middle floor, near the doorway to the ladies' cabin. On gaining this profundity, which is necessarily lighted with candles, we find it to be a spacious apartment, with two long tables, two rows of open beds, one above another, along the sides, and at the further extremity, a bar for the sale of liquors, and a recess for washing. The kitchen is somewhere in this quarter, but not visible to the passengers.

Two hours after coming on board the vessel, of which

I have here presented a picture in outline, the steward's bell sounded for tea, or supper as it is called in America, and down went a crowd from the saloon towards the eating-apartment, which, however, none was allowed to enter till the ladies had come from their cabin, and taken their seats. As usual, there was a profusion of edibles; and here, again, I looked unsuccessfully for specimens of fast eating, which, for the amusement of the thing, I should have been glad to see. The company was miscellaneous. Some were speaking in French, and some in English; but the bulk partook of their tea in silence, and dropped off one by one up stairs to the saloon. Wandering over the vessel some time afterwards, I thought of looking in upon the department on the middle floor appropriated to the humbler class of emigrants. An unpleasant spectacle presented itself: Men, women, children, bedding, boxes, and tin kettles, all jumbled together; a bar about the size of a sentry-box for the sale of drams; and as a natural result of this last-mentioned particular, a fight among several men, and all sorts of disagreeable noises. I was fain to retreat from the apartment, pitying the unfortunate beings who were condemned to pass a night within its fetid precincts. The sale of liquors in these situations is surely highly objectionable, and the attention of the provincial legislature cannot be too soon called to the subject.

In those parts of the vessel occupied by the first-class passengers, everything went on with the decorum of a drawing-room, and strangely in contrast to the scene I had been witnessing. At ten o'clock, the saloon was nearly deserted; those who had been so fortunate as to secure state-rooms had turned in; and those who had not, went off to the beds in the eating-apartment. Here I had made sure of a berth, by putting my plaid in possession as soon as I came on board. I could not

but admire the method for secluding these exposed beds. A brass framework over the top is drawn forward, and the curtains attached to it being closed, the beds, and also two chairs in front, are completely screened from observation. I have somewhere seen the sleeping and toilet accommodation of American river-boats held up to ridicule; but my experience in this and other vessels has left nothing to be said in such a spirit. On the present occasion, my bed was at least equal in commodiousness to that which I had been favoured with in the Cunard steamer. It will also be satisfactory to know, that in the morning there was no want of reasonably good basins and clean towels; and that every man was turned out with boots which would have done no discredit to Day and Martin. With these comforts—laying the luxuries of private state-rooms out of the question—and a substantial breakfast which made its appearance in due course, what more could any one desire?

Retarded for several hours by fogs, we did not arrive at Montreal till noon, and I immediately prepared for my journey to Toronto.

CHAPTER VI.

ONTARIO—NIAGARA.

FINALLY quitting Montreal by the short railway to La Chine, and then proceeding by a steamer which for four-and-twenty hours went up portions of river and canal alternately, I was enabled with the greatest ease, as in a floating-hotel, to reach Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario. The favourite method with tourists is to come down, not go up, the river at this place, because in descending, the steamer shoots the various rapids, and the excitement of these exploits adds to the zest of the excursion. My arrangements not admitting of this pleasure, I had to make the best of my lot, in proceeding by canal, wherever the rapidity of the stream did not allow the vessel to make the ascent of the St Lawrence. Yet, I had no cause to repine at this privation. The steamer lost little time in the locks, and by the speed slackening somewhat in the canals, I had an opportunity of appreciating the excellence of the several works of art by the aid of which the vessel was able to pursue its way. It left the river five or six times, and went through as many canals, the spaciousness and general management of which reminded me of the Caledonian Canal, the greatest work of the kind in Britain. Vast as has been the outlay on this extensive system of canalage, in order to avoid the rapids of the St Lawrence, it cannot be considered a useless expenditure of public money; for the

facility so afforded to internal navigation, is of the greatest importance to all parts of the country on the lakes.

Formerly in two provinces, the division of which was the Ottawa, Canada is now politically one, though a long period must elapse before social distinctions disappear. As we advance upwards by the St Lawrence, the characteristics of the old French settlements give place to new features; and after passing through a transition district, apparently not well settled, we emerge on quite a new field of human industry, where all is life and vigour—we have arrived in the great inner world bordering on the lakes, with the everactive United States on our left, and their more youthful competitor, Upper or Western Canada, on our right. It was pleasant on a fine day in the Indian summer, to watch from the small poop of the steamer the gradual development of a region differing in some respects from that which I had passed through. As the settlements thickened, towns made their appearance. The first of any importance within the state of New York was Ogdensburg, a thriving port for river and lake vessels, and connected by railway with other cities. On the opposite, or Canadian side, we touched at Prescott and Brockville, both prosperous in their appearance, with a well-cleared country behind, and pretty lying farms in their vicinity, coming down to the edge of the river.

We may be said now to enter that beautiful and spacious part of the St Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The river is expanded to a width of from two to three miles, and so dotted over with islands, as to have apparently neither ingress nor egress. The islands are of all imaginable sizes and forms, from a single rock to several acres in extent. All are richly clothed with wood and shrubs, the variegated foliage of which contrasts finely with the smooth blue surface of

the water. The sail for fifty miles amidst these irregularly formed islands, situated at lesser or greater distances from each other, and many of them little paradises of beauty and fertility, is exceedingly charming, and to visit this part of the St Lawrence is the object of numerous summer-excursions from the United States. At certain points, light-houses are placed among the islands, to shew the proper track for navigation; and we can suppose that without these guides the vessels might chance to lose themselves in a labyrinth of land and water.

The islands continue until we reach Lake Ontario. One of the largest of the series is Wolfe Island, twenty miles long and seven miles across, lying in the greatly expanded river as it issues from the lake; and here, on rounding a rocky and fortified promontory on the Canadian side, the vessel reaches its destination at Kingston. I should have been glad to have spent some days here, but the time at my disposal being limited, I could only make a selection of places to be deliberately visited. During the half-hour which intervened before starting, I walked through the streets, which contained some large buildings of blue limestone; the whole well laid out on a rising-ground, with a line of wharfs for shipping. A government dockyard and military establishment give an air of importance to the place; and from the excellence of its harbour at the foot of the lake-navigation, it is likely to become the centre of considerable traffic.

Having so far gratified my curiosity, I went on board the large and commodious steamer, *Maple Leaf*, bound for Toronto, situated at the distance of 175 miles westward. In a short time after departure, the vessel emancipated itself from the islands; and some miles further on, we had before us the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, the voyage on which cannot be said to

differ much from that on the wide ocean. Keeping the Canadian shore in view, we have before us, and on our left, a waste of waters; the waves, agitated by a breeze, surge angrily against the bows and paddle-boxes; and the more delicate passengers retire quietly to their berths, to meditate on the pleasures of life at sea. And a sea we are really upon, as regards dimensions and some of the casualties connected with navigation. The lake, formed by the waters which flow from Lake Erie by the Niagara River, is 180 miles long by 60 at its greatest breadth; consequently, those who live on its banks see no land on looking across it. The surface of the lake, in its ordinary conditions, is only 234 feet above the Atlantic, from which it is distant about 700 miles; as the tide, however, influences the river considerably above Quebec, the chief rise is from near Montreal, where the rapids are first seen on coming upwards. Lake Ontario, possesses the good property of being very deep. Its depth is said to be in many places upwards of 600 feet; on which account its waters have a comparatively high temperature, and do not freeze over in winter. No doubt, the country in its vicinity participates in the mildness of climate which such a temperature must necessarily diffuse. Another advantage of its deepness, is the small power possessed by the wind to rouse it into storms, in comparison with the effects produced on Lake Erie, which, being shallow, is easily lashed into a fury, and more dangerous to navigators than any of the lakes. I was repeatedly warned, that as the season was considerably advanced, I should be careful how I trusted myself in the vessels on Lake Erie; but I never heard a word said against the character of either Ontario or its shipping, though terrible disasters have occasionally occurred upon it.

The series of lakes, altogether, form a remarkable

feature of the American continent. Setting aside various offshoots, there is nothing to equal the chain of inland seas formed by Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St Clair, Erie, and Ontario, the short rivers which connect them being assisted by side-canals, where this is found necessary for navigation. The entire surface of the lakes is estimated at 93,000 square miles; they are understood to drain an area of 400,000 miles; and it is said that their contents amount to one-half of all the fresh water on the globe. The number of rivers, large and small, which fall into them, may be supposed to be very considerable. A remarkable feature of these vast sheets of water, is their variation of level, which is not clearly accounted for by a reference to wet and dry seasons. Some years they are known to rise several feet, and then after a time to decline. Their shores seem likewise to shift; at certain places the water appears to be washing away the banks, leaving an abrupt precipice of mud, on which trees are growing to the very brink; and at other places there is an inclined beach of sand and pebbles, where the waves come rippling forward and break in a mass of foam, as on the sea-shore. The land which borders the lakes being for the most part level, or having only a gentle rise, the shores cannot be described as picturesque. In sailing on the lakes, with the land in view, we generally see little else than a fringe of trees. There is a remarkable exception to this on some parts of Lake Ontario, where a bold background shews itself; and I am informed that on some parts of Lake Superior, the shores are precipitous, and as grand as the imagination can desire. A very slight examination of the borders of Lake Ontario, shews that in its present dimensions it is merely the residuum of a lake very much larger, which, in far-gone ages, had covered a large part of Canada and the opposite coast.

But speculations of this kind belong properly to the geologist, and are alluded to here only as preliminary to what has to be mentioned respecting the Falls of Niagara, to which we are hastening.

Looking at Ontario in the form into which it has settled down, and will remain through an indefinite futurity—considering its accessibility from the ocean, its adaptation in every respect to the purposes of the navigator, its genial temperature, its abundance of fish, and the almost matchless fertility of the lands which border its shores, I am necessarily impressed with the conviction that it is destined to be a Mediterranean, around which a great people are to cluster and flourish. Nor did a nearer acquaintance with the western part of the state of New York on the one side, or the eastern section of Canada West on the other, lessen this impression. About the centre, on the state of New York side, the river Genesee falls into the lake; and here the city of Rochester is the port for perhaps the finest agricultural valley in the United States. Lower down, on the same side of the lake, is Oswego, a port on a river of the same name, and also the outlet of a rich country behind. Both places are connected by railways with the eastern cities, and therefore can be easily reached by land. While these and some other towns are daily increasing in importance on the American side of the lake, signals of rapid progress are also visible on the Canadian shore. A general notion has somehow prevailed, that the advance of improvement is comparatively slow in Canada; but from the facts to be brought forward, I am inclined to think that such an opinion is, now at least, fallacious. In sailing along the northern shore of Ontario, we observe in the neighbourhood of Cobourg and Port-Hope, a country well cleared and cultivated, with every indication of an old-settled and thriving population. Things improve as we go forward,

and when we come in sight of Toronto, spread out on a very gradual slope rising from the bottom of a wide bay, with its manufactories, church-spires, massive public buildings, and long terrace-like quay—the whole lying with a sunny-exposure to the south, sheltered by a ridge of low hills on the north, and enriched by a fertile country around—we exclaim, Here is doubtless to be a great city, here the metropolis of Canada.

Struck with the imposing appearance of Toronto as seen from the lake in front, it was not without regret I considered it advisable to postpone my visit to it for a few days, and in order to see Niagara, push on by another vessel about to sail for Lewiston. Walking, therefore, from the one steamer to the other, I went on board the *Peerless*, a vessel of great beauty, commanded and partly owned by Captain Dick, a Scotchman, and bred seaman, who informed me that it was constructed under his own directions in the Clyde, and had been brought out in pieces and put together on the lake. The *Peerless* is built in the English form, with the saloon and chief weight below, in order to encounter without danger the gales and heavy seas on the lake. This handsome vessel leaves Toronto every morning for Lewiston, and returns the same day with persons who arrive by the trains. As the run is only thirty-six miles across the upper and narrow part of the lake to Lewiston, whence parties can reach the Falls of Niagara in an hour, it may be supposed that the trip is one of the cheap and popular holiday amusements of the inhabitants of Toronto.

Proceeding directly across Ontario, the *Peerless* soon came in sight of land at the mouth of the river Niagara, and drew up to the wharf at the town of that name on the right, where several passengers landed, and some others were taken on board. On the opposite side of the river stands Fort Niagara, one of the few defences

which the Americans seem to consider it desirable to maintain on their frontier. The river Niagara at its outlet is seemingly a mile in width, but finally it narrows to about the third of a mile. Where it issues into the lake, the land is level; but in advancing upward, the ground begins to rise till we arrive at Lewiston on the left, and Queenstown on the right bank; and here, at the distance of seven miles from Ontario, the margin of the river on each side becomes a complete precipice, 150 to 200 feet high. Steaming up the river, we see at a distance before us a lofty piece of country stretching to the right and left, through the middle of which the river has sawn its way; and it is at the face of this range that the precipitous banks commence. On the American bank, the slope of the high ground stretching away from the river is of a regular form, well wooded; and it is upon the plateau of level land extended eastwards from the bottom of the slope, and abutting on the river, that the town of Lewiston has been built. The situation is not well adapted for river-traffic. Its site on the plateau is considerably above the level of the water, and there is no space at the landing-place for shipping. I saw no vessel of any kind at its slip of wharf, where the *Peerless* drew up, and put ashore a crowd of passengers designed for a very inferior kind of railway, which is connected with a line of a better construction at the village adjoining the Falls. As the *Peerless* crossed immediately to Queenstown, I preferred adopting the route by that village, as the Falls are best seen from the Canadian side, and I desired to make sure of receiving good impressions at first. Having accordingly crossed over, I found, on touching the shore, two covered droskies, driven by negro lads, waiting for custom; and having selected one of these conveyances —a very miserable affair—I was driven by a bad road up a long and steep bank towards the celebrated

Queenstown heights. These consist of irregular knolls, partly covered with wood, with a few houses, scarcely deserving the name of village, scattered about their lower declivities. From a pathway on the shrubby bank overhanging the river, a handsome suspension-bridge, 1040 feet in length, has been thrown across to the opposite side for the accommodation of foot-passengers. Queenstown heights were the scene of a battle during the war of 1812, and in a conspicuous situation a monument is about to be erected to the memory of General Brock, the British commander, who was slain in the engagement. This new structure is to supply the place of a former monument, which had been blown up and destroyed by some party unknown, in a spirit of wanton mischief.

The Queenstown heights, however irregular in form, correspond with the high sloping range on the opposite bank of the river, and both elevations are continued like a crescent, so as to form a kind of exterior high rim round the head of Lake Ontario. On the Canada side, the rim, locally called the Mountain, is seen to continue far northwards, with a bend towards the east, so as to environ the lake at a lesser or greater distance. At the base of this lofty and ancient margin of Ontario, near the head of the lake, has been built the city of Hamilton, from which the range widens in its stretch, and in the direction of Toronto leaves a tract twenty miles in breadth between it and the shore. Reaching at any point the top of this singular embankment, we find ourselves on a table-land apparently boundless in dimensions. We have, in fact, ascended to the broad and generally level territory surrounding Lake Erie, which, by measurement, is 334 feet above Lake Ontario. From the one lake to the other, therefore, a descent of that amount is effected by the river Niagara in its course of thirty-three miles, a distinct plunge of about

160 feet being made at the Falls, which are situated at the distance of six miles above the old lake margin at Queenstown, and fourteen miles from the present mouth of the river at Ontario. Geologists generally concur in the belief, that the Falls were at one time at Queenstown, from which, in the course of ages, they have ploughed their way upward. The slightest inspection of the ground leads infallibly to this conclusion. For six miles the river runs through a ravine, the sides of which, composed of mouldering rocks and studded over with shrubs, are as steep as those of a grave. Through this long gorge, silent and awful, rolls the deep flood, lightish green in its colour, and carrying masses of froth on its whirling and boiling surface. Compressed into so narrow a channel, the river is from 200 to 300 feet in depth. At one place, narrower than elsewhere, and bending in its course, the force of the current raises a cone of water ten feet high, which, whirling round, draws trees and any other floating objects into its vortex. A gentleman whom I met on my journey, informed me that at the time of his visit to the whirlpool, the bodies of two English deserters, who had been drowned in attempting to swim across the river, were spinning round the cone of water, and had been so for three weeks previously!

The picturesque in landscape, as is well known, depends on geological conditions. Wherever certain varieties of limestone and sandstone prevail, there rivers are observed to excavate for themselves a deep channel, so as to leave banks of lesser or greater abruptness. Hence, the whole phenomena of the Niagara river and its falls. On examining the face of the sloping range above referred to, it is found to consist chiefly of layers of limestone, shivery clay marls, and red sandstones—the latter being known as the Medina Sandstone. I do not need to go into any account of

the limestones, further than to say that they easily break and moulder away, until secured by a coating of bushes or vegetation. As regards the reddish Medina Sandstone, it is the washed away particles of this friable rock that compose to a large extent the red-coloured and productive soils which border on the Canadian and American shores of Ontario. The sloping mountain-range, whence these soils have descended, is not everywhere entire. Here and there, rivulets have worn it down into valleys, in one of which lies the thriving village of Dundas, a few miles north from Hamilton. Speculations have been hazarded on the length of time which the Falls of Niagara have taken to retire over six miles from the face of the mountain-range at Lewiston; but long as this period has been, how insignificant in comparison with that vast interval which has lapsed since the rocky structures of Canada were in the form of liquescent sediment at the bottom of a sea, and incased in their bosom those fishes which are now disclosed by the rude blows of the quarryman, and prized as scientific curiosities by the fossil-loving geologist!

To overcome the great difference of level between Ontario and Erie for purposes of navigation, has been a matter of serious concern. The work has been happily effected within the Canadian territory, by the establishment of the Welland Canal, which, beginning at Port-Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, rises by a series of locks to Port-Colborne, on Lake Erie. This great public work has been eminently successful. Vessels pour through the canal in the upward and downward passage, in an unceasing stream, yielding tolls amounting to £50,000 per annum. So much of the traffic is in American vessels, that the United States' government contemplates the execution of a similar canal, to commence below Lewiston. The traffic is growing so

rapidly, that it may be presumed there is enough for both.

To resume the account of my excursion. On quitting sight of the river and opposite banks, the drosky conveyed me by a rough public highway, through a pleasing piece of country, so well cleared, enclosed, and ornamented with rows and clumps of trees, and so agreeably enlivened with neat mansions, and with cattle of good breeds browsing in green fields, that one could hardly believe that he was out of England. Turning down a cross-road to the left, we came, at the distance of half a mile, to the river; and there, in a moment, seen most unpoetically through the dimmed and distorting glass of the drosky, I had my first view of Niagara. Such is the way that common-place circumstances are for ever controlling aspirations after romance, and bringing the ideal down to a working world! Set down at the door of the Clifton House—on the one hand were the Falls, which I had often wondered whether I should ever see, and on the other were the negro drosky-driver receiving his fare, and a porter carrying my baggage up the steps of the hotel. Clifton House—to get it out of the way—is one of those enormously large hotels, with hundreds of bedrooms and a vast table-d'hôte saloon, which are seen everywhere in the States, and now begin to be naturalised in Canada. The establishment is the property of a Mr Zimmermann, whose residence and pleasure-grounds are adjacent. The hotel faces the west, has a roadway on the south between it and the ravine through which the river is rolling, and this road continues westward for half a mile to the Falls. The prospect from the door of the hotel, looking along the road, and interrupted by no intervening object, commands, therefore, a view of the cataract in all its grandeur, along with the scenery with which it is environed.

At the period of my visit, the season for tourists had passed, the Clifton was on the eve of being shut up, and with hosts of strangers the army of parasitic guides had fortunately disappeared. With the singular good-luck of having nobody to worry me with undesired explanations, I went forth to have a quiet and deliberate inspection of the Falls. The weather, a little chilly, was still remarkably fine, and there was nothing to disturb the perfect placidity of the scene. A dull thundering sound from the falling waters alone came on the ear, without ceasing or change—a monotonous murmur which had lasted for thousands of years, and will endure for thousands more.

Everybody knows that there are two falls—the British, or Horseshoe, and the American—the division being formed by Goat Island, a well-wooded piece of land, which terminates in a precipice between them. On account of a turn made by the river at the spot, the American fall descends at such an angle as almost to face the spectator on the opposite bank; and it is this circumstance which renders the view from the Canadian side so peculiarly advantageous. Walking along the pathway from the hotel, with only a fringe of bushes on the brink of the ravine on our left, we are able to approach to the British fall, and stand on the bare table-like ledge from which it is precipitated. Compelled to advance to the Falls in this manner, on a level with their summit, and necessarily requiring to look down instead of upward, the phenomenon loses much in magnificence. Other features and circumstances serve to lessen the wonder, if not to raise a feeling of disappointment. As is usual, I experienced this sentiment, which, I think, may be mainly traced to the ranting and exaggerated descriptions which have deceived the imagination and led to undue expectations. It is only by a patient study of the Falls in the form

and dimensions presented to us by nature, that we clear the mind of erroneous conceptions, and see and relish them in their simple dignity and beauty.

Seated on a bare piece of rock close to the falling mass, I was able to contemplate the scene with perhaps as much advantage as could possibly be enjoyed. The rapids above, with the water wildly advancing on its rocky bed, the toppling over of the great mass twenty feet deep on coming to the brink of the chasm, the white spray rising like a cloud from the gulf below, the terribly jumbled river proceeding on its course, and receiving the American fall as it passed—all contributed to make up the general picture. On looking up the river, the land is seen to rise only a few feet above the banks, and to be for the most part under wood, with two or three villas on prominent knolls in the distance. From the brink of the cliffs on the British side, masses of rock have from time to time fallen, so as to form a rugged margin for the water; and near the Clifton House, amidst this collection of débris, a roadway has been made down the bank to afford access to a ferry-boat which plies across the river. The view from the boat, as it dances on the surface of the troubled water, is more effective in overpowering the imagination than that from the banks above; and still more grand is the view from the deck of a small steamer, which plies during summer, and courageously approaches almost to the foot of the Falls.

Opinions differ respecting points so deceptive to the eye as the height, breadth, and other dimensions of these mighty cataracts. Accurate measurements, however, have been taken, so as to leave no longer room for conjecture. The height of the British fall is 158 feet, and its width, following the horseshoe-like curve, is 1881 feet. The American fall is a little higher, being 164 feet, and its width is 924 feet; but in this is included

a lesser cataract, and the rocky islet which separates it from the larger body. Adding a breadth of 1320 feet for the termination of Goat Island, which intervenes, we have altogether, from one extremity of the Falls to the other, a width of 4125 feet, or four-fifths of a mile. As the width of the river at the ferry is no more than 1254 feet, an idea from this circumstance will be obtained of the manner in which the Falls are placed diagonally to the line of the river. The mass of water projected over the Falls is estimated at nineteen and a half millions of cubic feet per minute.

About a mile eastward from the Clifton House, and therefore about a mile and a half below the Falls, the river is spanned by a suspension-bridge, the view from which, down to the water below, is probably the most sublime of all. Driving round by this bridge, to the American side, I arrived in the village of Manchester (!) near the Falls, and there remained a day. The branch of the river above the fall on this side is crossed to Goat Island by a long wooden bridge, which has been erected on posts driven into the rocky channel; a toll of twenty-five cents being paid by visitors for liberty to cross during the season. Goat Island extends half a mile in length, by nearly a quarter of a mile in its greatest breadth, and is thickly covered with natural woods, amidst which a drive may be pleasantly made round it. It was interesting to walk to the upper extremity of the island, and there observe the river parting into two branches, each rushing forward in an impetuous rapid towards its fate. The channel of the rapid forming the American fall is broken by several islets, connected by bridges, and from these we are able to overlook it so near to the shoot, that one of the islets, as already stated, breaks the descending mass, and causes a small and separate fall. By a long wooden stair the visitor arrives at the bottom of the precipice

which terminates Goat Island, and here, using a narrow footpath, he can reach either fall, and to a certain length go behind the descending waters. A more pleasing prospect is obtained from the top of a tower erected on a rock in the water on the brink of the British fall, and connected by a platform with Goat Island. Here we may be said to procure a central bird's-eye view of the tumult of waters; and it was from this elevated spot, and by the light of the setting sun, that I had my last look of Niagara.

In thinking of this marvellous work of nature, it is unfortunate that the mind is disturbed by mean associations connected with the works of man. On the British side, it is environed by a series of paltry curiosity-shops; and there, at the ledge on which I had seated myself, a labourer was busied in wheeling rubbish into the cataract. On the American side, runs of water have been led off to move the machinery of a saw and paper mill; and at present there is a proposition before the world to turn the whole force of the river to profitable account in some kind of mechanical processes! Why, of all conceivable names, Manchester should have been selected for the village, or infant city, now in the course of erection near the American fall, it would be difficult to understand on any other principle than that of imparting a manufacturing character to the spot.

Manchester, if it must be so called, consists of several streets in skeleton, with a large railway-station in the centre, and a number of hotels stuck about for the accommodation of visitors. In order to trace the banks of the river deliberately, I hired a calèche to Lewiston, and loitered at different points by the way. At the suspension-bridge, which I had previously crossed, a scene of extraordinary activity presented itself. Extensive preparations were making to carry the railway, which is in connection with New York, across the Niagara river

to Canada, where it will join the Great Western, now opened through the province. For this purpose, the old suspension-bridge at the spot is to be superseded by a new structure, on the same suspension principle, but much bolder in design. It will have a span of 800 feet, and consist of two floors; the upper to carry the trains, and the lower for ordinary carriages and foot-passengers. The engineer of the undertaking is John A. Roebling, and the cost is estimated to be 50,000 dollars, which, I should fear, will fall considerably short of the actual outlay.

I arrived in Lewiston in time for the departure of the *Peerless*, by which I had a pleasant run back to Toronto.

CHAPTER VII.

TORONTO—CANADA-WEST.

The agreeable impressions I had formed from a glimpse of Toronto from the water were deepened by a residence of a week, during which I made some pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood. No situation could have been better selected for a great city. The ground, forming a broad plain, rises with an easy slope and southern exposure from the shore of Ontario, and is backed by a series of terrace-like ranges, the ancient beaches of the lake, now composing a fertile and well-cultured stretch of country.

For some time styled York, or Little York, this city reverted a few years ago to the Indian name which it bore when consisting of only a few wigwams. It has in the space of sixty years, offered one of those remarkable instances of progression so common in North America. From no more than 336 in 1801, its inhabitants have increased to 40,000, and it is estimated that the additions now fall little short of 10,000 every year. In visiting Toronto, we see on all sides indications of progress—houses building, streets extending, ground staked off for new thoroughfares, places of business opening, large and handsome public edifices rising up, and every social feature acquiring fresh development. Nowhere in America do we see churches of more elegant architecture. The streets, laid out in lines at right angles to each other, are long and spacious; King

Street, which forms the chief central thoroughfare, being two miles in length, and environed with as magnificent shops as can be seen in any large town in England. I had the honour of conversing with one of the most aged and esteemed residents, who described the city as having within his recollection consisted of only a few cottages in the wilderness—and now, said he, the value of its assessed property is £4,000,000!

The bay in front of Toronto is sheltered in a remarkable manner by a long and narrow peninsula, encompassing it on the eastern side, and round which vessels require to make a wide sweep in approaching the harbour. With a few trees and houses dotted along, and terminating in a light-house, the peninsula adds a picturesque feature to an expanse of water, of which from the shore we see no boundary except on the western horizon. Along the shore there is a series of wharfs for the shipping of the port, the whole overlooked by a street containing some of the largest buildings in the town. At a conspicuous part of this thoroughfare is the newly erected depôt of a railway—connected with the country in the west, and by which the trade of the place will be considerably augmented. Already, at the time of my visit, a line of railway was opened in a northerly direction from Toronto, for a distance of nearly forty miles to the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe. Further extensions of this line were projected, with a view to opening up a ready communication with Lake Huron; so that ultimately parties travelling to that far-distant lake, instead of pursuing a circuitous passage by Lake Erie and the river St Clair, will be able to make a short-cut across the country from Toronto. When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, now in course of execution from Montreal, contributes another terminus to the general centre of traffic in Toronto, it may be expected that the trade of

the place will receive a fresh and important impulse. In anticipation of these accessions, all kinds of property in the city and neighbourhood had greatly risen in value; and the rents of houses and stores were as high as they are in some of the best streets in London. With every new and successful settler, new demands originate; and to satisfy these, new manufactories of various kinds spring into existence. In this manner, Toronto experiences a rapid growth of those industries which minister to human wants and aspirations. People in the old country never thoroughly divest themselves of the notion, that in such a newly got-up community as that of Toronto, things are in a raw or elementary condition. What, then, will be thought of the fact, that in this very recently established city there is a manufactory of cabinet and other varieties of furniture, turning out articles which, in point of elegance, will match any of the products of France or England? I allude to the factory of Jacques and Hay, which I had much pleasure in visiting. It consists of two large brick buildings, commodiously situated on the quay, and in its various branches gives employment to upwards of a hundred persons. Conducted from floor to floor by one of the partners, I here for the first time saw in operation the remarkably ingenious machinery for planing, turning, morticing, and effecting other purposes in carpentry, for which the United States have gained such deserved celebrity, and which I subsequently saw on a vast scale at Cincinnati. Besides the finer class of drawing-room furniture, made from black walnut-wood, an inferior kind is here made for the use of emigrants at a price so low, that importation of the article is entirely superseded. So perfect is the machinery, that from the rough timber a neat bedstead can be made and put together in the short space of two minutes!

Depending partly on exterior trade and internal manufactures, Toronto possesses not less importance from qualities of a higher character. It is the chief seat of education in the province. Besides a university and college—the latter being a preparatory school—it has several theological and other seminaries, among which Trinity College occupies a distinguished position. The buildings appropriated to these several institutions are in the best styles, and form ornamental features in the general aspect of the town. In the midst of a beautiful park on the west, large and handsome buildings are in course of erection to accommodate the provincial legislature and governor-general. No public edifice afforded me more interest than that recently erected in the northern environs for the Normal and Model Schools establishment. This is a large building in the Italian style, and with its various departments, forms the centre of a system of elementary instruction pervading the whole of Canada. From the Rev. Dr Ryerson, head of the establishment, I received every suitable explanation of the character and working of the system; respecting which it is only needful to mention the gratifying fact, that Canada-West now possesses upwards of 3000 common schools, supported at an expense of about £100,000, four-fifths of which sum are raised by local assessment, on a scale of great liberality. I believe I may safely aver, that under the system of education now established, and going on, as the Americans would say, in 'full blast,' schools are erected and supported with a degree of enthusiasm in Western Canada, which is not excelled in any part of the States.

It will readily be supposed, that by means of its educational and scientific institutes, its law-courts, and other public establishments, Toronto draws together the elements of a highly respectable and refined

community. So much is this the case, that, excepting the long-established cities of Boston and Philadelphia, it would be difficult to point out any place in North America possessing so many attractions to persons of taste and leisure. As in the larger American cities, there may be here observed extensive and flourishing book-stores—true indications of the higher tendencies; and newspapers are to all appearance as cheap and numerous as they are in any city of similar size in the States.

With a wide and improving country in its environs, Toronto is a point whence emigrants may advantageously diverge in quest of settlements that have been wholly or partially cleared, respecting which all proper information is obtainable at the offices of land-agents. It must not, however, be imagined that farms are to be had in this quarter at the prices for which they can be acquired in further remote and newly opened districts. Near Toronto, things are pretty much what they are in the old country. At the distance of six miles from town, I visited a gentleman who had lately bought a farm of 100 acres, cleared, fenced, and in good cultivation, with an excellent dwelling-house and suite of farm-buildings, for £2000—a great bargain, doubtless, considering the locality. Those desirous of starting in a more moderate way as agriculturists, will, of course, proceed westwards, and it will be singular if they do not light upon spots suitable to their wishes, whatever these may be.

One of my aims being to see something of settlements recently excavated from the wilderness, I planned a journey with a friend through the peninsula of Canada, taking the more interesting localities by the way. For this purpose, I proceeded in the first place by steamer to Hamilton, situated on Burlington Bay, a spacious inlet at the head of Lake Ontario. Although a city of

very recent origin, Hamilton already has a population of nearly 20,000, and consists of a number of broad and handsome streets, with several public buildings and a variety of villas scattered about the face of the mountain-range, which shelters the town on the west. Within the distance of a mile on the north, and overlooking the head of the bay, stands Dundurn, a castellated and baronial-looking mansion, built as a residence by Sir Allan M'Nab, one of the celebrities of the province. Beyond this point I drove out several miles to visit the Hon. Adam Ferguson, a gentleman of landed property in Scotland, who emigrated to Canada with his family in 1833. Mr Ferguson settled at first in a district further west, on the Grand River, which is now in an exceedingly thriving condition. Removing afterwards to East Flamborough, a township lying on the slopes which, with a southerly aspect, face Burlington Bay, he has here, in his property of Woodhill, transformed a wild and timber-covered tract of land into a beautiful cleared estate.

Rounding the head of the bay, and then proceeding in an easterly direction along a tolerably good road, I had occasion to pass a farm in the process of being cleared. Numbers of trees were felled and lying about confusedly on the ground. A man and boy were busily cutting off branches, and piling them in heaps to be burnt, while masses lay smouldering and sending up streams of blue smoke, which curled away picturesquely over the uncleared part of the forest. Passing onwards, between some well-cleared properties, my vehicle at length turned up a road to the left, of a considerably more rude description. Houses were seemingly left behind. On each side nothing was to be seen but trees. At length we came to openings in the woods; pasture-lands made their appearance; and there, on a charming spot on the ascending braes, backed by the mountain-

cliffs, was seen the neat residence of the venerable agriculturist. It need hardly be said that Mr Ferguson politely explained the nature of his past operations, and shewed me some of the more important features of his property and management. He owns here 300 acres, 160 of which are in crop; the whole being disposed in regularly shaped fields of about 20 acres in each. Except a small patch of cleared land, the whole, when purchased, was under timber. Only so much wood now remains as serves for ornament and use, and all that testifies to the original condition of the farm are the tree-stumps which are not gone from some of the fields. Standing in the veranda of Woodhill, and overlooking a garden, orchard, green lawns, and arable enclosures, with the shelter of environing trees, and the blue expanse of Ontario shining in the distance, I thought there could be nothing finer in the Carse of Gowrie; nor did an idea fail to cross my mind, that the acquisition and improvement of such an enjoyable estate at a moderate outlay, in this part of the world, was surely preferable to the costly and unremunerative purchases of land, with all its tormenting obligations, in the old country. Here was a nice little estate, fertile in soil, genial in aspect, with no burdens or responsibilities worth mentioning, situated within an hour's drive of society as good as may be procured in most parts of England or Scotland, and yet the whole extemporised for comparatively a trifle! A lovely spot for a rural residence has been selected. The house occupies a flattish plateau, which had formed the margin of Ontario, when its waters were bounded by the cliffy range to which I formerly called attention. Part of Mr Ferguson's property lies on the high table-land above the cliffs, and to this he obligingly conducted me—here descanting on his operations concerning his improved breeds of cattle, and there pointing out a

field of remarkable turnips, which had very much surprised the neighbourhood. In these explorations, it was necessary to clamber over sundry rail-fences, the peculiar merits of which were now practically explained to me. Rails piled horizontally in a zigzag form are, as is well known, the universal fence in America; and of all imaginable methods of enclosing a field, none, it seems, is so simple, cheap, and ready, where wood happens to be abundant. By splitting a small-sized tree lengthwise, two or three rails are obtained. Taking a quantity of such rough spars, twelve feet long, they are laid diagonally, and crossed alternately on others at the ends, so as to have a mutual hold. When piled three feet high, two tall props are crossed through them, at the points of junction, and then a few more rails are added, making a fence about four feet in height. No tools and no nails are employed in the construction. When completed, much space is lost to the field by the breadth of the zigzags, but land is so cheap that this is not of much consequence. A fence of this picturesque appearance will endure ten years, and cost little at any time to repair. I was told, that it is considered an essential point in farming, to have as much growing timber as will supply rails and fire-wood; and, consequently, to buy land in America altogether free from trees would be considered an injudicious speculation.

In the course of our ramble, Mr Ferguson spoke with confidence on the subject of emigration, and pointed out the many ways in which men in humble circumstances would be sure to improve their condition and prospects by transferring themselves to this new country. He mentioned the case of one of his ploughmen, who, by the savings of a few years, had at length purchased a farm of 100 acres, from which, among other products, he would in the current year realise

£150 for firewood. Now, this man, who was in the way of attaining an independent, and was already in a comfortable position, would, if he had remained in Scotland, have been still drudging as a species of serf at a mean wage, living in a cottage scarcely fit for a human habitation, and with no prospect in his old age but to depend on the charity of his children or the alms of the parish! When one hears of and sees such marked changes of condition, by removal to Canada, or the Western States of America, the wonder, as I observed to Mr Ferguson, is that any rural labourers at all remain in Great Britain; and he agreed with me, that nothing but want of information and deficiency of means, could account for their not fleeing to a country where their circumstances would be so speedily and permanently improved.

Another short excursion I made from Hamilton was to Dundas, a village a few miles distant, and situated in a hollow on a short canal which communicates with Burlington Bay. This is one of the busiest little towns in Canada; and the inspiring genius of the place was seemingly Mr J. B. Ewart, with whom I had crossed the Atlantic, and who had invited me to see his various establishments, consisting of grist-mills, an iron-foundry, and some farms devoted to the breeding and improvement of stock. The mills were at the time grinding wheat on a large scale, and by improvements in mechanism, the flour was cooled, barrelled, and branded with surprising rapidity. In the iron-founding establishments, steam-engines and other kinds of machinery were in the course of manufacture; and I was told that mill-work for grinding flour could not be made fast enough for the demand. Mr Ewart referred with satisfaction to the steadiness and respectable habits of the workmen, who receive from a third to a fourth higher wages than are usually paid in

England. Many of them, he said, had saved a good deal of money, and become the proprietors of neat little houses, surrounded with gardens and pieces of land. I regret to say that, since my return home, I have heard of the death of Mr Ewart, by whose enterprise so much good has been done in this busy locality.

At the period of my visit, the whole country was agitated by the high price paid for flour, chiefly for consumption in England; vast exports were taking place; and so plentiful had money become, that the farmers had everywhere paid off their mortgages, and contemplated the extension of their properties. Hamilton, as a place of import and export for the western country, was participating in the general prosperity, and in a state of excitement on account of the opening of the first portion of the Great Western Railway, which took place the day before my departure. Since that time, the line has been completed to Windsor, on the St Clair river, opposite Detroit; so that travellers may now, in the space of six hours, perform a journey which, in a hired conveyance, occupied me nearly as many days.

On the morning of my departure, while waiting at the door of the hotel for the approach of the wagon—a species of two-horse chaise, open in front—which was to carry my friend and myself on our way westwards, a stranger seemed to linger about as if desirous of addressing me, but diffident as to how he should set about it. The appearance of the wagon inspired him with the necessary courage. With a kind of convulsive effort, he said he had come a number of miles to try to see and invite me to his house, and forthwith he related his whole history, in, what was to me very pleasing, the soft dialect of Teviotdale. He had come to the country sixteen years ago, with his father and two brothers, 'wi' very little in their pockets, and they had done real

weel—he wadna, at this day, tak seventeen hundred pounds for what he was worth, and he had credit for thousands! Ah, sir,' he continued, 'this is a grand country for folk that will work, and hae the sense to ken how to manage. Now, you see, you must come and see us the morn, when you gang through the township of Dumfries, and I'll be watching for you wi' the wagon.' 'Many Scotch in your quarter?' I asked. 'Hundreds; at the kirk at Galt, on a Sabbath, you would hardly ken you were frae hame!'

Promising that I should endeavour to see this new acquaintance in the course of next day's journey, I set off for Guelph, a town at the distance of thirty-five miles north from Hamilton. After passing Dundas, and ascending to the higher level of the country, things gradually assumed a more primitive appearance. Cleared lands in stump, with neat wooden houses and barns, alternated with masses of forest, untouched by the axe, and through which the road proceeded. Occasionally, we passed portions of land, on which the trees were felled, and in process of being dragged together in heaps to be burned. In one place, I observed a whole family, husband, wife, and children, engaged in the toilsome occupation of gathering the scattered limbs and boughs; and their clearing of a few acres was dotted over with piles of burning timber, which sent up clouds of smoke into the atmosphere. It was piteous to see so much valuable wood remorselessly consumed; but with no economic means of transport, the destruction is inevitable. In the less advanced situations, the original log-huts had not yet given place to dwellings of a better order; nor would they, with prudent settlers, till their farms had been got into a good state of culture, and a redundancy of cash was at disposal. At intervals along the road, we passed comfortable-looking country inns, with sign-boards swinging

on tall poles in the genuine English style; and at every village there were seen the blacksmith and carpenter's shops, at which agricultural implements, wagons, and other articles were in course of construction. Wherever there was a small river with a fall of water, a grist-mill made its appearance, with the encouraging announcement painted in black letters on a white ground across its front—'Cash for wheat;' and as such concerns are found all over the country, it may be said that no farmer needs to travel far from his home in search of a market.

In approaching Guelph, the aspect of affairs mended; and on a rising-ground on the small river Speed, a tributary of Grand River, were observed a handsome church, and a cluster of good houses, with stores and hotels—the rudiments, possibly, of a large city; for the place is to be a principal railway-station. Until 1827, the site of Guelph was an uncleared forest, and during the last seven years its population has increased from 700 to 1860. Having dined, and made some inquiries at this thriving little town, we proceeded in a southerly direction towards Galt, which we hoped to reach before nightfall. But in this expectation we were doomed to be disappointed. Pursuing our course along a soft and ill-made road, bounded by the everlasting zigzag fences, darkness dropped her mantle over the scene; and being afraid of some unpleasant consequences, threatened to the ear by the dash of water, it was not without a feeling of thankfulness that we recognised the cheerful light of a roadside-inn, where we received shelter for the night.

This incident was not displeasing on other accounts. I was afforded an opportunity of extending my knowledge of houses of public entertainment in Canada. On all the public roads, houses of this kind are conveniently stationed at intervals of from six to ten

miles, and if not fine, they will, as far as my experience goes, be found clean, respectable, and moderate as respects charges. On the present occasion, for the accommodation of a small sitting-room, warmed by a stove, tea, and beds for two persons, the charge was only four English shillings; and when I liquidated the demand by paying a small gold dollar, the simple and good-natured girl, daughter of the landlord, who attended, was so delighted with the beautiful coin, that she declared she would retain it as a keepsake.

Next morning, the excursion was continued down the valley of Grand River, the country becoming more picturesque as we advanced. Passing through a district settled by Germans, who, possessed of good houses, cleared fields, and carrying on various trades, seemed to be in a prosperous condition, we reached Doon Mills, where the view was exceedingly charming, and which, from the hospitality we received, will remain pleasingly imprinted on my remembrance. The whole of the country in this quarter, composing the township of Dumfries, from the irregularity of surface and natural fertility of the soil, is not only beautiful, but very productive. By its communication with Lake Erie, the Grand River offers an additional recommendation to this part of the country. Galt, prettily situated on both sides of this river, is environed with rising-grounds, on which handsome villas are erected; and in looking about, we almost feel as if we were on the banks of the Tweed. My friend of the day before taking care to be on the outlook, obligingly conducted me through the place, and furnished some useful explanations, though I could not afford time to gratify his desire by visiting his settlement at some miles' distance. Besides some large mills, Galt has an establishment for the manufacture of edge-tools, which possess a high reputation. I learned here what was

afterwards confirmed in the States, that England cannot produce axes adapted for cutting down trees, and had therefore lost a considerable trade in the article; and that the failure arose from no deficiency in the material employed, but from the English manufacturer vexatiously disregarding the exact model on which this remarkable kind of axe requires to be made—the slightest alteration of curves rendering the implement useless. Galt has increased from 1000 to 2248 inhabitants in five years, and like every town of its size, has two newspapers—many towns of similar dimensions in Great Britain, a thousand years old, not being able to support a single product of the press; or more properly, not being allowed to do so, in consequence of the pressure of fiscal exactions.

The valley of Grand River continues rich and beautiful all the way to Lake Erie, and is one of the most densely populated parts of Canada. Brantford, situated sixty miles up the river from its mouth, is a town of growing importance, and the country which stretches in a westerly direction from it towards Paris is highly esteemed for its fertility. In going from Galt to Paris, we obtain a view of this remarkably fine district, consisting of green and rich meadow-lands, such as are common in Essex. At Paris, a town situated in a hollow at the confluence of two rivers, we come upon a large work of art—a viaduct bearing the railway which is in course of construction from the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, by way of Brantford to Goderich, on Lake Erie, by which a splendid region in the north-west will soon be opened for traffic. Not to tire by a tedious account of movements, we proceeded by Woodstock—O these odious imported designations!—to London, on the Thames (!) a city on the Great Western Railway, and the centre of a district not to be surpassed for agricultural purposes. Situated within a

moderate distance of Port-Stanley, on Lake Erie, and placed almost in the centre of the Canadian peninsula, I have always regarded the vicinity of London as one of the most advantageous districts for settlement. Yet, in a country abounding in so many available localities, it is hard to say how far one is better than another. It is clear, from a very slight inspection, that in the districts through which I had been travelling, there are thousands of places still but partially cleared and improved, which are destined to afford a home to a large population; and the taking possession and improvement of such places may be said to be going on before our eyes. Penetrated now by two railways, which will unquestionably form the main channels of traffic between New York and Michigan, the peninsula cannot fail to draw towards it a crowd of enterprising settlers. The progress made, independently of such attractions, has not many parallels. In thirty years, the district around London has increased in population 550 per cent. London itself, begun only in 1827, now numbers 20,000 inhabitants, 6000 of whom have been added in three years. In this well-built and busy town, there are seen numerous large manufacturing and commercial establishments; trade is going ahead at a great rate; villas are extending themselves in the neighbourhood; and the farmers, rendered more than ever alert by the increasing value of produce, are pushing on their conquests at an accelerated speed—the whole locality exhibiting a kind of race of prosperity, exceedingly diverting to an onlooker. 'A person cannot help doing well here, if he has any sense at all,' said an intelligent resident in speaking of the place; and I believe him; at the same time admitting, that it would be difficult to say where, in this great country, a man of fair industry and steadiness could not considerably better his circumstances.

CHAPTER VIII.

CANADA-WEST TO MICHIGAN.

SIX-AND-THIRTY YEARS ago, when machinery had dealt a death-blow to the profession of the handloom-weaver, one of the many victims of that disastrous improvement was a sturdy little man, whom I remember to have seen driving his shuttle in a humble workshop in a small town on the banks of the Tweed. Instead of repining, or continuing the vain attempt to wring a subsistence out of his exploded craft, this capital specimen of an indomitable Scot sold his loom, paid his debts, and with wife and children sailed for America. Arriving in pretty nearly a penniless condition, he made his way, as I had heard, to the London district of Canada, where he settled and was still living.

While I remained in London, I made inquiries respecting the present position of this exiled victim of the power-loom, and was glad to learn that it was highly respectable. Curious to see what actual progress he had made, I paid a visit to his residence, which was situated six or seven miles distant. Although vastly improved in worldly circumstances, I found him living in the same log-hut, which he had reared on his arrival in the country, upwards of thirty years ago. His settlement, which was situated down one of the concession or cross roads leading from the main thoroughfare, was bounded by rail-fences, in which a rude gateway admitted me to an orchard fronting the house,

near which were barns, and other buildings, wholly of wood. My appearance created quite a sensation in the establishment, and there was a rush to the door to receive and give me a hearty welcome. In a minute, I was in the interior, seated before a huge fire of blazing fagots on the hearth, over which hung several pots sending a savoury steam up the capacious chimney. The patriarch of the household, eighty years of age, but as full of spirit as ever, sat in an arm-chair on one side, while the mother of the family seated herself opposite. A daughter acted as maiden-of-all-work, and hung about listening to inquiries respecting the country whence the family had emigrated long before she was born. As if signalled by an electric-telegraph, several tall and stout sons soon made their appearance, from their respective dwellings in the neighbourhood. The old man's story, which he dealt out along with jocular reminiscences of 'auld langsyne,' had in it nothing singular, but was nevertheless valuable, as offering an example of what any earnest-minded and self-denying man may do in the western world.

'When I came to this spot,' said he, 'there was not a house for miles around—London was not built. The country was all forest. I helped to make the concession-road which you came by, for which service government gave me a grant of some land. It was dreadful hard work at first, and as the children were young, I had to do everything myself. Before I procured a horse, I had to carry grain on my back for miles to be ground. But having good health, I never complained. It won't do to sit down and cry. Push ahead, and keep on never minding, is here the great doctrine. As the family grew up, I could take things a little easier, and now can look about me at some improvements. I have a capital farm of one hundred acres, cleared, and under crop. It is intended for my youngest son, when I am

gone. My three elder sons have each a good farm of the same size. We are now a kind of clan, with plenty of everything—horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry.'

'And no want of apples,' said I, glancing upward at the numerous festoons of dried fruit which hung from the ceiling.

'O yes, that orchard at the door is of my own planting, and it is very productive. No want of puddings, I can tell you, for we also make our own sugar; and, in fact, we scarcely need to buy anything. Very different from the days when I was on the loom, and the goodwife had to contrive how to make both ends meet.'

'And had you remained in that situation,' I observed, 'these sons of yours would probably have been day-labourers at twelve shillings a week. That is the wage now going in your old neighbourhood.'

'You hear that, lads,' said the old man. 'You see how thankful you should be for your mercies. It was a blessed thing I came away.'

'I suppose your sons are doing very well with their farms; they are probably good ploughmen?'

'No doubt of it; and one of them, who has a turn for mechanics, has made a machine for peeling apples.'

'That must be curious; I should like to see it.'

Immediately there was brought from a recess an ingenious piece of mechanism, not unlike an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. An apple having been stuck on the point of a spindle, and a curved knife being held to it, it was stripped of its skin by a few turns of the wheel; and another machine, with equal speed, took from it the core. I was much amused with these devices for peeling fruit on a great scale, but afterwards found that such apple-machines were common all over the States. It was finally explained to me, that the object of these operations was to prepare apples for

winter use. Being cut in pieces, strung together on threads, and hung up in a warm kitchen, the apples will keep sound all winter; and though a little shrivelled and dried in appearance, they make as good puddings as if they had been freshly peeled. So far as I am aware, this method of preserving apples for culinary purposes is not known or practised in England.

It must be owned, that the general aspect of affairs in and about the emigrant's dwelling was not of that refined character which one might reasonably have looked for after so many years of laborious and successful industry. But if things were somewhat Robinson Crusoeish, the circumstance is explained by original habits, though chiefly by the spare capital having been expended in extending the family possessions. In short, it would have been easy for the aged proprietor to have built a fine mansion for himself; but he preferred, he said, seeing his family settled comfortably; although he doubtless carried his principles in this respect a little too far.

There was much lamentation at the shortness of my stay; and when I departed, the whole household stood around the door to see me drive off, which it required some dexterity to accomplish without doing damage to several families of black pigs—genuine Hampshire brocks, as I took them to be—which were strolling about in the diligent pursuit of apples and other windfalls.

I made some other visits in the neighbourhood of London, and should have been glad to have made more, had time permitted; but a sudden snap of extremely cold weather and a slight fall of snow, admonished me that it was time to hasten southwards. Accordingly, I made up my mind to do so, on reaching Detroit in Michigan, for which I now prepared to set out in a conveyance similar to the one that had brought me

to the place. My design was to proceed from London to Chatham, a town on the lower part of the Thames, whence there are steamers to Detroit; but some information respecting the badness of the roads deterred me from the attempt, and I ultimately adopted the route to Sarnia, a small port on the St Clair river, near the foot of Lake Huron. After all, I imagine I gained nothing by this arrangement, so far as comfort in travelling is concerned. The distance was sixty miles, which were promised to be performed in twelve hours, but were not, in reality, done in less than sixteen. Already, I had obtained some knowledge of the Canadian roads, and now completed this branch of my education. In one or two places I have spoken of toll-bars, and from this it may perhaps be supposed that the roads are generally macadamised, and tolerably good. They are so in the neighbourhood of large towns, but as soon as tolls disappear, the traveller begins to observe a strange falling off in the quality of the thoroughfares. Any attempt at laying down broken stones to form a hard basis seems not to be thought of; the natural surface, be it sand or clay, is left to take its chance; and vehicles go plunging along, as if struggling across a rough and newly ploughed field. After rains, the case is dismal: the wheels sink to nearly the axles; and in spite of inconceivable toil, the poor horses are unable to make more than two to three miles an hour. Where the ground is swampy, and there would be a risk of sinking utterly out of sight, trees are laid across the path; and over these *corduroyed* parts of the road, the carriage goes securely, but bumpingly, in a very unpleasant way. The best thoroughfares of all are the *plank*-roads; which I had never heard of till I reached Canada. These are stretches of road covered with a flooring of thick deals laid on joisting; the deals being smooth, as from the saw, and

the whole laid so evenly, that carriages are drawn over them in beautiful style. These plank-roads are usually joint-stock undertakings, or belong to municipalities, and are established by act of the provincial parliament, with power to erect turnpike-gates and exact tolls. The appearance of these toll-bars is hailed with inexpressible delight by the traveller, for he knows that on reaching them there is an end, for ten or twelve miles at least, of the jolts and jumbles with which he has for some time been afflicted. With such practical experience of Canadian roads, one can easily understand the longing for snow in winter, when the sleighs are driven along with the velocity of the wind; for then only is extended intercourse conducted with anything like pleasure. Railways, of course, will now change all this, and render travelling as easy in Canada as it is in England; at the same time opening up and developing the resources of the country to an extent that could not otherwise have been anticipated.

With this short explanation, the reader will imagine he sees a two-horse vehicle, open in front, in which are seated two travellers wrapped in woollen plaids, their knees shrouded in a thick buffalo-skin, and thick shawls wrapped round their necks; before them is the driver, a young man in a rough jacket, with coarse boots drawn with studied slovenliness over his trousers, so that these voluminous garments stick out all round in a singularly free-and-easy way. The air is cold; a thin coating of snow has fallen, and partially conceals the treacherous ruts; the sides of the roads are in places fenced with zigzag rails; but in others there is no fence at all, and the thoroughfare is bounded on both sides for miles by thick tangled forests, composed of beech, maple, oak, and other hardwood trees now greatly stripped of their leaves, and amidst which the pines and other evergreens tower in dark masses,

affording an agreeable relief to the eye. Leaving the town of London in early morning, the wagon thus goes on its way: at first smartly and encouragingly; then more moderately, with sundry admonitory jerks; and lastly, it stumbles on in a very alarming manner, the horses now getting into a trot, then lapsing to a walk, and always meandering from side to side, to seek out good bits wherever they can be found. Canadian horses, however, have immense spirit; and as you may rest assured they will get through some way or other, there is nothing to fear. We had at anyrate a whole day before us, and the novelty of the scene was so exhilarating, that if no fresh fall of snow occurred, there was little cause for disquietude.

During this protracted day's ride, I had an opportunity of seeing a tract of country of comparatively recent settlement. There were no towns and few villages on the road. At intervals of one to two miles, in the midst of clearings, we passed solitary houses, which, as usual, were of wood, sometimes neatly constructed and painted, and sometimes only log-huts, of recent erection. Occasionally, there were inns, adjoining which might be seen a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop. The greater part of the land seemed to be of good quality, and well adapted for cultivation. At one of the inns where we stopped, we learned that much of the district had been settled a number of years ago by half-pay officers, who, after clearing portions of their properties, and otherwise exhausting their means, got disheartened, and left the place. Those who could not sell their farms, let them to new and more hardy settlers, and these continued in possession till they had realised enough of money to become purchasers; and as such they were doing well—so true is it, that none but those who will work with their own hands, and for a time dismiss all delicacy of living, can expect to thrive as

settlers in this new country. On the road we overtook one of this toiling class, and gave him a ride for a few miles. He told us he had been a rural labourer in the south of England, on the property of Lord ———, where his wages were 8s. per week. On coming to Canada, he first hired himself to a farmer, and having saved a little, rented one of the abandoned clearings, which last year he had been able to buy, and now, as he said, he was in comfortable circumstances. His latest acquisition was a cow, which he highly appreciated, for the sake of milk for his family. I was much pleased with the manly way in which this industrious person mentioned these particulars. In England, he would probably have talked in an embarrassed, 'if you please,' fashion. Transferred to a country where he was called on to act an independent part, he spoke without timidity, but also without rudeness; and if not what is ordinarily called a gentleman, he at least behaved like one.

Towards evening, the roads were terrible. A thaw having come on and softened the mud, the horses slipped at every step, and at length one of them fell; when again set on its legs, the poor creature was found to have lost a shoe—a misfortune that caused some detention at the next blacksmith's forge, and left us in the dark still fifteen miles from Sarnia. There was only one spark of hope. At a certain distance, we had the promise of coming to a plank-road. Yet the plank-road seemed to recede as we advanced. Sometimes we were told it was four miles off; then it would be as far as five miles; and in despair of reaching it at all, we had arranged to stop for the night at the first inn we came to, when suddenly a joyful sound struck our ear: the horses had got their feet on the planks. In a minute, we were bowling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and reached our destination without any

further misadventure. As we drove up to the door of the hotel, a few twinkling stars afforded just sufficient light to shew the broad surface of the river St Clair, the western boundary of Canada.

Sarnia, as seen next morning, is a thriving little town situated on the St Clair, about a mile below the point where it issues from Lake Huron, and carrying on some trade in shipping. The view across the river, which is half a mile wide, shews us the coast of Michigan, low and lined with trees, with a neat white-painted town, having a steam-vessel moored at its quay. In this steamer, which crossed to Sarnia for passengers, we descended the St Clair, the voyage occupying five hours to Detroit. In the course of the trip, the vessel touched frequently at places on both sides of the river.

The sail down the St Clair was very charming. On the Canadian shore, there was pointed out a long series of small clearings with cottages, forming a settlement of Indians, protected by the British government; and Melville Island, in the lower part of the river, is devoted exclusively to the same object. These Indians, partially civilised, were spoken of as not making any marked progress; and a clergyman, who is charged with their supervision and instruction, stated to me that they were lessening in numbers, and would ultimately be extinct as a race. I believe this opinion corresponds with the general experience concerning the Indian tribes, when brought within the operation of ordinary social arrangements.

On the Michigan side, several pretty little towns were touched at, which shewed marks of growing traffic. Adjoining Lake St Clair, the banks on both shores become exceedingly low, with long marshy spots, on which nothing is seen but small hillocks of mud and rushes, forming the dwellings of musk-rats. At

two o'clock in the afternoon, the vessel came in sight of Detroit, a large and handsomely built city, situated on a gentle slope rising from the right bank of the river; and I stepped ashore in the United States.

In quitting the British possessions in America, a few words may be permitted. Imperfect as had been my means of observation, I think I am entitled to say, that in almost all quarters there prevails a very decided spirit of improvement—a steady progress towards a great and prosperous condition. The advance is very remarkable in Western Canada, which cannot, in point of general appearance, be distinguished from the neighbouring parts of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and it is my belief, that, aided by the various railways already opened or in course of construction, this portion of British America will not be a whit behind any of the northern parts of the Union. All that seems desirable, for the purpose of consolidating the character and interests of the various provinces, is to unite them in a viceroyalty or principality, with a federal system of customs, posts, and other fiscal arrangements; so as to secure the nearest possible approximation to political independence and nationality. Meanwhile, through the efficacy of railway extension, and the gradual melioration of prejudices, a preparation may be said to be making towards a result of this kind, which, with peace and the general progress of enlightenment, will come in its own good time. It is at least satisfactory to know that under the protection of Great Britain, and left very much to their own government, according to constitutional forms, there is absolutely nothing to retard the advance of these colonies, and I am inclined to think that at this moment they have not a single thing to complain of, for which they have not the means of

redress in their own hands. As far as I could see or hear, the whole of these provinces are in a state of perfect contentment, strongly attached to, and taking a deep interest in the concerns of the mother-country.

All things considered, it would certainly be strange if the British American colonists did not feel happy in their present and prospective condition. They are the very favourites of fortune. Members of a powerful empire, they are not called on to contribute a shilling to the national exchequer. In the home-country, while no inconsiderable portion of every man's earnings is confiscated to meet the annual exigencies of the state, in Canada and the other provinces, the people are exempted from nearly all such demands, and their acquaintance with taxation is confined chiefly to certain custom-house duties and local assessments for schools and other purposes. At present, it is understood to be in contemplation to substitute a provincial armed force for the imperial troops; and this measure, if carried into effect, cannot but elevate the character of the colonies, by its tendency to cultivate and strengthen habits of self-dependence and self-respect.

Making no figure in the political world, and possessing little means of attracting attention, it may be said with truth, that these provinces, beyond the mere fact of their existence, are scarcely known in England. The people at large are not at all aware of their extent or capabilities; and few even of the intelligent classes are in a position to appreciate their social progress. Neglected, except by a generally humble class of emigrants, and by persons engaged in commercial transactions—until recent times treated with indifference by colonial ministers, and left to be the prey of adventurers, the wonder is that these colonies are what they are, and their remarkable progress can be ascribed

only to their own intrinsically excellent, yet unvaunted qualities. Silently and unostentatiously have their lands been reclaimed from the wilderness, and their scattered log-cabins and villages swelled into cities, until at length they challenge observation as a second New-England beyond the Atlantic, to the growth of which no one can assign any definite limits.

The advance, as previously noticed, has been very remarkable in Canada. At the surrender of the province in 1763, its population was estimated at from 60,000 to 65,000. In 1851, the numbers had increased to 890,261 in Lower Canada, and 952,004 in Western Canada—unitedly, 1,842,265, or now about 2,000,000; the ratio of increase being such as to double the population every twelve or thirteen years. The growing wealth of the community is learned from the fact, that while in 1825, the assessable property in Western Canada was estimated at £1,854,000, in 1852, it had amounted to £37,695,000. The cultivation of the soil keeps pace with this increase. In 1841, the wheat crop was 3,221,000 bushels; in 1851, it was 12,692,000 bushels. In 1851, the value of British imports into Canada amounted to £2,475,000, or about £1, 6s. per head of the population. A circumstance still more indicative of social progress remains to be mentioned. In Canada, in 1852, there were nearly three millions of miles travelled by the mail, and in that year alone there was an increase of about 250 new post-offices; and the continued opening of such new establishments forms one of the remarkable features of the country.

In travelling through Canada and the adjacent states, nothing is more satisfactory than to find that there prevails the best mutual understanding between the British and American people. Placed on a long line of boundary, within sight of each other, and being connected by many common ties, it is only matter for

regret that there should exist any restrictions in commercial intercourse. Unfortunately, the freedom of trade is interrupted by a war of tariffs, as well as by legal obstacles to the uninterrupted navigation of watercourses, vastly to the disadvantage of both parties, and no doubt productive of a demoralising contraband traffic. I would venture to hope that a study of this delicate question, as demonstrated in the successful liberation of trade by Great Britain, will tend to shake the confidence of Americans and Provincials in the doctrine of hostile duties, and induce the belief that, after all, generosity in trade, as in everything else, brings its own great reward.

In the development of minerals, particularly the copper ores bordering on Lake Superior; in trade, lumbering, and navigation; and in agriculture, the enterprising have a wide scope for profitable operations in Canada; nor need any one be deterred from making the country his home on the score of climate. In Western Canada, the winters are shorter and the cold less severe than in the eastern part of the province; and in no case is the temperature of either summer or winter spoken of as injurious to health. With regard to improved farms ready for the reception of settlers in Western Canada, they may be had in every quarter, and information respecting them will be obtained at the offices of land-agents in the large towns, or by consulting local newspapers. No one purposing to acquire lands, need give himself any uneasiness on this point, for eligible spots will be heard of everywhere. In each county town there is a land-agent appointed to dispose of crown-lands, which are uncleared, and may for the most part be obtained at about 7s. sterling per acre. The best lands of this kind, however, are generally disposed of in the older settled parts of the country. In some cases, uncleared lands are preferable

to those which have been cultivated; for the universal tendency is to exhaust, and then sell lands to new-comers. Some caution in making a choice in old settlements is therefore desirable. While men with means may confine their selection to improved localities, I should advise those of more slender resources, but with youth and strength, to proceed to the districts bordering on Lake Huron, belonging to the Canada Company, which sells lands at from 2s. to £1, 4s. per acre, according to quality and locality. Goderich, on Lake Huron, will soon be reached by railway. As regards persons who desire to work for wages, it is enough to say, that in Canada any able-bodied labourer will at present receive at least 4s. per day; and that bricklayers, masons, and carpenters will be paid 6s. to 8s. per day, while the cost of living will be found much the same as in this country, if not in some places considerably less. The demand for labourers and artisans to be employed on the railways in course of construction is now so great, that it will absorb all who offer themselves for years to come; and how, with such allurements, there is not a more general migration from England, is one of the things not easily accounted for.

CHAPTER IX.

OHIO—CINCINNATI.

A HUNDRED and more years ago, when the French still possessed so large a portion of America that the English were sometimes not quite sure of being able to keep their ground against them, there stood on the sloping and woody frontier of Michigan, a pretty little French village of wooden houses, forming a post for carrying on trade with the Indians, and called Detroit, from its situation on a narrow part of the river which flows from Lake St Clair. In these quiet old French times, an occasional canoe laden with peltry was perhaps the only craft which made its appearance at the landing-place. Now, in the hands of the Anglo-Americans, we see on the spot a series of substantial quays, at which a long line of sailing and steam-vessels are drawn up, and when we land in this far-inland mart of commerce, we feel very much as if amidst the bustle of a seaport.

Walking into the city, everything is indicative of change. In two or three places, you may notice dingy wooden buildings of antique construction, with verandas, in which, in the days of yore, Frenchmen in queues smoked their long pipes, and Frenchwomen knitted the family stockings—relics of the old village now all but gone, and swallowed up by tall and handsome edifices of stone and brick. The streets and avenues, broad and ornamented with trees, are thronged

with business; and banks, stores, and hotels meet the eye at every turning. The situation seems to be adapted for carrying on an extensive traffic with the lakes, and being near the terminus of the Great Western Railway of Canada, it cannot fail to become an important centre of intercommunication. By taking this railway at the Falls of Niagara, passengers will run across Canada to Michigan, not only in a much shorter time than they could pursue the line along the southern shore of Lake Erie, but they will in every respect enjoy greater comfort in the transit. The Erie Railway has become notorious for disorderly conduct, and interruptions take place at different points by a change of gauge; likewise, at Cleveland, a badly-regulated ferry requires to be crossed. Already, the citizens of Detroit have expressed a wish that the mails for Michigan may be sent by the Canadian route.

At Detroit, the traveller perceives that he is on the threshold of that great West, which is now only opening up for settlement, and he can scarcely avoid hearing accounts of the marvellously rapid progress which is making in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Probably, the most surprising instance of this kind is that of Chicago, a city of Illinois, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, which was begun in 1831, and already numbers 60,000 inhabitants. A gentleman mentioned to me that, forty years ago, he could have purchased the whole ground on which the city stands for 500 dollars; now, as large a sum as 10,000 dollars for the site of a single store would not be considered extravagant. Boundless, however, as is the field for settlement in Illinois, Michigan, and other western states, I should recommend emigrants from Europe not to attempt going beyond Canada or Ohio; either of these being sufficiently far distant, and having the advantage of being readily accessible from the Atlantic

cities. The west may be best settled by American pioneers, with constitutions and habits adapted to the new regions beyond the lakes.

As the boundary between Canada and the States, the river St Clair, or Detroit, is not seen without a certain interest. From the city of Detroit, we look across to the British shore, half a mile distant, and observe that behind the frontage of wharfs forming the railway terminus, there extends the village of Windsor, with a number of pretty villas scattered about its outskirts. It will be recollected that the river at this and other points, is that eagerly sought-for line of separation, to which fugitive slaves from the south direct their flight. Having succeeded in gaining the Canadian shore, and being therefore safe from pursuit, the refugees disperse to offer their services as waiters in hotels or steamboats, or to settle down as cultivators of the soil. At a spot called Dawn, a short way within the frontier, they have established themselves in considerable numbers, and are said to be in a thriving condition.

Down the beautiful river Detroit to Lake Erie, I proceeded in one of the splendid lake-steamers, bound for Sandusky, in Ohio, which was reached after a voyage of six hours. The vessel wound its way among various islands at the head of the lake; but these, level, and generally covered with trees, possessed no strikingly picturesque features. The shores of Lake Erie are for the most part of the same character; though fertile, and blessed with a fine climate, the country is tame in outline, and all that usually meets the eye is a fringe of trees overhanging the low and muddy banks. On one of the islands in the lake, a vineyard is successfully cultivated.

Sandusky, situated at the bottom of a bay on the southern shore of the lake, is another of the old French villages, expanded and modernised into an American

city. From this place, I proceeded by the railway-cars to Cleveland, the line pursuing the lake-shore nearly the whole way, sometimes going across inlets, on posts sunk in the water, and at other times darting through masses of forest, amidst which were occasionally seen the log-huts and clearings of settlers. The land seemed rich, apparently a heavy alluvial deposit, fit for any kind of grain crops.

Beside me in the car there sat an aged personage of lanky appearance, with thin, clean-shaved cheeks, and a broad-brimmed white hat, rather the worse for wear. He spoke continually, either in ejaculatory remarks, or in inquiries about everything. The car had just got under-way, and all had settled in their places with the ordinary gravity of American travellers, when my neighbour began in a pretty high key, addressing nobody in particular, and pausing about a minute at the close of every sentence:—

'Well, here we are all safe, I hope . . It's a pleasant thing to know you are going home . . O yes! . . Not so cold as yesterday; no . . The train seems to be running across the lake . . We have nothing but water on both sides . . O, I see I was mistaken; there is a pile of lumber . . Great lumbering trade hereabouts, I guess . . I have been as far as Milwaukee, to see my daughter, who is settled there—she is very comfortable . . I am going home to Boston . . A long way that . . But there's a fine sunset, at anyrate' . . (Looking at me)—'How far do you go, stranger?'

'I am going to Cleveland, and then to Cincinnati.'

'O, you're travelling that way, are you? Perhaps in the dry-goods line?'

'I am not travelling for business; only making an excursion to see some of the more interesting places in America.'

'Why, sure! You are from the old country, I guess.

Well, now, that *is* strange. What part of England are you from?'

'I am from Scotland.'

'Are you? Well, we've no want of Scotch in the States; they're a 'cute set of chaps—well posted up on most things. I suppose you're married . . You might be at anyrate' . . (Here he again began to maunder, speaking straightforward to the atmosphere.) 'Well, well, marriage is a proper thing; no doubt . . I have seen a good deal in my time . . Just before leaving home, I received a letter from a niece in New York, inviting me to her wedding . . I sent word, that I wished her and her proposed husband much happiness; and the only advice I could give them, was to mind themselves, and take charge of their own babies . . Yes, yes, a strange world this . . Many people think they have nothing else to do, but make a present of children to uncles and grandfathers, as if they had not had enough to do looking after their own . . Won't do, no how, for me, *that*' . . (Conductor goes through the car.) 'I say, conductor, are we in the right track? . . This the way to Cleveland? . . When do we change? . . O ay, yes, yes, all right; I thought so . . A man can't help being anxious . . I am going home . . Ah, it's a long way . . But I can sleep in the cars . . Of course I can . . I always carry a cap in the crown of my hat . . Nothing like taking little luggage . . And so you are from the old country? . . Yes, yes, you have plenty to see . . I declare it's getting quite dark . . Well, I daresay we'll get to Cleveland in good time.' And so on he went with little intermission to the end of the journey. 'I see,' said he, 'they're slowing the train . . There's the engineer's bell . . We shall stop in a minute.'

And true enough, the train drew up. The passengers hurried out, and walking down an inclined platform,

reached the bank of a river, and placed themselves upon what seemed a raft, without railing or guard of any kind along the sides. As it was exceedingly dark, I cannot venture on a description of this extraordinary ferry-boat, which crossed the Cuyahoga river with the passengers and their baggage in a manner by no means pleasant. Several times, in passing under the mooring-lines of steam-vessels, we were told to duck down our heads, to avoid being swept from the unprotected deck; and at these times, while there was a general prostration, might be heard the eccentric Bostonian speaking to himself aloud: 'Ay, ay, one does meet sometimes with curious things . . I hope the rope won't take off my hat . . I felt it graze on my back just now . . I am glad we are now near the other side . . There's a man with a lantern . . I think I see the omnibus . . Well, I'm thankful it's all over.' 'And so am I,' said another of the passengers. 'It's the last time in my mortal existence they catch me on them tracks any more.'

Amidst these audible mutterings, the ferry-boat touched the quay; and in the scramble which ensued, I saw and heard no more of my loquacious fellow-traveller—the only person, by the way, of an inquisitive and prattling turn of mind whom it was my fortune to encounter, and probably one of the few survivors of that by-gone class of characters supposed to be peculiar to America. In the present day, so far as I could see, the people of the United States have too much to do to mind anybody or anything further than what concerns themselves; and so far from troubling you with questions, they are absolutely indifferent as to who or what you are, and let you go your way in peace.

In arriving at Cleveland, I had come upon the great thoroughfare of emigrants between New York and the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi—the point where

they turn off from the lake-shore road towards Cincinnati. On getting to the railway-station, a scene of prodigious confusion presented itself. Some hundreds of Germans and Irish of both sexes were seen bivouacked beside vast piles of trunks and bags. Some had lost sight of their baggage, and ran frantically about looking for it everywhere, at the risk of being run over by locomotives. In proportion as the cars filled, the hubbub gradually lessened; and at length, after securing my seat, the train set off with its immense freight of passengers, most of whom were in quest of a home in the New World. The journey occupied about twelve hours, and was latterly through one of the finest parts of the state of Ohio—namely, the valley of the Miami, which, with rich sloping fields, and bounded by picturesque woody hills, presents a variety of landscapes, such as are seen in the more beautiful parts of England. Falling into the Ohio, the Miami River, in its descent of 150 miles, affords valuable water-power for numerous manufactories; while the valley through which it flows admits of a canal being carried from the Ohio to Lake Erie; and thus the district is the great channel of communication for traffic between the lake-countries and the Southern States.

It was about nine o'clock on a bright sunny morning, that, coming down the valley of the Miami in the cars, I first saw the Ohio, a river of large volume, but, from a long-continued drought, much smaller now than usual, and with steep sloping muddy banks on both sides, surmounted by green hills, here and there dotted with the white mansions of a settled and thriving population. Turning down the valley of the Ohio, close under the high grounds, Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, was revealed in all her beauty, seated on terraces amidst picturesque knolls on the right bank of the Ohio, and looking complacently across the broad river

towards the garden-like lands of Kentucky. Settled for a few days at the Burnet House, one of the largest and best-conducted hotels in the United States—and more like a palace than a house of public entertainment—I had time to make myself acquainted with some of the more remarkable features of this extraordinary city and its neighbourhood, as well as to hear something of Ohio and its adaptation for emigrant settlers.

When speaking of the rapid advance of civilisation westwards, Cincinnati is usually referred to as affording the most striking instance of progressive increase, not only as regards population, but manufactures, commerce, and every attribute of refinement. The mind can hardly realise the fact, that till 1788, or just sixty-six years ago, there was not an Anglo-American settlement in Ohio; and that the only whites were a handful of French fur-traders on the borders of Lake Erie. What is now the population of this magnificent state? Upwards of 2,000,000! Its metropolis, Cincinnati, was in 1800 only a village of 750 inhabitants—in 1850, its population was 115,000; and many thousands of fresh settlers are added every year. We do not, however, observe any rawness in the appearance of the place. Fronting the Ohio, there is a long quay lined with substantial though not very regular buildings, and from this exterior quarter, thronged with shipping, streets ascend to the higher grounds, and are intersected by others at right angles. The houses are, for the most part, built of a reddish-coloured sandstone, tall, massive, and crowded with stores and business offices—every floor, in some instances, to the height of six stories, being a different concern. Several streets are lined in the American fashion with trees; and at intervals we come upon churches of tasteful architecture, with spires shooting up above the tallest buildings.

One peculiar feature is everywhere observable—the number of sign-boards in German. This language is seen inscribed on doorways, and so frequently heard spoken, that one almost feels as if he were in Hamburg. Of the entire population, 51,000 are foreigners—of whom 30,000 are Germans, 13,000 Irish, and 3600 English. The number of Scotch is singularly small, being only 771. This scarcity of an element generally found wherever there is any prospect of well-doing, is probably to be accounted for by the absorption of Scotch emigrants in Canada, and the states immediately west of it. While Ohio has been strangely neglected by settlers from Great Britain, it has become a land of promise to Germans, who, fleeing from the dull despotisms of central Europe, find here a boundless scope for their genius and persevering industry. They find, likewise, a region resembling that of their own dear Rhine—a country of corn and grapes, rich in every valuable product, and possessing those genial seasonal influences which clothe the earth in flowers.

Placed on the Ohio, 1600 miles from the ocean, steamers are seen at the quay of Cincinnati, taking on board freight and passengers for New Orleans, and all other places of importance on the Mississippi, and its larger tributaries. Vessels of less burden proceed up the Ohio to Wheeling and Pittsburg, whence there is now a communication by railway with Philadelphia and Baltimore; and keeping in recollection the ready access by railway and canal to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, it will be seen that Cincinnati is the centre of a circle which bears on the Atlantic in the east, the vast prairies on the west, the lake-countries on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. It is only by a perception of this wide and comprehensive radius, with its enormous and ever-accumulating demand for products of mechanical industry, that we can under-

stand the character of those manufacturing establishments which are making Cincinnati one of the wonders of the New World—and which, after all, are nothing to what they must ultimately become when the population of the great West is consolidated.

When one thinks of a carpenter's shop, he has probably in his mind two or three rude-looking apartments, with at the most a dozen men in paper-caps working at benches with planes and chisels, or leaning over a plank with a hand-saw; or with experience a little more extended, he may perhaps get the length of fancying a cabinet-making establishment with fifty picked hands turning out several handsome pieces of furniture daily. The idea of a factory as large as a Lancashire cotton-mill for making chairs, tables, or bedsteads by machinery, would hardly present itself to his imagination. Yet, it is on this factory-mill system that we find house-furniture produced in Cincinnati. Curious to see such places, I spent a day in rambling about the outskirts of the city, where manufactories of various kinds are conducted upon a scale that went very far beyond my previous notions of what can be done by machinery.

The first establishment I visited was a furniture-factory—a huge brick building, five stories in height, with a long frontage at the corner of two streets, and in which 250 hands are employed in different departments. Many of these are occupied merely in guiding and superintending machines moved by shafts and belts from a large steam-engine on the ground-floor. Every article receives its shape in the rough, by means of saws; and these move with such rapidity, that their teeth are invisible to the eye. The articles are next planed, or turned, and morticed, in the same inconceivably rapid manner. In the planing operations, some surprising effects are produced. A rough deal, or

other piece of wood, being arranged on a bench under the action of a plane which revolved horizontally, was in a few instants smoothed as if by the finest hand-labour. Chairs of a common class, but neatly turned and painted, were the principal article of manufacture. The number produced almost goes beyond belief. I was informed that the average quantity was 200 dozen every week, or at the rate of 124,800 chairs per annum, worth from five to twenty-four dollars per dozen. Among these, a large number are rockers. The machinery for scooping out and shaping the seats was exceedingly ingenious. The next article in importance is chests of drawers, of which 2000 are manufactured annually. Baby-cribs are another important item; but the number of them produced could not be definitely stated. Much of the lighter kinds of work, such as painting and varnishing, is done by boys, who make from four to eight dollars each in weekly wages. Many of the workmen—all being on piece-work—realise twelve dollars per week; but some have even higher wages. My attention was called towards the process of ornamental hand-turning, chiefly executed by Germans. One of these clever mechanics went through his work with astonishing speed and precision; his keen eye never being for one instant raised from the whirling lathe before him. This person, I was told, made eighteen dollars per week, and being a sober, well-behaved man, he had already realised property to the value of 5000 dollars (£1000 sterling). Many other workmen in the establishment were spoken of as having accumulated property by their industry and economical mode of living. The most steady hands were stated to be native Americans or Germans. 'English and Scotch were good workmen, but not usually well educated, or of sober habits.' I heard the same thing said elsewhere.

The next establishment I looked in upon was a bedstead factory, in which similarly improved machinery was employed to cut out and finish various parts of the articles required. As many as 1000 bedsteads are turned out every week, valued at from four to twenty-four dollars each. Some other works were visited, but it is undesirable to enter on details respecting their products. In the fabrication of iron stoves, locks, and hinges, window-frames, ornamental cabinet-ware, upholstery, firearms, hats, boots and shoes, machinery, axes and other edge-tools, carriages and numerous other things—the operations were on a similarly gigantic scale. In one of the boot and shoe factories, there are wrought up annually 10,000 sides of sole-leather, 40,000 sides of upper leather, 20,000 sheep-skins, 2500 calf-skins, 5000 poundweights of boot-nails, and 600 bushels of shoe-pegs. The wages paid away in this establishment amount to 60,000 dollars per annum. On hearing facts of this kind, the question continually occurs: Where do all these manufactures go? Of course the explanation is found in the perpetual demand over the vast regions of which, as has been said, Cincinnati is the centre. Every day, thousands of fresh families are making a settlement in the wilderness, and each needs bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles of domestic use. On the quay at Cincinnati, therefore, you see vast piles of new furniture, iron stoves, tinware, cases of boots and shoes, and everything else needed by settlers, preparing to be despatched a thousand miles by steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries. One manufacturer of cabinet-work told me he had received an order to make the whole furniture of a hotel in California!

Like all travellers from England who visit the factories of the United States, I was struck with the originality of many of the mechanical contrivances

which came under my notice in Cincinnati. Under the enlightenment of universal education, and the impulse of a great and growing demand, the American mind would seem to be ever on the rack of invention to discover fresh applications of inanimate power. Almost everywhere may be seen something new in the arts. As regards carpentry-machinery, one of the heads of an establishment said, with some confidence, that the Americans were fifty years in advance of Great Britain. Possibly, this was too bold an assertion; but it must be admitted that all kinds of American cutting-tools are of a superior description, and it is very desirable that they should be examined in a candid spirit by English manufacturers. In mill-machinery, the Americans have effected some surprising improvements. At one of the machine manufactories in Cincinnati, is shewn an article to which I may draw the attention of English country-gentlemen. It is a portable flour-mill, occupying a cube of only four feet, and yet, by means of various adaptations, capable of grinding, with a power of three horses, from fourteen to sixteen bushels per hour; the flour produced being of so superior a quality, that it has carried off various prizes at the agricultural shows. With a mill of this kind, attached to the ordinary thrashing-machines, any farmer could probably grind his own wheat, and be able to send it to market as finely dressed as if it came from a professed miller. As many as 500 of these portable and cheap mills are disposed of every year by the makers; and they are seen at work all over the southern and western states. Surely it would be worth while for English agricultural societies to procure specimens of these mills, as well as of farm-implements generally, from America—a little of the money usually devoted to the over-fattening of oxen would not, I think, be ill employed for such a purpose.

In some of the wholesale stores of Cincinnati, articles of English manufacture are kept; and the imports of foreign liquors and luxuries of the table seemed to be considerable. On the whole, however, it was pretty evident here, as at other places, that the Americans aim at independence in every branch of trade; and indeed they can scarcely avoid doing so; for the drawing of supplies of so vast a nature as they require from distant nations is totally out of the question. Besides, here is every raw material on the spot. Iron, wood, and coal, and other grand necessities of manufacture, are at hand in inexhaustible abundance. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania, on which are based the prosperous iron-foundries and engineering establishments of Pittsburg, are, from their extent, a kind of geological marvel, and render this great country independent of the pits of Durham and Northumberland.

The most curious thing of all about Cincinnati, is its system of pig-killing and pork-pickling. The place is known as the principal hog-market in the United States. The hogs are reared in the country around on the refuse of the corn-fields after harvest, and among the extensive forests, where they pick up food at little or no cost to their owners. Brought in steamers from a great distance, they are seen marching and grunting in large herds through the streets to the slaughtering establishments in the neighbourhood. The season in which they begin to make their appearance is the fall, when they are in prime condition, and when, from the state of the temperature, their carcasses can soon be cooled by the air, and rendered fit for pickling. The greater number of the hog slaughter-houses are behind the town, on the road towards the higher grounds, and are generally wooden structures of a very plain description. Each is provided with a series of pens, whence the animals walk in single file along an enclosed

gallery towards the apartment where they meet their doom.

When a pig is killed in England, the sufferer usually takes care to let the whole neighbourhood hear of the transaction. On such occasions, it is the prescriptive right of the pig to squeak, and he is allowed to squeak accordingly. In Cincinnati, there is no time for this. Impelled along the passage from the exterior pen, each hog on entering the chamber of death receives a blow with a mallet on the forehead, which deprives him of consciousness and motion. The next instant he is bled to death; and by means of an extensive system of caldrons and other requisites, the carcass is speedily cleaned, dressed, and hung up to undergo the proper cooling, previous to being cut in pieces and pickled. The largest of these establishments is situated in Covington, on the opposite side of the Ohio, and consists of a series of brick buildings, which cover nearly two acres. Here an inclined plane leads from the ground to the top of a house four stories high, and along this the hogs are driven to an upper floor to be slaughtered, and where as many as 4000 can be accommodated at a time. The processes of cleansing, making lard, and so forth, need no description. In most cases, the business of curing pork is separate from that of slaughtering; but here they are united; and the arrangements for cutting up, pickling, barrelling, and branding, are all on a vast scale. An idea of the work gone through is obtained from the single fact, that the pickling takes place by steeping in nine brick-built tanks, each of which holds 400 barrels of pork. Upwards of 12,000 hogs and 3000 oxen are killed, pickled, and packed here in a season. Altogether, about half a million of hogs are so disposed of per annum in Cincinnati; but the number varies according to circumstances; and questions as to the extent of the

'hog crop,' are as gravely discussed as the crop of wheat or Indian corn. Much of the export of pork is to the European markets.

Something more may be said of the Queen City of the West—what concerns her literary and educational establishments not having yet been touched on—but this may be left for the commencement of next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

CINCINNATI TO NEW YORK.

'THE life of a Mississippi steamer is five years,' said a gentleman with whom we were conversing on the subject of river-navigation; and he added, that there was so constant a demand for new vessels, that about thirty were built every year in Cincinnati. I went on board several of these splendid but short-lived steam-boats, as they lay on the banks of the Ohio, and would have gladly descended to New Orleans in one of them, if not warned to keep at a respectful distance from the lower Mississippi, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever.

From the centre of the long quay where the steamers draw up at Cincinnati, a large and commodious ferry-boat crosses the Ohio at short intervals to Covington, a town still in a rudimental state, but becoming a place of residence for persons whose business connects them with Cincinnati. There are a few manufactories in the place, but with these exceptions, Covington does not shew any marked signs of activity, and the contrast with the bustle of business on the Ohio side is somewhat striking. The comparative dulness is ascribed to the disinclination of free emigrants and workmen to settle in Kentucky, where they would be brought in contact with slavery.

To say nothing of slavery abstractedly, anything calculated to retard the development of industrial

occupation in this fine part of the country is much to be lamented. The Americans themselves are scarcely aware of the productive powers of the sunny banks and fertile and far-spreading valleys adjoining the Ohio. The grape, which is grown with advantage in various parts of the States, here attains that peculiar perfection which adapts it for the manufacture of wine. Several enthusiasts in horticulture, among whom may be mentioned Mr Longworth, have, for the last twenty years, in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati, devoted much attention to the grape; and now, within a circle of twenty miles, there are upwards of 300 vineyards, which lately produced in one year 120,000 gallons of wine. I had the curiosity to taste two of the best kinds of this native product, made from the Catawba grape: one resembled a dry hock, and the other was an effervescing champagne, light and agreeable to the palate. So popular have these become, that at no distant day foreign wines of a similar class will cease to be imported. I found, likewise, that under the encouraging auspices of a horticultural society, the strawberry is brought to great perfection on the banks of the Ohio, and that, during the season, as many as 200 bushels of this fruit are brought every day into the market of Cincinnati. Not satisfied, however, with this large local sale, the producers, I was told, are opening a trade with New Orleans, to which the strawberries are sent packed in ice. Sixteen hundred miles seemed to me rather a long way to send strawberries to market; but when did an American think of distance?

Public education being enjoined, and liberally provided for, by the laws of Ohio, the stranger who takes any interest in such matters will find in Cincinnati numerous schools worthy of his notice, in which instruction of the best quality is imparted without charge to all pupils indiscriminately. Where free education

exists in England, it is a charity: here, it is a right. The natural fruit of a system so exceedingly bounteous, is an educated population, possessing tastes and aspirations which seek a solacement in literature from the materialities of everyday life. I do not know that I ever saw a town of its size so well provided as Cincinnati with publishers, libraries, and reading-rooms. The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association has a most imposing suite of apartments fitted up as a library and reading-room—the number of books amounting to 14,000 volumes, and the reading-room shewing a display of desks on which are placed nearly a hundred newspapers. Cincinnati is, I believe, also favourably known for its cultivation of the fine arts; and its exhibitions of pictures at anyrate shew that its inhabitants do not employ all their time in mere money-making. In the cathedral of St Peter, there are some valuable paintings by European artists; one, by Murillo, having been a gift from Cardinal Fesch.

My return from this interesting city of the West was made by means of the railway to the flourishing city of Cleveland, whence I proceeded by a continuation of the line to Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie. In quitting Ohio, where so many indications of advancement present themselves, I would take leave to remind intending emigrants, that for fertility of soil and geniality of climate, they will find few places within a moderate distance which can match this exceedingly fine state. For its crops of Indian corn and wheat, its wool, beef, and pork, it enjoys a wide celebrity; and, as has been seen, its southern and picturesque frontier, with an Italian climate, yields a much-admired variety of wines. In the more cleared parts of the state, land, of course, sells at a comparatively high price—say, at from thirty to fifty dollars per acre; and therefore this is not a district for the settlement of a humble class of

emigrants, who look to the immediate acquisition of property.

In travelling through the state of Ohio, some of the land is seen to be still under forest; and in numerous places, to accommodate the line of railway, a passage has been cleared through the dense growth of trees. Here and there we pass small towns of neatly painted houses—the germs, it may be, of great cities; and wherever the cars stop, there is a considerable traffic in the exchange of passengers. The train that carried me from Cincinnati consisted of six cars, including among the passengers a number of pedlers, who, with basket in hand, went from car to car, while the train was in motion, offering books and newspapers for sale. One of these travelling merchants went to work in a methodical manner. First, in making his rounds, he left with each passenger a circular descriptive and recommendatory of a particular book, and in due time returned for orders, which he executed on the spot. On some of the lines of railway, peddling in this and other forms has become so offensive, that it is now forbidden. Besides visits from the traffickers in books and newspapers, the passengers in the train were waited on every hour by a negro boy, supplying glasses of water. With a tin watering-pot in one hand, and a tumbler in the other, he respectfully addressed each person in turn. The providing of water in this manner, seems to be part of the railway system in the United States. I, at least, saw few trains without a supply of water for passengers. Sometimes a vase and drinking-glass occupy a spare corner in the car, and every one is left to take care of himself; but more frequently the water is carried round for general accommodation. As vases of water are likewise exposed for public use in many of the hotel-lobbies, one is impressed with the belief that the Americans are the greatest water-

drinkers in the world—whether as a matter of taste or necessity I am not able to say.

It is an unfortunate peculiarity in American railways, that certain states have adopted different gauges, so that a break necessarily takes place in passing from one to another. In the journey I was now performing, I had occasion to leave the state of Ohio; pass through about twenty miles of the state of Pennsylvania; and finish in the state of New York. In each of these states, the tracks were of a different width, and the shifting was anything but agreeable. One of the changes took place at the town of Erie, which, as may be known by scraps of intelligence in the English newspapers, has lately gained a most unenviable notoriety for unlawful outrage. The cause of this disreputable procedure is singular. The proprietors of the line being desirous to extend the New York gauge through the adjoining part of Pennsylvania, and so make one break less in the length of railway, the people of Erie became alarmed at the prospect of trains passing through their town without stopping; and to prevent this calamity, they tear up the rails as fast as they are laid down. I believe that in attempting a uniformity of gauge at the spot, so as to avoid breaking bulk, the railway is transgressing some pre-arrangement with the parties interested; but into the actual merits of the quarrel I do not go. What is to be lamented, is the continuance of a series of outrages for months, to the derangement of traffic and the great scandal of the American people; for foreigners who hear of these strange doings, naturally impute them to a disregard for law, and a culpable negligence or weakness on the part of the executive power. Assuming that the inhabitants of Erie should ultimately and legally enforce the stoppage of trains and breaking of bulk within their city, it will be interesting to note what the country to

the west will do under the circumstances. Meanwhile, it is not the least curious and incomprehensible thing about the Erie outrages, that they are promoted by the mayor of the city, and are sympathised in by the governor of the state of Pennsylvania! *

Arriving at Buffalo, where I spent a little time, I found another remarkable example of the sudden growth of a populous city; for although it was laid out so lately as 1801, and burnt to the ground during the miserably conducted war of 1812–13, it now numbers 60,000 inhabitants, and is a substantially built and most respectable-looking town. Considering its situation, Buffalo could not have failed to expand into importance. It stands at the foot of Lake Erie, at the opening of the canal to the Hudson; and besides having a large traffic from this cause, it is now a central point for several railways, the latest of its advantages in this respect, being its connection with the Brantford and Goderich line, now opened through Canada. The town has a fine prospect over the lake and the Canadian shore, to which large ferry-boats are constantly plying. The building of steam and other vessels for the lakes is carried on to a large extent, and to all appearance, I should say, Buffalo is one of the most thriving marts of trade and commerce in the United States.

* On Monday, the railway across Sycamore Street, in Erie, was torn up at about noon, in obedience to the orders of the mayor. The reason alleged for this renewed attack upon the railway company is, that certain cars, containing freight from Cleveland for Buffalo, were sent through direct, instead of being stopped at Erie, and the property there transhipped. The sheriff of the borough was promptly on the ground, and did everything in his power to prevent the track from being removed, making an earnest appeal to those who were present to aid him in enforcing the laws, and in preventing any infringement of the rights of the company. The spectators, however, stood regardless of the appeal, and permitted the employés of the mayor to proceed with their work. It is proper to add, that this fresh outburst of Erie indignation will not interrupt nor retard the travel between Buffalo and the West. The break extends only a few feet, and is simply made, as we are informed, as a means of preventing freight-cars from passing Erie without breaking bulk.—*New York Tribune*, March 17, 1854.

After seeing so much of the bustle of business in Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Buffalo, it was a grateful relief to make a leisurely journey through that charmingly retired part of the state of New York, in which lie several small lakes, celebrated for the picturesque and rural beauty of their environs. My way was by the small town of Batavia, from which to Canandaigua, situated on a lake of the same name, the country was of a very pleasing character. Instead of being a dead and monotonous level, the surface became diversified with hill and dale; white villages and churches occurred at proper intervals; the ground was generally cleared and under good farming; and only so much forest was left as served to ornament the landscape. For a tract of forty or fifty miles along this route, with Canandaigua as its centre, the country, so far as I had an opportunity of judging, is one of the most pleasing parts of America. Western New York, however, is nearly all a choice district; and as it has now been settled for a long period, it shews numerous tokens of an advanced condition. We see fields in which there are no stumps —always a sure sign of antiquity; and one fancies from the look of the villages, that he might find in them as many as three generations of inhabitants.

Although prepared by these appearances of maturity, which greatly reminded me of home, I was, notwithstanding, surprised by the staid, and—I must use the word—genteel, aspect of Canandaigua. Excepting that many of the houses were of wood, there was little to suggest the idea that we were out of England. Imagine a pretty piece of country, with hills of moderate height clothed in woods of brightly variegated foliage —a beautiful sheet of water, fourteen miles long and from one to two miles in breadth, glittering like a gem amidst these picturesque elevations—and on a broad slope rising from the northern extremity of the lake, a

town, consisting for the greater part of detached villas, the abode of a retired and tranquil population. Such is Canandaigua; a place of repose—an anomaly in a land of everlasting bustle—a Cheltenham without racket. Extending upward from the margin of the lake, the main street is fully a mile long, and as broad as a fashionable square in London; and, as is usual in America, it is lined on each side with a row of trees, which offer an agreeable shade in summer. At the centre, this spacious thoroughfare is crossed at right angles by another street, along which the railway has been laid, so as to make the terminus exactly in the middle of the town. Adjoining this central point, we find a hotel of the ordinary gigantic dimensions, which I can recommend for its good management. With all suitable conveniences, in the way of stores, educational establishments, libraries, and churches, according to taste, and with society of quite a select class, this town of villas, and gardens, and rows of trees, and green paddocks for sleek horses and cows, and stylish equipages driving about making calls, and a lake for boating and fishing, is really the beau-ideal of a place where one would like to spend the quiet evening of life.

Here, at anyrate, I passed two or three days with no common satisfaction in the mansion of a kind friend, who had been long resident in the country, and I was glad to have an opportunity for making some inquiries respecting the price of land and other subjects of importance to emigrants. I have already mentioned that the western part of the state of New York is, from geniality of climate, fertility of soil, and other advantages, exceedingly eligible for the settlement of agriculturists. At Canandaigua, cleared farms of various kinds may be heard of for sale, but at prices corresponding to the advanced value of property; and

if uncleared or partially cleared lands are wanted, they also can be had without trouble, and at a very moderate cost.*

Any one looking at a map of the States, will observe that in this part of the country there is a number of lakes, besides that of Canandaigua, the whole stretching in the same direction parallel with each other. All are beautiful, with pretty towns in their vicinity—Geneva, at the head of Seneca Lake, being one of the largest of the group. According to geologists, the several valleys embracing these sheets of water were at one time—but who can tell how long ago?—the channels of outlet of Lake Ontario, which thus found its way to the Hudson. No one can travel by the line of railway which pursues its course along the heads of the different lakes to Syracuse and Utica, without seeing evidences of the action of rushing water on the face of rocky steeps, and being, accordingly, impressed with the belief that great changes must have taken place in this interesting district.

The railway from Canandaigua, which is an extension of that from Rochester, passes successively through a number of towns rapidly growing in size, and attaining considerable importance as seats of manufactures. The principal town of this kind is Syracuse, celebrated for its extensive manufacture of salt from brine-springs. The water is pumped from deep wells, and the salt is made, according to quality, either by solar evaporation, or by boiling. There are now about 200 manufactories of this article, and as much as 5,000,000 of bushels are produced annually. The land in which the wells are sunk being public property, the state, as I understand,

* Larger or smaller quantities of land, of excellent quality, may be purchased at the office of J. Greig, Esq., Canandaigua. The person in charge of the office is Mr Jeffrey, a gentleman from Edinburgh, who will afford all proper information, and in whom every confidence may be placed.

receives as duty a cent per bushel. As Syracuse is situated on the Erie Canal, and communicates by railway in different directions, it has many facilities for trade: it is a well-built and rapidly growing city.

Southwards from Syracuse, the railway gets into the valley of the Mohawk, and after passing the flourishing town of Utica, much fine scenery is disclosed. At Little Falls, a small but busy town situated among rocky protuberances and overhanging cliffs, with the river dashing and leaping over its rugged channel, the draughtsman would find numerous subjects for his pencil, equal in picturesque beauty to some of the best points in Swiss landscape. When we consider that only seventy years have elapsed since pretty nearly the whole of the district through which we are passing was a wilderness possessed by tribes of Indians, its present condition as an apparently old-settled country, with thriving cities, elegant mansions, and improved farm-establishments, seems quite marvellous. A gentleman at Canandaigua told me that, about forty years ago, he could not reach Albany in less than a week, the journey being one of great toil on horseback. Now, the distance is performed by railway in ten hours.

My previous visit to Albany having been very brief, I now remained some time in the place, to see its State-house, public libraries, and normal-school establishment. The State-house, situated on the top of the rising-ground on which the city has been built, is a conspicuous and elegant structure, devoted to the meetings of the legislature of the state of New York. In connection with it, I was shewn a library of 30,000 volumes, for the use of members, and open to the public. A considerable number of the books are of the best English editions, no expense being spared to procure works of the highest class in general literature. Adjoining is an extensive law-library. Among the

more interesting works shewn to strangers, is a series of large volumes, embracing the printed legislative proceedings since the English organisation of the colony. It is interesting to observe in the series, how at the Revolution, the British royal arms and styles of expression are quietly dropped, and followed by the republican forms, as if no break had taken place in the course of procedure. One of the volumes during the colonial régime purports to be printed by Franklin. There are likewise shewn some old colonial charters from the king of England—dingy sheets of vellum, kept as curiosities in glass-cases, along with mummies from Thebes, and other instructive antiquities. It is pitiable to see 'George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,' as he is styled in these old writs, reduced to this condition; but at the same time, it must be allowed that if George and his advisers had possessed a little more discretion, his charters and those of his descendants might have been living utilities, instead of obsolete curiosities.

At the time of my visit, a new building for a state-library was fitting up at an expense of 80,000 dollars. On the opposite side of the square stands the State-hall, containing the administrative offices of the state; and near it is the City-hall. Both are of white marble, and have a fine architectural effect. In these several establishments I received every desired information; and on my departure, I carried with me not only the grateful recollection of much undeserved kindness, but presents of state-papers and reports on a most munificent scale. Of all the states in the Union, that of New York has excelled in the grandeur of its public documents. Numerous statistical, historical, and scientific investigations have been issued at the expense of the state, in a series of large and splendidly illustrated volumes; and these are imparted in a

manner so liberal and considerate as to command universal respect.

Originally a Dutch settlement, Albany in the present day is a substantial city of thoroughly American appearance, with about 60,000 inhabitants; and its situation near the head of the navigation of the Hudson, renders it a flourishing emporium of commerce. Steam-vessels daily descend the Hudson to New York, making a voyage of 125 miles; and the return-voyage upwards is considered to be one of the most agreeable trips in river-navigation. The time of departure of the boats not being quite convenient for me, I descended, not by steamer, but by railway—the line, in many parts of its course, being erected on piles within the edge of the water, and at other places keeping within sight of the finer parts of the river. After so much has been written by travellers of the scenery of the Hudson from New York to Albany, it will not be expected that I should describe its varied beauties. For about twenty miles, midway, it goes through a picturesque mountainous district, known as the Highlands of the Hudson; and here it may be said to resemble the Rhine without its ruined castles. Instead of these, we have several forts—among others, West Point, of historical interest—many pretty villages and mansions, and here and there islands of the rarest beauty. In the vicinity of this mountain-tract, we have the town of Poughkeepsie, on the left or northern bank. For sundry reasons—one of them the desire to see an old friend, and another to visit a venerable American writer who lives in the neighbourhood—I stopped at Poughkeepsie for a couple of days. A more delightful little town can hardly be imagined. Not so retired as Canandaigua, it has yet a good deal of its character. Lying basking in the sun on the sloping banks of the Hudson, its long streets lined with trees, and its neighbourhood dotted

over with detached villas—some of them in a fine Elizabethan style of architecture—and situated within an hour and a half by railway of New York, it is doubtless one of the most pleasant places of residence for those who do not choose to be in the world, and yet not quite out of it. Poughkeepsie has several large manufactories, and a considerable trade with the adjacent parts of the country; and with a population of 14,000, I was assured it does not own a single public-house—a phenomenon worth mentioning.

One of the days during my stay was devoted to an excursion to the residence of Mr Paulding, situated a few miles from the town, on a rising-ground commanding a view of the Hudson and Catskill Mountains beyond. The visit to the spot, with its literary and other associations, is an incident long to be remembered with pleasure. A ride by railway carried me speedily from Poughkeepsie to New York—a place far too important to be noticed at the end of this rambling account of my journey eastwards.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW YORK.

At length in New York—a city I had long wished to see, and to which the eyes of all Europe are directed as the actual metropolis of the New World. Arriving in this important emporium by railway, the city was taken at a certain disadvantage; for a true impression of the real character of its position can be obtained only when it is reached by sea. It is a very curious thing that nobody, till he sees it, can properly understand the situation of New York. Accounts of it are not clear. Our minds are perplexed by two opposite circumstances. The city is said to be on an island—the island of Manhattan—and yet is connected with the mainland. I now got rid of this mystification.

Coming by railway down the left bank of the Hudson, which is seen to expand into a fine broad estuary, with the picturesque elevations of New Jersey on the opposite shore, the train ran directly into the town; having crossed a narrow strait, which, according to topographers, makes the promontory on which New York is situated an island. As if, however, there was no end to the confusion of ideas on the subject, the Hudson, which is, in reality, on the west of the promontory, is locally spoken of as North River; a narrow arm of the sea which separates New York from Long Island is called East River; and the strait, little better than an artificial canal, which stretches from North

River to East River, is named Haarlem River. The island of Manhattan, so formed by this environment of water, is about thirteen miles in length, by at most two in breadth, and terminates at its southern extremity in a narrow and level slip of ground known as the Battery. From this defensible point the city has crept gradually northwards, covering the whole island in its progress, and is already from three to four miles long, with plans of extension that will finally carry it to the limits of the island, and, it may be, far beyond.

Reaching the city by a back-way, as it may be called, we have the opportunity of seeing the worst side first—straggling half-built streets, with shabby stores, lumber-yards, heaps of rubbish, petty wooden houses, and a general aspect of disorder. At an assigned point the train stopped, and I imagined we had reached the principal terminus. No such thing. The delay was only to detach the locomotive, and to take the train piecemeal into town by horses. And so, drawn by a team of four horses at a trot, the car in which I was seated went smartly up one street and down another—the rails being laid in the causeway—till we reached the heart of the busy metropolis. Attaining the place of disembarkation at last, a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, and I began to experience the effects of those imperfect police arrangements for which New York unfortunately suffers in general estimation. No cabs of the ordinary kind, but hackney-carriages with two horses, presented themselves for hire; and the drivers seemed to be at liberty to do what they liked. After engaging one of them, the driver thrust another person in upon me, though bound for a different hotel; and I had considerable difficulty in at length inducing another driver to take me solus to my destination—the Astor House. I may say once for all, that on other occasions I had the same

annoyance with the New York hackney-coachmen, who appear to stand at the lowest point in the scale of a class admitted to be troublesome in every community.

Months previously, I had heard of the difficulty of procuring accommodation in any hotel in New York, and had adopted the precaution of bespeaking a room at the Astor, through a friend in the city. With nothing, therefore, to fear on this score, I was fortunate in at once finding myself settled in one of the largest and best-conducted hotels, and at liberty to study the working of a class of establishments which transcend anything of the kind in England, and are about the chief wonder in a country celebrated for the gigantic scale of its operations.

At the first look, we see that New York very much resembles the more densely-built parts of London. The houses, tall, and principally of brick, are crowded into narrow streets, such as are seen in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, with the single difference, that many of the buildings are occupied in floors by different branches of business, with a profusion of large sign-boards in front. For the most part, the houses have sunk floors, accessible by a flight of steps from the foot-pavement; and these cellar-dwellings are very commonly used for some kind of small business, or as 'oyster saloons,' or 'retreats'—the names considerately employed to signify taverns and groggeries. Wherever any of these older brick edifices have been removed, their place has been supplied by tenements built of brown sandstone; and it may be said that at present New York is in process of being renewed by this species of structure, which is elegant in appearance, but, I fear, less substantial in many respects than a regard for security warrants. The more narrow thoroughfares are at the same time widened and paved according to modern taste. The more ancient, though much changed part of the city in

which the throng of business chiefly prevails, is confined to the southern division, stretching from the Battery a mile northwards; and within this quarter the breadth occupied from the North to the East River is seemingly about the same as that from the Thames to Holborn—a limited space, which necessitates the continual pressure northwards, as well as an escape to the opposite shores of the two bounding waters.

Though limited as to breadth, no site could have been more happily selected for a great commercial city. The peninsula, if it may be so called, rises just as much towards the middle as admits of easy drainage, and in front and on both sides is environed with tidal waters, which present accommodation for any quantity of shipping. Through the centre of the city lengthwise runs Broadway—the Fleet Street and Strand of New York—and going down any of the cross-streets on either hand from this leading channel of intercourse, we soon come to a quay, presenting a line of houses on one side of a busy thoroughfare, and a crowd of steam-boats and shipping on the other. The city, therefore, so far as it can be, is surrounded by maritime traffic. Nor could any situation be better chosen for defence. Approachable from the Atlantic by vessels of the largest burden, its prospect towards the ocean is intercepted by a semicircle of islands, which, fortified and commanding the beautiful bay which fronts the city on the south, give a certain degree of security to the position.

Hampered as to space, New York has no room for villas; and in this respect there is a marked difference between it and our English cities. Those among the more affluent orders who dislike living in streets, require to proceed by ferry-steamers across either of the two bounding waters, and on the opposite shores find spots for ruralising. The narrowest ferry is that across East River to Brooklyn and Williamsburg, on

Long Island, now becoming thickly settled with a population more or less connected with New York. The wider ferries on the North River communicate with the state of New Jersey, which is pleasingly fringed with towns and villas; the two most prominent places being Jersey city and Hoboken. The vessels employed on these ferries are doubtless the finest of their class in the world. They resemble floating-platforms, sufficiently large to accommodate several carriages in the middle part, and are provided with well-warmed rooms for foot-passengers at the sides. They respectively pass to and fro every five or ten minutes, and as the charge to Brooklyn is only a cent, and that to New Jersey but three cents, they command an immense traffic. Still further to relieve the pressure of population in New York, steamers are constantly plying to and from Staten Island, which is situated about five miles distant, at the mouth of the bay; and the scattered villas along the sloping shores of this fine island are more like what one sees in England, or on the banks of the Clyde, than anything else in America. The channel between Staten Island and the southern extremity of Long Island, is called the Narrows, through which vessels inward-bound proceed from the Atlantic, and so reach the spacious landlocked bay, with its magnificent harbourage.

With so favourable a situation for external traffic, and reposing on a river which is navigable for 150 miles, New York has attracted to itself a population of about 600,000, and is the port of disembarkation for nearly 300,000 immigrants annually from every country in Europe. Forming a central point for American and European commerce, a vast trade pours through this city, and is thence radiated by river, canal, and railway to the great West. In the amount of tonnage of vessels, exports and imports, transactions in floating capital,

wealth, social importance, and munificence of institutions, New York keeps considerably ahead in the United States; and the traveller who has in remembrance its rise from small beginnings so late as the seventeenth century, will not fail to be struck with its present proportions.

The principal object of curiosity in or about New York, is the Croton Aqueduct, which few strangers miss seeing. The works connected with this great undertaking are on a scale which reminds us of the stupendous aqueducts of the ancient Romans. Bringing water from a distance of forty miles, and requiring in their course a lofty bridge across Haarlem River, the works cost 14,000,000 dollars, or near upon £5,000,000 sterling—an immense sum to raise from public rates to supply a city with water. The discharge of water is stated at 60,000,000 of gallons per diem; and even this large quantity is not more than is required. Having visited this marvel in engineering, little remains to attract curiosity. Interest is centered in Broadway, and mainly towards its southern extremity. Hereabouts are the handsomest public buildings, the finest stores, some of the largest hotels, and the greatest throng of passengers. At about half a mile from the Battery, we have on the line of Broadway an opening called the Park, which though only a railed-in patch of ground, with a few trees and footpaths through it, is a very acceptable breathing spot in the midst of everlasting bustle.

Some traveller speaks of the buildings of Broadway as being a mixture of poor wooden structures and splendid edifices. There may be a few houses of an antiquated class, but any such general description is totally inadmissible in the present day. We see for the greater part of its length, a series of high and handsome buildings, of brown sandstone or brick, with several

of white marble and granite. Some of the stores and hotels astonish by their size and grandeur. Rising to a height of five or six stories, with a frontage of 150 to 300 feet, and built in an ornamental style of architecture, these edifices are more like the palaces of kings than places for the transaction of business. New York, it seems, is celebrated for its extensive dealings in 'dry goods,' the common phrase for all kinds of clothing and haberdashery; and its shops or stores for the retail of these articles are of most extraordinary dimensions. Stewarts' Store, a huge building of white marble, adjoining the Park, on Broadway, is pointed out as the largest of these concerns; and the amount of business done in it is stated to be above 7,000,000 of dollars per annum. It is useless, however, in a place of such rapid change and improvement, to point out any edifice as excelling another. In various parts of Broadway and Bowery, large and elegant buildings are springing into existence at a cost perfectly startling; and so great is the rise in the value of property and the increasing expense of conducting business, that I should fear things are going a little too far for the ultimate benefit of the city, at least as regards manufacturing industry. One of the latest opened of the new and gorgeously fine structures, is Taylor's Restaurant—an establishment, some will think, much too fine for the uses to which it is put. Another of the new buildings is that occupied by Appleton & Co., publishers; its extent and grandeur contrasting curiously with the dingy holes and corners in which the publishers of London carry on their business. The activity displayed in resolving upon and completing any scheme of improvement in this great city, pervades every branch of affairs. In conducting business, there is no pause, and, as circumstances shew, sometimes too much hurry. There is, however, in every department of commerce, a stimulus to action,

arising from the vast demands of a country growing so rapidly in population and wealth. An instance of this came under my notice at the great fire which consumed the printing and publishing establishment of the Messrs Harpers. Perceiving that the whole of the steam-presses were consumed, and no means left for carrying on operations on the spot, a party connected with the firm, and while the fire was still burning, sent off by electric-telegraph to engage all the available presses of Buffalo and Cincinnati! In New York, so valuable is time, and so speedily are decisions come to, that on the very next day after a fire, we may observe builders engaged in the work of reconstruction. American minutes would seem almost to be worth English days!

Without a court, and not even the seat of the state legislature, New York cannot be said to be the place of residence of a leisurely or a numerous literary class. Its more opulent inhabitants, connected some way or other with business, form, nevertheless, an aristocracy with refined tastes, and ample means for their gratification. Advancing northwards from the more busy parts of the town, the elegance and regularity of the houses become more conspicuous, and at last we find ourselves in the quietude and splendour of a Belgravia. Here the edifices are entirely of brown sandstone, and of a richly decorated style of street architecture; all the windows are of plate-glass; and the door-handles, plates, and bell-pulls silvered, so as to impart a chaste and light effect. The furnishings and interior ornaments of these dwellings, particularly those in Fifth Avenue, are of a superb kind; no expense being apparently spared as regards either comfort or elegance. In one mansion where I experienced the most kindly hospitality, the spacious entrance-hall was laid with tasselated marble pavement; the stair and balustrades

were of dark walnut-wood; one of the apartments was panelled in the old baronial fashion; and in a magnificent dining-room, the marble chimney-piece, with exquisitely carved figures illustrative of Burns's *Highland Mary*, cost, as I understood, as much as 1500 dollars. The influx of German and French artists to New York, was alluded to as affording means for effecting everything desirable in decorative art, and of excluding the necessity for importing English ornaments. Perhaps it is worth while to add, that New York is not destitute of the means for supplying coats-of-arms to those who desire such decorations for their carriages, seals, and other articles. There is, indeed, no heralds' college here or elsewhere in the States; but I observed in Broadway an establishment where coats-of-arms are furnished as a matter of business; and in the shelves of the principal booksellers, works on the British peerage and baronetage are about as common as they are in England.

Passing over any notice of the churches of New York —some of them with handsome spires, and generally picturesque in effect—and also the banks, theatres, and other public structures, the edifices most worthy of attention are the hotels. It has been incidentally stated, that the hotel-system of the United States is of a peculiar character. I found that it had crossed the frontier into Canada; but in no part of that province had it attained full-blown maturity. Properly speaking, the American hotels are boarding-houses, and consist of two distinct departments—one for ladies and families, and the other for single gentlemen. All are alike welcome to come, stay, or go, as suits their pleasure; the charge being specific at so much per day, whether the guests attend meals or not, by which means every one knows to a fraction beforehand how much he will have to pay. We could hardly picture to ourselves a

greater contrast than that between an old country and an American hotel. The two things are not in the least alike. Arriving at an inn in England, you are treated with immense deference, allowed the seclusion of a private apartment, charged exorbitantly for everything, and, at departure, curtsied and bowed out at the door, as if a prodigious favour had been conferred on the establishment. In the United States, things are managed differently. The Americans, with some faults of character, possess the singular merit of not being exclusive, extortionate, or subservient. But where all travel, hotel-keepers can afford to act magnanimously. Instead of looking to a livelihood from a few customers, scheming petty gains by running up a bill for the use of candles, firing, and other conveniences, and smoothing everything over by a mercenary bow, the proprietor of an American hotel is a capitalist at the head of a great concern, and would despise doing anything shabby; hundreds pour into and out of his house daily; he notices neither your coming nor going; without ceremony you are free of the establishment; and when you pay and depart, there are no bows, no thanks—but you are not fleeced; and that is always felt to be a comfort.

In recollection, I am at this moment arriving at the Astor House, one of the most respectable hotels in New York, though outdone in dimensions and decoration by some of the newer establishments. Before me is a huge building of whitish granite, with a front on Broadway of 200 feet, a height of six stories, and forming altogether an independent block, with rows of windows on every side. The ground-floor consists entirely of retail-stores of various kinds, and ascending by a central flight of steps, we reach a spacious lobby with marble flooring and pillars. This lobby is strewed about with luggage newly arrived, or about to be

carried out; young men are lounging about on chairs; some persons are walking to and fro; several house-porters are seated on a form waiting for orders; long corridors are extended right and left; opposite the entrance is an access to the bar and other conveniences; and near a window behind is a counter and desk where the whole book-keeping is conducted by a clerk or general supervisor of the concern. Walking up to this functionary, we inscribe our name in a book; without speaking a word, he marks a number opposite the name, takes down a key with a corresponding number in brass attached to it, issues an order to a porter, and we and our baggage march off along one of the corridors and up several stairs till we reach the assigned apartment.

Here, on looking round, everything is neat and commodious; and on the back of the door is seen a printed statement of particulars requisite to be known —the times of meals, the charge per diem, and so forth. The number of apartments in the house is 326; a portion of them being bedrooms of a better class for families and ladies, and the others of the small kind appropriated to single gentlemen. These classes are distinct in every respect. Descending to the level of the entrance-hall, we search out an eating-saloon, and parlours devoted principally to the single male guests, and in the opposite corridor is observed a suite of public apartments used by ladies and married people, yet not shut against casual visitors. There is, in truth, little privacy. The whole house swarms like a hive. The outer swing-door bangs backwards and forwards incessantly; and the rapid thronging of guests and visitors in and out, can be fancied when I mention that, on several occasions, I counted as many as twenty persons entering and the like number departing per minute. Resembling in certain details the larger

continental hotels, there is, generally speaking, nothing at all to compare with this in Europe.

Among the novel parts of the system are the arrangements in the family and lady department. Here, we find ourselves in a kind of elysium of princely drawing-rooms and boudoirs, in which velvet, lace, satin, gilding, rich carpets and mirrors, contribute to form a scene of indescribable luxury. What strikes us as rather remarkable, is the fact that the doors of these various sitting-apartments are generally wide open. I saw this everywhere. Passing by, you see highly-dressed ladies reposing on satin couches, or lolling in rocking-chairs. One, who has just come in, and still has on her bonnet and shawl, is rattling over the keys of a piano. Another is reading a novel. Several are outside in the corridor, seated on velvet-covered ottomans, talking to each other or to the gentlemen belonging to their party. These corridors are every whit as elegantly furnished as the rooms, and are jocularly spoken of as 'the flirtation-galleries,' on account of their qualities as places of general resort and conversation. Another recommendable quality they possess is their comparative coolness. The drawing-rooms, leading from them, are kept so hot by staring red fires of anthracite coal, that I am at a loss to understand how the temperature can be endured.

What between dressing, lounging about the suite of drawing-rooms and flirtation-galleries, and attending at meals in the saloons, the lady-guests of these hotels have little time for miscellaneous occupation. Some of them appear in a different dress at every meal, and, in point of elegance and costliness of attire, they went beyond anything in my poor experience, except at full-dress evening-parties and balls. In the more moderate class of hotels, this attention to costume is less conspicuous, and the ladies unceremoniously

take their seats at the top of the table common to all the guests. In such houses, however, as the Astor, families and ladies usually take their meals in a saloon by themselves; and when there are children, they likewise have their own special table-d'hôte. The mention of children in such establishments is not suggestive of pleasing recollections. Everywhere, these youngsters are a sore trial of temper to the guests generally. Flying up and down the passages with hoops, yelling, crying, and tumbling about in everybody's way, they are clearly out of place, and constitute an unhappy and outré feature in American hotel-life.

It need not be supposed, because families and children are seen to be domesticated in hotels, that this kind of housekeeping is carried to any great length. Young persons, for a few years after being married, and families in town for the winter, are the principal inmates of the class; though it must be admitted that other circumstances give a bias towards this method of living. Probably something is due to that choice of viands cooked in first-rate style, which could not be obtained in a separate establishment unless at a very high cost. The French cuisine predominates, and the profusion of dishes mentioned in the bills of fare put before guests, is such as cannot fail to astonish those who in England are fain to dine off a single joint. The entire charge for board and lodging, service included, in the Astor House, was two dollars and a half, equal to 10s. English, per diem, for a single individual. This is a common charge at the best hotels; in a few instances the charge being as high as three, and sometimes as low as one or two dollars.

Breakfast from eight to ten, dinner at three, and tea at seven, was the routine at the table-d'hôte of the Astor; on each occasion, about 200 guests sitting down

at three long and well-served tables. Here, again, though looking for it day after day, did I fail, as on previous occasions, to see the slightest approach to hurried eating; and as until the last moment of my stay in America I never saw such a thing, I am bound, so far as my observation goes, to say that the national reproach on this score, if it ever was true, is so no longer. Calling for dishes, by printed bills of fare, a custom now all but universal, in reality renders any scramble unnecessary. So far from being hurried, any man may draw out his dinner for an hour, if he pleases, and all the time have a waiter in attendance at his back to bring him whatsoever he desires. I think it due to the Americans to make this remark on a very common-place topic; and likewise to say of them, that their temperance at table filled me with no little surprise. In the large dining-parties at the Astor (as at other houses), there were seldom seen more than one or two bottles of wine. Nor did any exciting beverage seem desirable. A goblet of pure water, with ice, was placed for the use of every guest; and in indulging in this simple potation, I felt how little is done in England to promote habits of sobriety by furnishing water, attractive alike for its brilliant purity and coolness.

Dropping off from table, a number of the guests adjourn to the parlours, where they read newspapers bought from boys who frequent the doorway and passages, or they lounge idly on the sofas, or take to writing at the tables (never much talking, and the doors always wide open); some go out in pursuit of business; some, who like to sit in the midst of a fluctuating crowd, betake themselves to the chairs in the lobby; and some descend to the bar. This latter place of resort is a large and finely decorated apartment, lighted from the roof, and occupying the entire central court round which the house is built. In the middle is a

jet d'eau and basin; at one side is a marble counter, with an attendant in charge of a few bottles behind him on a shelf, whence he supplies glasses of liquor to those calling for them, and which are paid for on the spot. A number of chairs are scattered about. Two fireplaces, with blazing billets of wood, throw a cheerful heat around. A young man at a small enclosure is selling cigars; and on two long stands are placed files of newspapers from all the principal cities in the Union. Much is said by travellers of the drinking in the bars; but in this, as in most things, there is some strange exaggeration. The bar of the Astor, an exchange in its way, was sometimes tolerably crowded, but I seldom saw so many as a dozen at a time engaged in drinking. The greater number did not drink at all; it being one of the good points in these establishments, that you are left to do exactly as you like. No one heeds you, or cares for you, any more than in a public street. A unit in the mass, your duty is to mind yourself; seek out all requisite information for yourself; and in all things beyond the routine of the house, help yourself. Individuality in these hotels is out of the question—opposed to the fundamental principle of the concern, which is to keep open house on a wholesale plan. You are lodged, fed, and in every other way attended to by wholesale; just as a soldier in a barrack is supplied with houseroom and rations. Any man pretending to ask for a dinner in a room by himself would be looked upon as a kind of lunatic; and when people do such a foolish thing, they have to pay handsomely for invading the sacred practice of the house. How otherwise could such gigantic establishments be conducted? Although crowded to the door, everything goes on with minute regularity, like a finely adjusted machine.

Left to himself, the stranger soon drops into the ranks, and strolling about, discovers a number of little

conveniences ready to his hand. Let us just look round the lobby of the Astor, beginning with the left-hand side. There, at a wicket in the wall, like an open window, stands a man to take your hat and upper coat, and put them away in a bin till you want them. Looking into the place, you see it surrounded with receptacles for articles, which it would be inconvenient to carry about the house, or hazardous to lay down carelessly; for we are admonished by placards to beware of 'hotel thieves'—a hint not to be lightly disregarded. Adjoining in a niche in the lobby, is a man with brush in hand ready to clean and burnish your soiled boots. A little further on is a light closet, with basins of water and towels, to save you the trouble of mounting to your bedroom before going in to dinner. Further round in the lobby, is a recess with a desk, pens, ink, and paper, furnishing means at all times to write a hurried note. A few steps beyond, and passing the flight of steps which lead to the bar, we come upon an enclosure like a sentry-box, in which is seated a clerk with the machinery of an electric-telegraph; and on handing him a slip through his wicket, he will, for a trifling sum, despatch a message for you to almost any city throughout the United States. I made use of this gentleman's wires on two occasions, in sending to distant towns, and had answers handed to me in a neat envelope within an hour.

We now pass the waiter's form, and study the apparatus of the general book-keeper, which occupies the right side of the lobby. Behind the counter of this officer, we perceive a large case of pigeon-holes, with a number over each, and appropriated for receiving letters or cards left for the guests. Knowing your particular number, you have only to glance at the little depository under it, to know if any one has been calling, or if any letters have arrived for you. At one end of

the counter, there is a letter-box into which you drop all letters for post, which is another means of saving trouble. But the most curious thing of all, is the arrangement by which the official behind the counter knows who signals from his apartment. To have some hundreds of bells would produce inextricable confusion. All the wires in the house centre at one bell, placed in a case in the lobby, with the whole mechanism exposed on one side within a sheet of plate-glass. The other side of this case is covered all over with numbers in rows. Adjoining each number is a small crescent-shaped piece of brass, which drops from the horizontal, and hangs by one end, when the wire connected with it is pulled, the bell being by the same action sounded. The attention of the book-keeper being so attracted, he directs a waiter to proceed to the apartment indicated, and with his finger restoring the bit of brass to its former posture, it is ready for a fresh signal. A more neat and simple arrangement could not well be imagined. The fronts of these bell-cases are of white enamel, and being set in a gilt frame, have a pleasing ornamental effect.

So much for the Astor, to which there are now many rivals of equal or larger dimensions—the Irving House, the Prescott House, and numerous others, including the two more recently established and peculiarly splendid establishments—the Metropolitan and St Nicholas, both situated considerably 'up town' in Broadway. The Metropolitan, an edifice of brown sandstone, with a frontage of 300 feet, is superbly furnished, and laid out with 100 suites of family apartments, and can accommodate altogether 600 guests, whose wants are ministered to by 250 servants. The cost of building and furnishing this prodigiously large house, is said to have been 1,000,000 dollars. The St Nicholas, I believe, aspires to stand at the head of its order. It

is a splendid structure of white marble, containing 150 suites of family apartments, and with accommodation for nearly 800 guests; I understood, indeed, that preparations were making for the accommodation of at least 1000 people. The cost of this establishment has been spoken of as 1,030,000 dollars; but doubtless this is below the mark.

Some not less interesting features of these great hotels remain to be noticed. They generally print their own bills of fare, which are freshly executed with the date, daily. Their suites of hot and cold baths, their billiard-rooms, and their barbers' shops, are on a most commodious scale. The Americans appear to be particularly punctilious as regards their hair and beard, and a frequent visit to the peruquier seems an indispensable part of their personal economy. All English gentlemen in the present day—those who rely on the service of valets excepted—shave their own beard, for which purpose they take portable dressing-cases along with them on their journeys. I never could understand why the not overindulgent Americans, lodging in the great hotels, or travelling by river steam-boats, require to be shaved by professional tonsors. At all events, there, in the barber's apartment, in every hotel, are seen seated a number of gentlemen—under the hands of coloured operators. And in what luxurious attitudes!—leaning back in a couch-like chair, and the feet exalted on a velvet-covered rest, we have a picture of ease and lassitude which I should fancy is only to be matched in the dressing-rooms of nobles and princes.

Perhaps it may be expected that I should say a word on that subject of everlasting condolence—servants. I was agreeably disappointed to find that the Americans are not so badly off for domestic assistance as they are usually represented to be. A great change for the better in this respect has lately occurred, through the

influx of Irish. It is wonderful to notice how soon an Irishman in a long-tailed ragged coat and patched knee-corduroys, is transformed into a hotel garçon, dressed neatly in a white jacket and pants, combed, brushed, and rendered as amenable to discipline as if under the orders of a drill-sergeant. Thus smartened up, the Irish have become a most important people in the United States. Irish girls, who would fail to find an open door in London, are here received with a sigh of delight; and what American housewives and hotel-keepers would now do without them, is painful to reflect upon. It being apparently a fixed maxim in the mind of every white man and woman in the States, that domestic service is intolerable, the inpouring of Irish has solved an immense difficulty. Numerous, and spread over a wide region, this useful people have already dispossessed in a great degree the coloured race, who, consequently pushed into humbler situations, suffer, it may be presumed, an aggravation of their sufficiently unhappy lot. I found corps of coloured waiters chiefly in Canada. At only one place (Congress Hall Hotel, Albany) did I see them in any of the northern states. Whether white or coloured, the waiters in every hotel, when attending table, are marshalled into the saloon, each carrying a plated dish in his hand, the procession reminding one of the theatrical march in *Aladin;* and in the setting down, and uncovering these dishes, and walking off with the lids—the whole corps moving off in line—they obey a fugleman with that military precision, which among a people less imperturbable than the Americans, could scarcely fail to excite a certain degree of merriment.

The laundry departments of the American hotels ought not to be forgotten in the list of marvels. Placed under the management of a special clerk, who records all necessary details, the arrangements for washing,

drying, and ironing, would astonish any ordinary laundress. The drying is done by rapidly-whirling machines, which wring out the wet, and cause the articles to pass through currents of hot air, so as to turn them out ready for the ironer in the space of a few minutes. Depending on these aids, the American needs not to encumber himself with great loads of underclothing in his excursions. Anywhere, in an hour or two, he can get everything washed and dressed, as if he had just started from home. Arrangements for his comfort do not stop here. In New York, and generally in other large cities, the hotels, for the most part, have a range of shops or stores on the ground-floor, fronting the street, adapted to supply the wants of travellers. Articles of clothing, gloves, jewellery, umbrellas, canes, note-paper, perfumery, medicines, and so on, are found in these shops, which in one place (Washington) I found were connected with the hotel by a back-entrance from the main corridor. An American hotel is not a house: it is a town.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW YORK CONCLUDED.

STANDING on the steps of the Astor House, we have the thoroughfare of Broadway right and left, with the Park in front—Barnum's theatre, covered with great gaudy paintings, across the way—and can here perhaps better than anywhere else, observe the concourse of passengers and vehicles. Accustomed to the flow of omnibuses in London, the number of this variety of public conveyance though great, does not excite surprise. That which appears most novel, is the running to and fro of railway-cars on East Broadway, a thoroughfare terminating opposite to us at the extremity of the Park. Already I have spoken of a railway-train being brought in detachments by horses into the heart of the city; but this is only one of several such intrusions. Permitted, for some mysterious reason, by the civic authorities, lines of rail are laid along several prominent thoroughfares—an exceedingly convenient arrangement as regards transit from one part of the city to another, but not quite pleasant, I should think, to the inhabitants of these streets and squares through which the cars make their perambulations. The cars on these street-railways are hung low, seated like an omnibus, and will stop at any point to take up or set down passengers. The ordinary omnibuses of New York have no cad behind. The door is held close by a cord or belt from the hand of the driver, who relaxes it to allow the entry or exit

of the passengers. I was amused with the manner in which the fare is taken in these vehicles. The passenger who wishes to be set down, hands his money through a hole in the roof to the driver, who forthwith relaxes the cord, and the door flies open. As there appeared to be no check on two or more departing when only one had paid, I suppose the practice of shirking fares is not very common. I cannot say that the omnibus-system of New York is an improvement on our own. The drivers are still more unconscionable in their reception of extra passengers, particularly if the applicants be ladies. In such cases, the gentlemen either stand, or take the ladies on their knee. I happened to see a cram of this kind two or three times; and I observe that the abuse forms a theme of jocular complaint in the New York newspapers.

The necessity for seeking vehicular conveyance arises not more from the extreme length of the city, than the condition of the principal thoroughfares. I am indeed sorry to hint that New York is, or at least *was* during my visit, not so cleanly as it might be. Statists assure us that it possesses 1500 dirt-carts, and in 1853 cost the sum of 250,000 dollars for cleaning. Where these carts were, and how all this money was expended, I cannot imagine. The mire was ankle-deep in Broadway, and the more narrow business streets were barely passable. The thing was really droll. All along the foot-pavements there stood, night and day, as if fixtures, boxes, buckets, lidless flour-barrels, baskets, decayed tea-chests, rusty iron pans, and earthenware jars full of coal-ashes. There they rested, some close to the houses, some leaning over into the gutter, some on the door-steps, some knocked over and spilt, and to get forward you required to take constant care not to fall over them. Odd as this spectacle seemed on Saturday at noon, it was still more strange on Sunday, when bells were ringing, and people were streaming along to church.

Passing up Broadway on this occasion, and looking into a side-street, the scene of confused débris was of a kind not to be easily forgotten—ashes, vegetable refuse, old hats without crowns, worn-out shoes, and other household wreck, lay scattered about as a field of agreeable inquiry for a number of long-legged and industrious pigs. I often laugh at the recollection of these queer displays, and wonder whether the boxes and barrels of ashes are yet removed from Broadway, or whether Pearl, Nassau, and Fulton Streets have seen the face of a scavenger!

It was a delicate subject to touch upon, but I did venture to inquire into the cause of these phenomena. One uniform answer—maladministration in civic affairs; jobbing of members of the corporation into each other's hands. Considering that the body labouring under these imputations was chosen by popular suffrage, the blame thrown upon them, I thought, was as much due to the electors as the elected. Something, in explanation, was said of the overbearing influence of the lower and more venal class of voters; but giving all due weight to an argument of this kind, it seemed to me that we had here only a vivid demonstration of that species of desertion of public duties, which is seen in London and other great marts of commerce, where men, being too busy to mind anything but their own affairs, leave the civic administration to the idle, the selfish, and incompetent. Be this as it may, things at the time of my sojourn had come to a deplorable pass. You could not take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of unchecked disorders, or reading sarcasms on official delinquencies. In the *New York Herald* for November 28, 1853, the following passages occur in an article on Rowdies—a class of brawling reprobates who molest the public thoroughfares:—

'The insecurity of human life in New York has

become proverbial; and it is a grave question with many, whether it is not practically as bad to live under the despotism of a felonious rabble as the tyranny of an aristocrat. Our police, with a few exceptions, are the worst in the world. It is a notorious fact that they are seldom in the way when crimes are committed, and when they see them by accident, they are very likely to skulk away and avoid all danger and difficulty. If a bank or some wealthy individual has lost a large sum of money, they will probably get hold of it, because they calculate upon a handsome reward. But when they know they cannot make anything extra—anything beyond their salary—there is not one in a hundred of them will give himself the least concern about the lives or limbs of the citizens who pay them for protection. We perceive that their pay has increased of late. We don't find that it has contributed very much to increase their vigilance. The whole evil lies in a nut-shell—it is the accursed system of politics that prevails at primary elections, and thence spreads its ramifications over the entire social fabric. Strike at the root, and the poison-tree will fall.'

Perhaps the most appalling feature in the economy of New York, is the number of fires, many of them involving enormous losses of property. According to an official report quoted in a newspaper, the amount of property destroyed by fire in New York in 1853, was 5,000,000 of dollars. In not a few instances, it has been feared that these conflagrations are the work of incendiaries for the sake of plunder; though I incline to the belief that they originate in a more simple cause —the headlong speed and incautiousness with which affairs are ordinarily conducted.* When fires do occur,

* Since the above was written, a fire has occurred in Broadway, at which a number of firemen lost their lives by injuries sustained on the occasion. The coroner's jury in deciding on the cause of the deaths, added the following

they are greatly facilitated by the slenderness of inner partitions and wooden stairs in the houses; and though the exertions of the fire-brigades are generally beyond all praise, they are not able to prevent extensive destruction and loss. The frequency of these conflagrations, which sometimes involve a sacrifice of life as well as of property, cannot, however, be said to have met with that serious attention which such grave casualties would seem to demand. The stimulus to push forward in business acting like a species of intoxication, appears to cause an indifference to misfortune. In short, there is no time to ponder over losses —no time even to avoid being cheated. An anecdote in illustration of the impetuous way in which matters are managed, was told to me as a remarkably good thing of its kind. Two men, one day, with a long ladder and proper implements, gravely proceeded to take down the metal rain-conductor from a house of business, and carried it off without question or molestation. A few days afterwards they returned, restored the tube to its place, also unchallenged, and having finished operations, presented an account for repairs, &c., which was instantly paid, the truth being that no mending was required, and the whole affair a trick; but the parties plundered had no time for inquiry, and settled the demand in order to be done with it. How many petty exactions are daily submitted to on the same principle!

As a great emporium of commerce, growing in size and importance, New York offers employment in a variety of pursuits to the skilful, the steady, and industrious, and on such terms of remuneration as

opinion, confirmatory of the worst suspicions as to incendiarism:—'We believe that the fire was caused by incendiaries, and that they entered on the roof for the purpose of plunder, having obtained access thereto from the roof of an adjoining building.'

leaves little room for complaint. It would, however, be a prodigious mistake to suppose that amidst this field for well-doing, poverty and wretchedness are unknown. In New York, there is a place called the Five Points, a kind of St Giles's; and here, and in some other quarters of this great city, you see and hear of a sink of vice and misery resembling the more squalid and dissolute parts of Liverpool or Glasgow. For this the stranger is not prepared by the accounts he has received of the condition of affairs in America. Wages of manual labour, a dollar to two dollars a day. Servants, labourers, mechanics, wanted. The rural districts crying for hands to assist in clearing and cultivating the ground. Land to be had for the merest trifle. The franchise, too, that much-coveted boon, offered to all. Alas! man's destiny, on whichever side of the Atlantic, is not altogether to live by voting, but by working. What signify high wages, land, and liberty, if people shew no disposition to earn and make a proper use of these advantages—if, instead of labouring at some useful occupation, they habitually squander away existence, and do all sorts of wicked things to keep soul and body together. New York contains many thousands of this order of desperates, or call them unfortunates, if you will—men ruined by follies and crimes in the old country; 'outfitters' sent abroad by friends who wish never more to see or hear of them; refugee politicians, who, after worrying Europe, have gone to disturb America (which, fortunately, they are not able to do); beings who might have lived creditably in the Golden Age, but who possess no accurate ideas of the responsibilities of this drudging nineteenth century; immigrants weakened and demoralised by their treatment on board ship; and to sum up with an item which includes nearly everything else—intemperates living upon their wits and the bottle. Collectively

forming a mass of vice and wretchedness, we have here, in fact, a 'dangerous class,' the cryptogamia of society, flourishing in dark holes and corners, just as it is seen to do in any large city of the Old World. Is it an ordination of nature that every great seat of population shall contain so much human wreck?

From whatever cause it may originate, New York is beginning to experience the serious pressure of a vicious and impoverished class. Prisons, hospitals, asylums, juvenile reformatories, alms-houses, houses of refuge, and an expensive, though strangely ineffective police, are the apparatus employed to keep matters within bounds. The governors of a cluster of penal and beneficiary institutions report, that in 1852, they expended 465,109 dollars in administering relief to 80,357 persons. Passing over any notice of the many thousands, including crowds of recently arrived immigrants, assisted by other associations, we have here a number equal to 1 in 7 of the population, coming under review as criminals or paupers in the course of a year—a most extraordinary thing to be said of any place in a country which offers such boundless opportunities for gaining a respectable subsistence. Let Europe, however, bear her proper share of the shame. Of all who pass through the prisons, or stand in need of charitable assistance, it is found that 75 per cent. are foreigners; and the cheerful and untiring manner in which relief is administered to so many worthless and unfortunate strangers, surely goes far to extenuate the reproach of 'dollar-worship,' which has been cast on the American character. To fortify the weak and lift the fallen, much is humanely attempted to be done through religious agencies. Bible and tract societies, and church-missions, make extraordinary exertions; and the industrious and affluent, moved by representations from the press, are uniting in efforts for social

improvement. At the time of my visit, the subject of a better class of dwellings for the working-classes was agitated; and looking at the overcrowded houses, and the excessively high rents paid, it seemed to me that a movement of this kind was desirable. Since my return home, an unsuccessful effort has been made to pass a law for shutting up the taverns (the number of which was 5980 in the early part of 1853); these establishments being believed to be a main source of all the prevalent vice and poverty in the city.

If New York has the misfortune to suffer from an accumulating mass of crime and poverty, it cannot be said that she takes little pains to avert this calamity through the efficacy of religious ministrations or elementary education. In 1853, the city contained 254 churches, conducted, I believe, with a zeal equal to anything we can offer. From personal examination, I am able to speak with greater precision on the subject of school instruction. The educational system of New York, in its higher and lower departments, is on a singularly complete scale. Independently of a number of private academies, there are as many as 230 schools, of which twenty-two are for coloured children, in all of which education is entirely free. These free-schools, which are judiciously scattered through every locality, and open to all, are supported entirely by funds granted from the revenue of the municipality—the appropriation having been 633,813 dollars, or about £125,000 sterling for the current year. Such is the considerate liberality of the city corporation in maintaining the schools and keeping up their efficiency, that one would almost be disposed to think that this much abused body is, after all, not so bad as it is called. I fear that more is done than the people properly appreciate. The registered number of pupils in the various free-schools on the 1st of January 1853, was 127,237;

but it appears that the average attendance was only 44,596 *—a fact which throws a curious light on the method of training youth. With a profusion of schools, nothing to complain of in the routine of instruction, and nothing to pay, it is certainly strange to find that, on an average, many more than one-half of all the children nominally at school, were absent; though from what cause is not explained. According to recent accounts, it would appear that the poverty and neglect of parents rendered it as necessary in New York as in London or Edinburgh, to supplement all the ordinary means of education with a class of schools for the ragged vagrants of the streets—so close is the analogy becoming between the condition of cities in the New and Old World.†

That education of an elementary kind should be offered without charge to all classes of children, at the public expense, will not appear so surprising as that

* Annual Report of the Board of Education of the City and County of New York, 1853.

† 'With the princely fortunes accumulating on the one hand, and the stream of black poverty pouring in on the other, contrasts of condition are springing up as hideous as those of the Old World. . . . . There should be a cure which should go to the source of our social evils in the great cities. . . . . In the meantime, we call attention to the efforts now being made by various parties in our city to meet these increasing wants. A circular appears in another column from an association of ladies, acting in connection with the Children's Aid Society, which shews the character of these enterprises. A Ragged School, or, better named, an Industrial School, is opened, where the children who are too poor for the public schools are taught a common-school education and a means of livelihood. A soup-kitchen is connected with the establishment. The labour, as in the London Ragged Schools, is mostly performed by volunteers; though here entirely by ladies, often from our highest and most intelligent circles. We understand there are now eight of these schools in the city. It is a new feature in New York high life—this active labour and sympathy for the poor. Much of it may be a fashion, like most of our New York impulses; still it is a noble fashion. It is the first step towards bridging over this fearful gulf now widening between different classes.'—*New York Tribune*, April 21, 1854.

instruction even up to the higher branches of study may be obtained by any youth in New York who claims and is found prepared for receiving such a boon. I allude here to the operations of the Free Academy, which may be described as the crowning-point of the free-school system. This institution I felt much interest in visiting. It occupies a large building, more like a college than a school, and in reality is a college in all but the name. Under the superintendence of fourteen professors and a number of tutors, I found upwards of 400 youths, divided in classes and accommodated in different apartments, receiving an education of the most liberal kind at the public cost. Mathematics, Classics and Modern Languages, Oratory, Drawing, Composition, and the Natural Sciences, were among the subjects taught; a large library is also open to the pupils. The annual charge on the school-fund for this academy is about 20,000 dollars. The public support of such an establishment is considered, I believe, to be of doubtful policy. The most obvious objection is, that public property is taxed to educate a select number with professional aims in view. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the child of the poorest is as eligible as the child of the most wealthy citizen; the only test for admission being the ability to pass a suitable and impartially conducted examination. I felt no small pleasure in learning that social distinction was totally unknown in the academy; and that at least thirty of the boys were the sons of persons in a humble rank of life.

The progress of refined tastes in New York has been significantly marked by the establishment of a Crystal Palace, emulative of similar constructions in Europe, and which I considered myself fortunate in arriving in time to visit. Placed in a somewhat confined situation in Reservoir Square, towards the northern extremity

of the city, the edifice was not exteriorly seen to advantage, and was rather cramped in its proportions. Although considerably less in size than the Irish Exhibition, and a pigmy in dimensions as compared with the Palace at Sydenham, it was, nevertheless, a fine thing of its kind, and must have furnished a fair idea of the nature and appearance of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. In shape it was a cross, 365 feet long each way, with a lofty dome in the centre, 100 feet in diameter. Some lesser erections filled up the angles of the cross, and with a separate building of two stories for machinery in the lower, and pictures in the upper gallery, the whole afforded space for a highly respectable exhibition. The interior arrangements and style of decoration bore a close resemblance to what was observed in the structure in Hyde Park—courts for particular classes of productions, rows of statuary, galleries with flags and drapery, and stands for the lighter articles of manufacture.

To this Exhibition, Great Britain, France, Austria, the Netherlands, and other European countries, had contributed objects of useful and ornamental art; but the bulk of the articles shewn were American, and testified to the extraordinary progress in industrial pursuits. It was observable, that this progress embraced little in pictorial art, or the higher order of design. Of the collection of 654 paintings, the greater number were from Germany, Holland, France, and England; the whole contributed by the United States being about forty. One picture I had seen previously—the First of May, by Winterhalter, which represents the Duke of Wellington presenting a casket to his godson, the young Prince Arthur; it was contributed to the Exhibition by Queen Victoria, and attracted many admirers. In the fine arts, America cannot yet be reasonably expected to rival Europe; though under the

fostering influence of wealth, that rivalry will, of course, come in time. What the Americans do excel in, is the invention of tools, machinery, and miscellaneous objects directly useful. In these departments, therefore, there was material for profound meditation; and in seeing the ingenious and beautifully executed implements in wood and metal, and machines for saving and expediting labour, I wished that England had not been satisfied with deputing two or three commissioners to attend the opening of the Exhibition, but that whole companies of mechanics had come to admire and be instructed. Altogether, the Exhibition afforded a striking specimen of native skill and resources; and a conviction was left on the mind, that to treat either that skill or these resources with indifference, would be highly impolitic. Besides being much pleased with the machinery at rest and in motion, including some finely executed steam-engines, I felt much interest in the extent and variety of minerals, the collection of. which was remarkably perfect. Coal, salt, marbles, metals, and other articles, all found in abundance, pointed to the amount of hidden wealth in the several states. Coal of the richest kind was also exhibited from Nova Scotia; but the sight of it suggested the unpleasing reflection, that the great mineral-fields of that ill-used province, gifted by a late English sovereign to a favourite, are pretty nearly useless either to the possessor or the public.

On the occasion of my visit, the Exhibition was crowded with a well-dressed and orderly company; and I should fancy that as respects the education of the eye in matters of taste, it must have been productive of good effects. Unfortunately, it proved a lamentable failure as a commercial enterprise. Originated and conducted by a joint-stock company, with only honorary patronage from government, the Exhibition, at its

close, was found not to have paid its expenses—not so much from any imperfect appreciation of its merits, as from delays in opening. The design, I believe, is to re-open and permanently keep up the Exhibition with some new and attractive features, under the presidency of the immortal Barnum!

In New York, the means of social improvement, through the agency of public libraries, lectures, and reading-rooms, are exceedingly conspicuous. One of the most munificent of these institutions, is the recently opened Astor Library, founded by an endowment of the late John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed a fund of 400,000 dollars to erect a handsome building and store it with books for the free use of the public. I went to see this library, and found that it consisted of a splendid collection of 100,000 volumes, a large proportion of which were works in the best European editions, properly classified, with every suitable accommodation for literary study. The New York Mercantile Library, and the Apprentices' Library, are institutions conducted with great spirit and of much value to the community. A very large and handsome building was in process of erection at a cost of 300,000 dollars, by a benevolent citizen, Mr Peter Cooper, for the purpose of a free reading-room and lectures. The limited space at my disposal does not enable me to particularise other institutions of this class, or to notice the learned societies in which the higher order of intellects co-operate.

The prevalence of education throughout the United States leads, as may be supposed, to a taste for reading, which finds the widest indulgence in easily acquired newspapers and books. Newspapers are seen everywhere in the hands of the labouring as well as the wealthy classes. Every small town issues one or more of these papers, and in large cities they are produced

in myriads. In the streets, at the doors of hotels, and in railway-cars, boys are seen selling them in considerable numbers. Nobody ever seems to grudge buying a paper. In the parlours of public-houses and hotels in England, a newspaper is handed from one person to another, because the purchase of a copy would be expensive; but we see little of this practice in America. Every morning at the Astor House, I should think some hundreds of newspapers were bought by the guests. At breakfast, almost every man had a paper. And I believe I may safely aver, that no working-man of any respectability goes without his paper daily, or at least several times a week. Newspapers, in a word, are not a casual luxury, but a necessary of life in the States; and the general lowness of price of the article admits of its widest diffusion.

Many of these papers are only a cent—equal to a half-penny—each; but two or three cents are a more common price, and some are charged five or six cents. Compared with the expensively got up and well-written morning papers of London, the American newspapers, though low-priced, are scarcely entitled to be called *cheap*. Much of their space is occupied with advertisements, and in some cases the whole readable matter amounts to a few paragraphs of news and remarks connected with party politics. Indulgence in personalities is usually, and with truth, regarded as the worst of their editorial features. In this respect, however, they cannot be said to differ materially from many of the newspapers of the British provinces; and recollecting with shame the recent libellous malignities of certain English newspapers directed against a high personage, we are scarcely entitled to speak of the editorial imperfections of the Americans as altogether singular. Such as they are, and low in price, the newspapers of the United States fulfil an important

purpose in the public economy; and with all their faults, the free discussion of every variety of topic in their pages is, as some will think, better than no discussion at all. In nothing, perhaps, is there such a contrast between Great Britain and America, as in the facilities for disseminating newspapers. In the former country, newspapers can hardly be said to reach the hands of rural labourers. We could, indeed, point out several counties in Scotland which cannot support so much as a single weekly paper; but depend for intelligence on a few prints posted from a distance—such prints affording no local information, and throwing no light whatever on the peculiar, and it may be unfortunate, political and social circumstances in which the people of these counties are placed. On the other hand, such is the saliency of thought, such the freedom of action, in the United States, that a town has hardly time to get into shape before its newspaper is started; and as one always leads to two, we have soon a pair of journals firing away at each other, and keeping the neighbourhood in amusement, if not in a reasonable amount of intelligence. While it may, therefore, suit the policy of England to centralise and deal out opinion according to certain maxims of expediency, and also by every ingenious device to limit the number of newspapers, the people of the United States, taking the thing into their own hands, have organised a press as universal and accessible as the most ordinary article of daily use. On the establishment of a newspaper among them, there are no fiscal restrictions whatever. There is no stamp, and, consequently, no vexatious government regulations requiring to be attended to—no particular form of imprint necessary. Exempted likewise from paper-duty, and never having been burdened with a tax on advertisements, they are in every sense of the word free. The transmission of

newspapers by post in the United States is on an equally simple footing. A newspaper despatched to any place within the state in which it is published, is charged only half a cent (a farthing) for postage, and when sent to any other part of the United States, a cent; but in this latter case, if a quantity be paid for in advance, the cost is only the half-cent. It is proper to state, that these charges do not include delivery at the houses of the parties addressed—that being the subject of a separate small fee; and it is here, both as regards letters and newspapers, that the superiority of the British post-office system is conspicuous.

Decentralising in principle, the newspaper system of the States still relies for the more important items of home and foreign intelligence on the prints of the large cities, which spare neither pains nor expense, by electric-telegraph or otherwise, in procuring the earliest and most exciting news. In this respect, New York may be said to take the lead, by means of several newspapers conducted with a remarkable degree of energy—among which may be noticed the *Herald, Tribune, Post,* and *Commercial Advertiser.* In connection with this prominent feature of New York, it seems proper to state that this city has latterly acquired importance, if not for literary production, at least for the dispersion of books; encroaching, so far, on the older literary marts of Boston and Philadelphia. Periodically in New York there occur great sales by auction to the trade—not of mere parcels of books, but whole editions prepared for the purpose, and transmitted from publishing houses in different parts of the Union. These sales, like the book-fairs of Leipsic, attract purchasers from great distances, and literary wares are disposed of on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. New York likewise possesses a number of publishers of books, original and reprinted, though,

so far as I could judge, the works, generally, are not of the same high-standing as those which are issued from the long-established and classic press of Boston. As a place of publication, New York is best known for its periodicals; of which, with newspapers included, there are as many as a hundred and fifty addressed to every shade of opinion.

By the politeness of Mr Dana, I was conducted over the printing establishment of the *Tribune*, and had pointed out to me a machine resembling one I saw several years ago in the *Times* printing-office, and which was turning out broadsheets with inconceivable rapidity. At the large book-manufacturing concern of the Messrs Harpers, which I visited a few days previous to the fire, the machinery employed was more novel. Thirty-four flat-pressure steam-presses, all afterwards destroyed, were producing the finest kind of work, such as is still effected only by hand-labour in England, into which country the inventor, Adams of Boston, would doubtless be doing a service to introduce them. The practice of stereotyping by an electric process, so as to multiply plates at a small cost, and as yet scarcely known in England, was also in use at the same office. The enormous demand for every moderate-priced product of the press, has, of course, necessitated the resort to these simplifications of labour. The circulation of *Harpers' Magazine* is stated to be upwards of 100,000 copies, which no hand-labour could produce, nor cylinder-printing properly effect, considering the fineness of the wood-engravings usually interspersed through the letter-press. Unfortunately, with every disposition to admire the vigour displayed by the Harpers in conducting their popular miscellany, one can entertain little respect for a work which systematically adopts articles, often without acknowledgment, from English periodicals. Occupying

a much higher literary status, is the monthly magazine, started a year ago by Mr G. P. Putnam, whose efforts in cultivating native American talent, and in sustaining a work of a purely original character, will, we hope, be crowned with the success which they deserve.

In the course of my rambles through the printing-offices of New York, I alighted upon an establishment in which the *Household Words* of Mr Dickens was furnishing employment to one of the presses. As yet, the work I am myself connected with had been exempted from sharing in the glory of an unauthorised transatlantic impression, and I had reason for gratulation accordingly. But who can tell what a few days may bring forth? Since my return to England, *Chambers's Journal* has yielded to its destiny, and, side by side with Mr Dickens's popular print, affords what is thought a fair ground for enterprise to a publisher in New York — necessarily to the damage of the interests concerned in importing and supplying the original edition of the work. How far the circulation of 10,000 copies, said to be achieved by this reprint, is likely to repay the party interested, I am unable to say. The absence of a law of international copyright renders any such imitative reprinting legal; and though feeling that, abstractedly, the present arrangements are by no means consistent with a sense of justice, I have declined, for obvious reasons, to enter into any argument on the subject.

It has sometimes been remarked of George III., that instead of fighting his American subjects, he would have shewn somewhat more prudence by removing family, court, and all, to the States; and so leaving Great Britain, as the lesser country, to shift for itself, as a colony. Some such plan of packing up and removal might almost be recommended to persons designing to follow out a course

connected professionally with any department of literature. Already, certain English publishing-houses are turning attention to the great and ever-extending field of enterprise in the United States, where books, as in the case of newspapers, are not a luxury of the rich, but a necessary part of the household furniture of those depending for subsistence on daily labour. With a view to partaking in the advantages to be derived from the universal demand for literary products in the States, some kind friends strongly counselled the transference of myself bodily to New York; and though coming rather late in the day, the idea was not without its allurements. In one respect, at least, the American possesses an advantage over the English publisher: he is not subjected to heavy taxation in carrying on his operations. When I mentioned to the publishers of New York, that the various works issuing from the establishment with which I was connected, and addressed mainly to classes to whom it was of importance to the state itself that literature should be made as accessible as possible, were loaded with a tax of 10,000 dollars per annum in the form of paper-duty, no small wonder was expressed. 'Why,' said they, 'continue to spend your existence in a country in which the earnings of industry are laid under such heavy contributions?' The inquiry might more pertinently have been put to a younger man, or to one who had fewer inducements to 'stick to the old ship;' but it is exactly the kind of question which, considered in its different aspects, is now drawing away so many eager minds across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOSTON—LOWELL.

After paying a few visits to Brooklyn on the one side, and the New Jersey shore on the other, I left New York, and proceeded northwards to spend a short time in New England; my journey taking me direct to Boston in one day—distance by railway 236 miles, for which the fare was five dollars. By this line of route, very large numbers pass to and from New York daily. The cars, starting in detachments, with teams of horses, from Canal Street, were united in a long train outside the town, and then drawn in good style by a locomotive at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. The line, which makes a considerable bend in its course, proceeds by way of New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester; and so traversing a populous country, goes through the state of Connecticut into Massachusetts.

After passing New Haven, a handsomely built town, the seat of Yale College, the country improves in appearance; and in the neighbourhood of Hartford, within the valley of the Connecticut river, the land is green, rich, and beautiful. When we reach Springfield, the arable plains of Connecticut are exchanged for the rugged and pastoral hills of Massachusetts; and we need not to be told that we have arrived in a region which depends not on natural products, but on an intense spirit of manufacturing industry, for its wealth

and importance. Placed on a group of conical mounts, partly environed by inlets of the sea, Boston is seen on our approach to be an odd mixture of towns and lakes, which the stranger requires several days to comprehend—and which I cannot say I quite understand even yet. A fine bay, as formerly noticed, admits shipping from the sea up to the various wharfs that fringe the lower parts of the city, and renders Boston one of the best seats of exterior commerce on the whole coast of America.

It will be recollected, that it was not in this inviting harbour that the 'Pilgrim Fathers' landed in New England, December 22, 1620, but at Plymouth, about thirty-six miles distant along the coast to the south. Boston was settled ten years later by a fresh band of English refugees, fleeing from religious persecution, and was at first called Tremont; but this descriptive name was afterwards changed to Boston, in compliment to the Rev. John Cotton, who had emigrated from Boston in Lincolnshire; and so Boston it remains, along with all its traditions, historic and biographical. I hinted on a previous occasion, that a glance at Boston would disenchant any one from illusory ideas respecting the Americans. The city, occupying the slopes of a rounded low hill, is thoroughly English in aspect—the brick-houses smarter, perhaps, and excelling in their brilliant green jalousies, plate-glass windows, and general air of neatness. A number of the public and other buildings are of granite, and the broad side-pavements are of this durable material. Boston is English even in its irregularity. Instead of being laid out on the rectangular American pattern, and garnished with rows of trees, the streets wind and diverge in different directions, some broad and some narrow, some steep and some level, according to fancy or the nature of the ground—the greater part clinging parasitically round

the chief of the Tremonts, which is crowned with the conspicuous dome of the State-house.

I was not prepared by any previous account for the throng of carriages, drays, and foot-passengers in the leading thoroughfares of Boston. Washington Street, which stretches longitudinally through the city, cannot be compared to Broadway in New York, or the Strand in London, yet as a fashionable business thoroughfare it has few equals. Tremont Street, which is parallel with it a little higher up the hill, is another principal avenue through the city, communicating at one end with the celebrated Boston Common. This is much the finest thing of the kind in America. It is an enclosed piece of ground, fifty acres in extent, ornamented with trees and a fountain, irregular in surface, and enclosed with a railing; it is always open for foot-passengers, and is devoted exclusively to the public use. On three sides, it is bounded by a terrace-like street, with a range of well-built houses, the residence of the élite of Boston. This spacious grassy common has a general inclination to the south, and at its upper part, the line of street embraces the State-house, from the summit of which a very fine panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained.

In Boston there are some public buildings in the best styles of architecture, and it may be said that to whatever side we turn, evidences of intelligence and taste are presented. After a visit to New York, the appearance of Boston is particularly pleasing. Instead of dirt, noise, and all sorts of irregularities, we have cleanliness, comparative tranquillity, and, as it seems, a system of municipal government in which things are not left altogether to take charge of themselves. In these and some other respects, Boston will probably please all who like to see a well-managed and

respectable city—its police not a sham, and its streets really swept in requital for the money expended on them. So far are police arrangements carried, that smoking, as I was informed, is not allowed in the public thoroughfares. A regard for neatness and decorum was a predominant feature in the minds of the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and still remains impressed on the character of their descendants. We can, indeed, see that in manners and various social arrangements, the New England states—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut —possess a distinctive character. The cradle of civil liberty, they are also the source of those great schemes of free elementary education extending over the Union; while in most things which tend to general improvement, their people are generally seen taking the lead. Some writer has remarked, that the comparative barrenness of the soil of Massachusetts has proved an incalculable blessing to America. Unable from natural sources to support a large population, the country has thrown off swarms of emigrants, who have carried with them the shrewd keenness, perseverance, and love of independence of the New England race, which, in point of fact, is a living type of the hardy and thoughtful English who battled against the Stuarts in the middle of the seventeenth century. Spreading into other states, these New Englanders are seen to win their way by an aptitude for business and a wonderful power of organisation. As merchants, lawyers, and magistrates, they are acknowledged to be an important element — one might almost say the cement — of American society. Retaining the temperament and modes of expression of their English ancestry, we find that they are more wiry in constitution, and speak in a higher and more nasal tone than is observable elsewhere.

Moulded from a Puritan ancestry, it might be expected that the Bostonians, with many changes in sentiment, would still possess a slender appreciation of the fine arts; but the elegance of many of their buildings, and their love of music, demonstrated by the recent opening of a large and handsome hall for musical entertainments, would infer that they retain little of the ancient sourness of manners. They are, however, like another people whom we could name—not signalised by any love for theatrical representations. The drama, I should think, is in a low condition in Boston. I went one evening to a theatre, which was tolerated under the name of a 'Museum.' To invest it with this illusory character, its spacious vestibule was environed with cases of dried snakes, stuffed birds, and other curiosities, which nobody, so far as I could see, took the trouble to look at, the centre of attraction being a theatre beyond, fitted up with a hanging-gallery, and pews as like a church as possible. The house was crowded with a respectable and attentive audience, but the acting was of an inferior kind; and what in my opinion was more objectionable, the piece performed was a melodrama, in which religion was irreverently blended with buffoonery. I am at a loss to say whether this, like the adoption of the term 'Museum,' was a device to soothe public prejudice, but it communicated that impression.

One of the days of my sojourn in Boston was the 24th of November, which, by proclamation of the governor of Massachusetts, was kept as Thanksgiving-day—according to an old custom—in the New England states. The institution of this religious festival is traced to an early period in colonial history, and has gradually assumed a national character. Each state may select the day most convenient to itself: that adopted, however, by Massachusetts, seems to set the

fashion, and accordingly there is an almost universal holiday. On this occasion, all business was suspended in Boston, the stores were shut, and the churches of every denomination were open. In the afterpart of the day, things relaxed a little. There was a thronging in and out of the city on excursions and visits, and among other signs of jollity, the 'Museum' opened its attractions. The day, in short, came pretty closely up to the old English Christmas—one half devoted to church, and the other half to dining and amusement, like a genuine mediæval festival. I was told that the meeting together of members of a family on Thanksgiving-day was maintained as a sacred practice in New England, and that many travelled hundreds of miles to be present. It is not less a universal custom to have a turkey to dinner on the occasion of these family reunions; those too poor to purchase this delicacy, are usually presented with it by friends or employers; and, as may be supposed, the number of turkeys required throughout the New England states is immense. The opening of the churches for public worship permitted me to attend King's Chapel, a respectable-looking stone-built church, nearly opposite the Tremont Hotel, where I had taken up my quarters. This church, fitted with high family-pews of dark wood, like those of the parish churches of England, retained very nearly the appearance it possessed previous to the revolution, when it was the place of worship of the English governor of the province. The service was liturgical, but differed in some respects from that of the Church of England. Adjacent is a burying-ground, separated by a railing from the street, and said to contain on one of the tombstones the oldest carved date in America—1642.

In visiting Boston, so many are the memorials of the great revolutionary struggle, that one feels as if

surrounded by illustrations of history. The Old South Meeting House, where, on the 6th of March 1770, was held the town meeting to remonstrate with the governor against bringing in troops to overawe the inhabitants; Faneuil Hall, a huge brick-building in the market-place, celebrated for assemblages of the 'Sons of Liberty;' Griffin's Wharf, where, on a moonlight night, December 16, 1773, under the popular impulse given by Josiah Quincy, a large crowd went on board the *Dartmouth*, and other English ships, and within two hours poured the contents of 342 chests of tea into the harbour; the level slip of peninsula called Boston Neck, which unites the city with the mainland, and where were placed the British fortified lines in August 1774; the scenery on the western side of Charles River, including Bunker's and Breed's Hills, where took place the memorable action of June 17, 1775; Dorchester Heights, on the mainland, to the south, &c. Among the chief of the objects of curiosity, is the Bunker Hill Monument, occupying a conspicuous situation in the neighbourhood. To reach the spot where this monument has been erected, I crossed the Charles River by a long and low wooden bridge, supported on piles, and passing through Charlestown, arrived at the base of a grassy mound, little more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea. Such is Breed's Hill, which has been selected as the most favourable site for the Bunker Hill Monument. Originally in an open down, the locality is now crowded with houses, which seem to be closing round the hill, very much to the injury of its appearance. The top of the hill has been levelled and laid out with walks, radiating from an iron rail which surrounds the monument. Access to the summit is gained by a staircase. The monument is an obelisk of whitish granite, 221 feet in height, with a square base of 30

feet, whence it tapers to a point. It is a chastely correct work of art—a thing dignified and beautiful in its very simplicity. Many years were spent in bringing it to a complete state, on account of the difficulty experienced in raising the necessary funds for its execution. It was inaugurated by a public ceremonial in 1843, on which occasion Daniel Webster delivered one of his most admired orations.

Accustomed as one is to find everything new in America, Boston, in its historical and social features, presents so much of an old and settled character, that it may be said to stand out alone in its resemblance to a European city. Although constructed principally of wood, no place could be imagined more English than Cambridge, a suburban city, situated to the south of Charlestown, and reached in the same way by an extremely long wooden bridge. This is the seat of Harvard University, an institution dating as far back as 1638, and now, with its various schools, the most important and best attended college in the United States. A glance at Old Cambridge, as it is named, shews us a variety of smart buildings scattered about among trees, with broad winding roads giving access to pretty villas, each with its flower-plot in front, and delightful bits of lawn used for pasturage or recreation. The grass, to be sure, is not so compact or so green as it is in England, the dryness of the climate forbidding that anywhere in America; but the imitation is here as near the original as possible. Driving along one of the broad thoroughfares, our vehicle stops at the gateway of one of the most venerable wooden villas. It is a neat house of two stories, with pilasters in the bald Grecian style of the Georgian era, attics in the roof, and side-verandas, resting on wooden pillars. Across the garden-plot in the front, two short flights of steps lead up terrace-banks towards the door. The

view in front is open, being across a grassy plain in the direction of Boston. This house became the abode of General Washington on the 2d of July 1775, when he came from New York to take command of the American army; and here he resided part of his time during the contest in the neighbourhood. At present, the villa is owned and inhabited by Mr H. W. Longfellow, professor of modern languages in the adjacent university, and one of the most accomplished living poets in the United States. Introduced by a literary friend, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of a person whose writings are esteemed in England as well as America, and of seeing the interior of the historically interesting mansion he inhabits. The walls of the room—a kind of library-boudoir—into which I was shewn, were panelled according to an old fashion, and the furniture was of that tastefully antique kind which seemed appropriate to the past and present character of the dwelling. The whole place speaks of other days. Adjoining the house are various tall elms, probably a century old—a highly respectable antiquity for America—and the patch of garden appears to be preserved in the form it possessed when Washington paced across it on that celebrated summer morning when he went forth to put himself at the head of his troops. The spot where this event occurred was in the neighbouring common; here, under the shadow of a large tree, called Washington's Elm, standing at a central point between two cross-roads, he is said to have drawn his sword, and formally entered on command.

It says much for the staid character of the Bostonians, that families connected not only with the revolutionary era, but with the early settlement of the province, still maintain a respectable position in the town, and form what may be called an aristocracy, distinguished alike by wealth and honourable

public service. So much has been written of the peculiar attractions of Boston society, that I am fortunately left nothing to say, further than to take the opportunity of offering thanks for the many polite attentions I received from all with whom I had any intercourse. Although only a few days in the city and its neighbourhood, I had an opportunity of making some satisfactory inquiries respecting the prevalent system of elementary education, and of visiting some of the excellent literary institutions with which the intelligent inhabitants of Boston have had the good taste to provide themselves. The Athenæum, consisting of a library and reading-room, was the finest thing of the kind I had seen in America; for, besides a collection of 50,000 volumes, there was a gallery of paintings and sculpture of a high class. Among institutions of a more popular character, may be noticed the Mercantile Library Association, at whose rooms I was shewn a collection of about 13,000 volumes; also, the Lowell Institute, established by a bequest of 250,000 dollars, for the purpose of providing free lectures on science, art, and natural and revealed religion. Some movements were on foot to widen the sphere of intellectual improvement by means of a free library and otherwise: and from the great number of publishing establishments, it was evident that the demand for literature was considerable. 'Everybody reads and everybody buys books,' said a publisher to me one day; and he added: 'every mechanic, worth anything at all, in Massachusetts, must have a small library which he calls his own; besides, the taste for high-class books is perceptibly improving. A few years ago, we sold great quantities of trashy Annuals; now, our opulent classes prefer works of a superior quality.' At the same time, I learned that a number of copies of instructive popular works which I had been concerned in publishing, had

been imported for the use of school-libraries; and as there are about 18,000 such libraries in the United States, the amount of books of various kinds required for this purpose alone may be supposed to be very considerable.

Like most visitors of Massachusetts, I made an excursion to Lowell—a manufacturing city of 37,000 inhabitants, at the distance of twenty-five miles north-west of Boston. A railway-train occupied an hour in the journey, which was by way of Lexington—a small town at which the first shots were fired (April 19, 1775) at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle. The country traversed was level, enclosed, and here and there dotted over with pretty villages and detached dwellings, in the usual New England style. Lowell may be described as a village of larger growth, composed of houses of brick or wood, disposed in straight lines forming spacious and airy streets. Several railways centre at the spot, but there is little noise or bustle in the thoroughfares. All the children are at school, and most of the adult inhabitants are in the several manufactories. The day is sunshiny and pleasant, and a few infants are playing about the doors of neat dwellings in the short streets which lead to the mills. These mills are of the ordinary cotton-factory shape—great brick-buildings, with rows of windows with small panes, and all are enclosed within courtyards, or otherwise secluded from intrusion.

The whole of the Lowell mills being moved by water-power, we agreeably miss the smoky atmosphere which surrounds the Lancashire factories. The power is derived from the Merrimack, a river of considerable size, which is led by an artificial canal from a point above a natural fall in its course, to the various works. In 1853, there were twelve incorporated manufacturing concerns in Lowell and its neighbourhood; principally

engaged in cotton spinning and weaving, carpet-manufacturing, calico-printing, and machine-making. The chief and oldest of the various corporations is the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, established in 1822, and possessing a capital of 2,500,000 dollars. Its operations are carried on in six large buildings; it has at work 71,072 spindles, 2114 power-looms, employs 1650 females and 650 males, and makes 377,000 yards of cloth per week. The goods it produces are prints and sheetings. Besides going over the extensive works of this establishment, I visited the mills of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, where I found 800 females and 500 males employed principally in the spinning of wool and weaving of carpets—the designs of these articles being good, with bright and decided colours.

Cotton-spinning and weaving factories are pretty much the same all the world over, and I do not feel entitled to say that there was any remarkable exception in the establishments which here fell under my notice. In each there prevailed the greatest neatness and regularity. The females employed were tidy in dress, yet not very different in this respect from what I had seen in factories at home; for the nature of the work does not admit of finery, and it is only at leisure hours and on Sundays that silks and parasols make their appearance. In the windows of one of the large factories, I saw that flowers in pots were a favourite subject of culture, which I accepted as a token of the good taste of these young lady-artisans. Boarding-houses, generally the property, and under the supervision of the mill-owners, are situated at a short distance from the factories. These houses are of brick, three stories in height, and have exteriorly the aspect of what we should call dwellings of the middle classes. Of the orderliness of these establishments, their neatly furnished rooms, pianos, and accommodations of various

kinds, it is unnecessary for me to go into particulars; neither need I call to remembrance the literary exercitations of the female inmates, demonstrated by the *Lowell Offering*, and *Mind among the Spindles*. Among American girls, the general objection to domestic service is not attended with any dislike to working in factories. Many young women, the daughters of farmers, do not therefore disdain to employ themselves three or four years at Lowell, in order to realise a sum which will form a suitable dowry at marriage, to which, of course, all look forward as a natural termination of their career at the mills; and as no taint of immorality is attachable to their conduct while under the roof of any of the respectable boarding-houses, they may be said to be objects of attraction to young farmers looking out for wives. I was informed that, latterly, a number have come from Lower Canada, and return with quite a fortune to the parental home.

Undoubtedly, the strict regulations enforced by the proprietors of the mills, along with the care taken to exclude any female of doubtful character, largely contribute to the good working of this remarkable system. But as human nature is the same everywhere, I am disposed to seek for another cause for the orderly behaviour and economic habits of the Lowell operatives —and this I believe to be the hope of a permanent improvement of their condition. The sentiment of *hope* is observed to enjoy a vigorous existence in America. Prepared by education, the way is open to all; and so easily is an independent position gained, that none need to sink down in despair, or become tipplers in mere desperation and vacuity of thought. Even in working at cotton-mills, hope has its aspirations in a way not permitted by the customs of England. The factories of Lowell have been spoken of as belonging to incorporations. These are joint-stock companies, established

by a charter from the state legislature, and have the validity and privileges accorded only to such companies in England as are established by special act of parliament. To procure such an act, supposing it would be granted to an ordinary manufacturing concern, would cost at least £500, or more probably £800; but in Massachusetts, or any other state of the Union, the entire expense of a charter would be thought high at 100 dollars, or £20; and I heard of cases in which charters did not cost more than £5. At whatever expense these state-charters are procured, they enable small capitalists to unite to carry out with safety a particular commercial object. The shareholders are responsible only to the extent of their shares, unless they become managers, when they are bound to the limit of their fortune. For anything I know, there may be inherent weakness in the principle of these organisations, but they seem to go on satisfactorily at Lowell, and other places in the New England states; and if they do not command the respect of large capitalists, they at all events do not give rise to feelings of hostility between employer and employed. The stock of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, which has been stated at 2,500,000 dollars, consists of shares of 1000 dollars each; and I have the authority of Mr Isaac Hinckley, the resident manager, for saying, that the persons employed by the company own more than eighty shares of the capital stock, or 80,000 dollars; and as the market-value of a share is at present 1320 dollars, it is tolerably evident that the concern is paying well, and in good credit. While it may be acknowledged that the management of factories established on this plan is not likely to be so prompt and vigorous as those owned by a single individual, it is surely a matter of some importance to have arranged a scheme, by which operatives have the power of

becoming proprietors, to a certain extent, of the mills in which they habitually labour. Whether with the hope of obtaining this distinction, or of investing accumulated capital in other kinds of property, the operatives are depositors to a very great amount in the savings-banks in Lowell. Mr Hinckley mentioned, 'that the Lowell Institution for Savings, had at last report about 1,060,000 dollars of deposits, mostly belonging to persons employed in mills; and he thought the City Institution had about half that amount.' In a published account, it is stated that the number of depositors last year was '6224, nearly all of whom were persons employed in the mills.' Facts such as these say more for the good habits of the New England operatives than the highest eulogy.

All the manufacturing establishments in Lowell concur in issuing a printed table of statistics annually. In the paper of this kind, dated January 1853, the average wage of females, clear of board, per week, is two dollars; and of males, clear of board, four dollars, eighty cents. If we add that one dollar, twenty-five cents is the price of board for females, and two dollars for males, a fair idea will be obtained of the wages of labour in the Lowell factories. In English money, the average weekly earnings of a female may be set down at 13s. 6d., and of a male, at from 19s. 6d. to 21s.; and, keeping in view that the practice is to secure on an average twelve working-hours each day, English factory-operatives may draw for themselves a comparison between their own position and that of the workers in the mills of Lowell.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the prosperity of Lowell, and the agreeable circumstances of the operatives, rest on a somewhat precarious foundation, owing their existence as they do to a tariff which excludes the more cheaply produced goods of England.

America has, indeed, strong prejudices in favour of paying high prices within herself for clothing, as contrasted with being supplied more cheaply from a distance; but, after what we have seen of the instability of a protective system in our own country, no one can tell what revolutions of sentiment a few years may bring about amongst so quick and intelligent a people as those of the United States. Were it not for this consideration, I should be inclined to express my surprise that the mill-operatives of Lancashire and Lanarkshire have never struck upon the idea of removing to one or other of the many fields of demand for their labour across the Atlantic.

It appears from statistical returns, that there are now upwards of a thousand cotton manufacturing establishments in the United States, fully one-half being in New England; and of these, Massachusetts has 213, the value of the goods produced in which, in 1845, was above 12 millions of dollars. Considerable as was this item, it formed only a small amount in a general estimate of manufactures in Massachusetts, which reached a total of 115 millions of dollars. Leaving to Connecticut much of the trade of fabricating clocks and other light and ingenious articles, Massachusetts owns many concerns in which the great staples of industry in textile fabrics and metals are produced. Among the trades which it may be said to have made peculiarly its own, at least as regards the eastern states, is that of boot and shoe making. I may state on credible authority, that in 1845, the value of leather tanned was 3,800,000 dollars, and that boots and shoes were produced to the value of 14,799,000 dollars. Probably the value is now as much as 20 millions of dollars; and that anything like such a sum (£4,000,000 sterling) should be realised every year for these articles, in a state with no more than a third of the population

of Scotland, is not a little surprising; and the fact is only comprehended by referring to the vastly extended territory over which the manufacturer finds a market. No inconsiderable quantity of the coarser kind of shoes, called 'brogans,' is disposed of for the use of slaves in the south, where manufacturing arrangements are on a limited and imperfect scale; and as these shoes are only one of many varieties of articles made in the free, for sale in the slave states, it is tolerably evident that, so far as material interests are concerned, the northern manufacturers, and all depending on them, have little reason to wish for a speedy termination to slavery. Lynn, a seaport town in Massachusetts, I understand, takes the lead in the boot and shoe trade; the quantity made in that place alone being 4,500,000 pairs per annum, mostly of a fine kind, for ladies and children. Recently, a machine has been introduced for fixing the soles of shoes by means of pegs; the inventor being a person in Salem, in Massachusetts. I was shewn some boots which had been prepared in this manner, and was told that a pair could be pegged in two minutes. One can imagine from all he hears, that the shoe manufacture must exercise a commanding importance in the state; and if any doubt be left as to the fact, it will be removed by knowing that a few years ago there were as many as fifteen members of the 'gentle craft' in the legislature of Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XIV.

RHODE ISLAND.

CRAMPED into a small space between Massachusetts and Connecticut, we may see on the map a state called Rhode Island—the island from which it derives its name being a mere speck within a bay on the sea-coast, and the bulk of the state being in reality on the mainland. How this little state came into political existence, is one of the most interesting circumstances in American history.

I have had occasion to refer to an unfortunate feature in the character of the Pilgrim Fathers—their extreme intolerance. Though fleeing from religious persecution in England, and suffering for conscience' sake, their polity admitted of no departure whatever from their own tenets and practices. Themselves in exile as Nonconformists, they sternly repressed by fine, imprisonment, and even the gallows, everything like nonconformity to their own favourite form of belief. The early history of New England abounds in the most revolting instances of this species of oppression; and no case appeals so warmly to modern sympathy as that of Roger Williams. This was a young English divine of good education, who arrived in America in 1631, and became a much-esteemed Puritan preacher. Being, however, of a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he could not reconcile the legalised principle of intolerance with the injunctions of the

Gospel; and in spite of remonstrances against a continuance in 'error,' he at length boldly proclaimed the doctrine of freedom of conscience, which till that time was practically unknown. The proposition that no man should be troubled on account of his religious opinions, was intolerable to the magistracy of the settlement; and Williams, abandoning family and home, was constrained to flee from place to place for personal safety. The account of his wanderings and privations among the Indian tribes who hung about the borders of Massachusetts, forms the subject of a deeply affecting narrative, which has lately been given to the world by one every way competent for the task. Passing over the history of his sufferings in the wilderness, we find Williams still undaunted, and resolute in carrying out his opinions to a practical issue. Borrowing a canoe, he sets out with five adherents on what may be called a voyage of discovery; his object being to find a spot where every man might live and enjoy his religious opinions in peace. In this adventurous excursion, Providence seemed to guide the frail vessel to the banks of a small arm of the sea, projected inland from Narraganset Bay. Here, according to tradition, being hailed from a rock by a friendly Indian, Williams and his party landed, and were hospitably received by the chiefs of the Narragansets, from whom he received a grant of territory, to which, in pious gratitude, he gave the name of Providence. This event occurred in June 1636, and was the foundation of a new English settlement—a place of shelter, as Williams described it, 'for persons distressed for conscience.' Being situated beyond the jurisdiction of New Plymouth and Massachusetts, the magistrates of these colonies had no proper title to interfere with the settlers in Providence, and they satisfied themselves with prognostications of disaster and ruin to a state

which was so deficient in the elements of authority. Contrary to these anticipations, the young settlement throve amazingly, by the flocking in of persons desirous of liberty to profess their peculiar religious opinions. To all who came, Williams, like a benevolent patriarch of old, gave freely of the lands he had acquired, and he is said to have left nothing for himself or family. As population accumulated, he felt the inconvenience of acting without legal sanction; and he accordingly proceeded to England in 1644, and procured a charter from Charles I., constituting an English colony under the title of the Plantations of Providence and Rhode Island. On the occasion of a second visit to England in 1663, Williams obtained a more comprehensive charter from Charles II.; and curiously enough, through every phase of history, the provisions of this latter document have continued, with certain modifications, to be the constitution of the state of Rhode Island.

The opportunity of visiting a spot hallowed by one of the noblest struggles for civil and religious liberty of which history offers an example, was not, I thought, to be neglected. I had only two days to spare previous to going southward, and these I resolved on devoting to a pilgrimage to the small commonwealth founded by the immortal Roger Williams. So numerous are the railways diverging from Boston, that no difficulty is experienced in proceeding in the required direction. On a bracing and clear Saturday morning, I took the line to Providence, situated at the distance of about forty-two miles in a southerly direction. The route pursued lay through a country of hill and valley, dotted over with rough shrubby woods, enclosed pasture-fields, and villages of white houses, where manufactures of some kind appear to be carried on. These seats of industry are seen chiefly nestling in hollows, on the

banks of small streams, where they enjoy a command of water, either for moving machinery or to aid in the process of manufacture. Everything denotes that we are passing through a district of the usual orderly New England character. At the several stations along the line, a respectable class of persons drop into and depart from the cars, and it seemed to me that the cars themselves were the neatest and most commodious I had yet seen in my excursion.

After clearing the minor places on its route, the train entered a spacious valley with an arm of the sea at its lower extremity; and here, on both sides of a tidal basin connected by bridges, stands the venerable city of Providence. It was my good-fortune to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of the place in the course of my voyage across the Atlantic; and hospitably entertained by him on the present occasion, I was enabled to acquire much useful information respecting the locality. To get to my friend's residence, it was necessary to drive up a steep street leading from the central part of the town in an easterly direction towards a high level ground above, on which rows of handsome villas have recently been erected. The villas are, indeed, mostly of wood, but they are very pretty, with neat gardens in front, and gateways by which you may drive up to the door. Some have glass conservatories for flowers and tropical plants, connected with the drawing-rooms; and it is seen from other indications, that we have got among a class of dwellings inhabited by families of taste and opulence.

Temporarily settled in one of these suburban structures, I requested as a favour to be conducted to the spot where Roger Williams had landed in the settlement. It was at no great distance. The site of the city of Providence, and this part of its environs, is a stretch of land between two indentations of the sea;

and we have only to walk about a mile to the eastern boundary of the peninsula to find the subject of our research. A short ramble along a broad and newly laid out avenue, offering frontages for building-lots, led us to the brink of a high bank, from which we could look down on the memorable scene. Before us is a sea-water inlet, of no great breadth, with a sandy and rocky shore on each side, surmounted by rough, shrubby banks; all being as yet untouched by art, though probably destined to be involved in the traffic which in the first instance has settled around the harbour of Providence. By a rough path, we scrambled down the declivity to the water's edge, and there stood on the dark slaty rock from which Williams is said to have been saluted by the Indian. According to the legend, the words 'What cheer,' were employed on this occasion; and till the present day the seal of the city of Providence represents Williams's landing, surmounted by 'What cheer' as a motto. 'What cheer' is the perpetual slogan of the Rhode Islanders. It is seen stamped on their public documents; and in the principal street of Providence, there has lately been erected a remarkably fine building, entitled 'What Cheer Hall!'

After visiting the landing-place of Williams, I proceeded towards the town in quest of other memorials of the apostle of toleration. Of these, however, not many are in existence. Williams, at his death, left nothing of an enduring kind but the memory of his good deeds, and over his mortal remains no monumental stone has been erected. The humble edifice in which he ministered has long ago been succeeded by a larger and more handsome church pertaining to the Baptist communion. It is situated in the midst of an open piece of ground, on the slope of the hill near the town. On the brow of the eminence, from which a fine view is

obtained, there has been erected a neat edifice for the accommodation of the Historical Society of Providence. Here, among many curiosities of an old date referring to colonial affairs, were shewn some crown-charters; and in a mass of detached papers I had the pleasure of seeing several letters of Roger Williams, written in a small cramped hand, and yellow with age—almost the only relics which Providence can shew of its celebrated founder. Across the way, and at the same elevation, are situated various stone buildings devoted to the purposes of the Brown University—an institution directed by the Baptists, and under the presidency of Dr Wayland, author of a well-known treatise on moral philosophy. I looked through the library of the university, which consisted of 20,000 volumes of choice literature, kept in the finest order. In a more central part of the town, is the Athenæum, an establishment which combines a large library for general use with a reading-room, where I found a choice of English newspapers and periodicals. Providence possesses a variety of benevolent and disciplinary institutions, and is not behind any city of its size in New England for the number of its schools. On the Sunday during my stay, I attended one of the Congregational churches, in which a good practical discourse was delivered to a respectable audience. The population of Providence is about 37,000, who possess among them thirty-five churches of one kind or other; so that it can scarcely be said the tolerant doctrines of Williams have led to a neglect of religious ordinances.

Rhode Island possesses several other towns of importance, one of them being Newport, a place of fashionable summer resort, situated on the island which gives its name to the state. In its general industrial features, Rhode Island resembles the neighbouring New England states, being thickly studded with

cotton, woollen, and other manufacturing establishments, for which water-power presents numerous facilities. But more interesting than any of its material pursuits, is the singularly democratic character of its constitution, which, as has been said, differs little from that which was imparted by Charles II. to the colonists. While Massachusetts was placed under the authority of a governor delegated by the crown, the settlers of Rhode Island were empowered to elect a governor from among themselves, and the routine of the election has proceeded uninterruptedly since 1663. The revolution which overthrew the English authority in the States generally, was therefore attended with no novelties in the administration of Rhode Island. A governor, senate, and house of representatives are elected annually by the citizens of the state, the ordinary expenses of which, derived from a population of 147,000, and an area of 47 by 37 miles, are only 50,000 dollars. Besides this sum, the state expends directly from its treasury for education 35,000 dollars per annum, to which may be added 55,000 dollars raised by local assessment for the same purpose. The yearly salary of the governor, I understand, is 400 dollars. Think of £80 a year for a governor; and think also of another fact which excites equal surprise—a state in which more is expended for education than for the whole apparatus of civil government! Happy little state, which seems to go on flourishingly under a taxation of a dollar a head, everything included! And yet in this elysium there has been a rebellion. In 1842, an extreme party, much to the discredit of Rhode Island, took up arms to vindicate their irregular proceedings; but the community plucking up courage, quelled the insurrection with little trouble; and in 1843, the existing modified constitution was adopted with general approbation.

Settled into the condition of an old country, Rhode Island, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, does not offer a field for copious immigration; but I am warranted in saying that artisans, and almost every class of manual labourers, would have no difficulty in getting employment at good wages. At Providence, I was told of an Irish labourer who had contrived to save 1500 dollars, with which he cleared out for the Western States, where land is still easily acquired. In the course of my conversation with gentlemen who called on me during my short stay in the place, I was questioned respecting the condition of the working-classes in Great Britain; the subject being apparently a matter of interest to those intelligent inquirers. The description I was able, from personal knowledge, to give of the ploughmen in Scotland, was listened to with much surprise. 'A rural labourer of this class,' I said, 'is born and lives all his days in a humble cottage, thatched or slated, consisting only of one apartment, which contains two beds. The floor is of clay, beaten hard, and is generally damp and productive of rheumatisms. The inside of the walls is usually whitened, seldom plastered; and a ceiling is ordinarily made of old mats nailed to rafters, about seven feet from the floor. The furniture consists principally of half-a-dozen deal-chairs, a deal-table, some plain crockery, one or two iron pots, and a flat disk of iron, whereon to bake oaten-cakes or bannocks of peasemeal. Besides this kind of bread, the food of the family consists of oatmeal-porridge, milk, hard cheese, and a little fried bacon; occasionally broth, with a modicum of meat. In the house of a thrifty ploughman, no tea, coffee, sugar, or any luxury whatever is used, except on very rare occasions. To take up the ploughman at infancy,' I continued, 'he goes to the parish school, which is perhaps three miles distant; and he is there instructed to read, write, and

cipher, for which his parents pay the teacher a fee of from two to four shillings every quarter of a year. They also furnish him with books; one of these is a Bible—the reading of which as an ordinary lesson, with the committing of a catechism and some psalms to his memory, as a task, usually constitute what in Scotland is called a "religious education." If the family is numerous, one juvenile, in corduroys and bare feet, is indulged with schooling only in alternate quarters. The schoolmaster may be good or bad; but over him the parents of pupils possess no control whatever. He is a fixture for life, and amenable only to the clergy of the Established Church, to whom he probably becomes a kind of sycophant. Should his life be extended to superannuation, no assistant can be legally imposed on him; and in some instances, accordingly, the education given is most miserable. What with this poor sort of schooling, herding cows, or helping at farm-work, the youth grows to manhood, and is hired at a country fair to act as a ploughman. Young unmarried ploughmen are in some places lodged in huts by themselves, or accommodated with beds in the haylofts over the stables—in either case, greatly to their demoralisation. Getting over this critical period of his life, the ploughman marries, and a fresh family routine ensues. The cottage he occupies is one of four or five, built in a row, not far from the farm-steading, and called collectively, "the hinds' houses." Each cottage is provided with a small garden for growing vegetables; but seldom has it a single exterior accommodation of any kind. Coal, sticks gathered for fuel, and a dunghill, lie heaped in front or rear—a scene of dirt and confusion. In this habitation and the adjoining fields, the ploughman passes his days. For his remuneration, he has the use of his dwelling rent-free; and besides a money-wage, has so much meal and

other perquisites as make up a total of about £30 per annum; to which liberty to keep a pig and fowls are considered to be important additions. What he gives for all this is a hard servitude, admitting of little relaxation or intellectual improvement. He possesses no political privileges whatever. Publicly, he is not recognised, further than being under the protection of the law, or as forming material for the militia ballot, when that is in operation. He is not called on to serve on any jury, or to take part in any parish or county meetings, or to vote for one thing or other. His condition, in short, when considered apart from religious consolations, is *without hope*. From his miserable earnings, after rearing a family, what, in old age, can he have saved? Unless aided by his daughters, some of whom may be in domestic service, or employed to work in the fields, he probably dies a parish pauper. Latterly,' I added, 'an attempt has been made by the gentry to render the ploughmen's dwellings more consistent with decency and comfort, and in some places considerable improvements have been introduced.'

'It appears to me,' said a gentleman present, 'that the condition of your rural labourers is little better than that of unprivileged serfs.'

'There is this great difference,' I observed, 'our rural, and all other classes of labourers, are not a degraded or despised caste. They are free, and, under fortunate circumstances, may rise from a humble to a high station.'

'True, so far,' was the reply. 'But the freedom you impart is associated with such depressing influences, that the chance of rising is very slender. The state of popular education in Scotland, according to your own account, is very bad; and in England it is worse. Only one-half of the women who are married in England can sign their names. Great numbers of the

rural labourers cannot read. Your aristocracy, having insured the ignorance and incapacity of the peasantry, turn round and say they are unfitted to exercise any political privileges—a pretty kind of liberty that! The Americans are amused with the schemes resorted to in England for the purpose of promoting improved tastes among the humbler classes. Parties who, as members of the legislature, habitually vote against every reasonable plan for extending education, unite with benevolent ladies and gentlemen to offer premiums to the best cultivators of flowers, bees, and cabbages; and we observe by the *Times*, that a society in England holds out expectations of a prize of a new coat, with fancy metal buttons, to every peasant who reaches sixty years of age, without demanding or receiving relief from the parish! Anything rather than educate the people—charity rather than justice!'

I was glad to say in answer to these remarks, that at present considerable efforts were being made to extend education in Great Britain, which would at no distant day be successful. The circumstance of so many English travellers inquiring into the methods of popular instruction in the United States, shewed that attention was directed to the subject.

'As you, then,' said my acquaintance, 'are making inquiries of this nature, be pleased to understand—that the education of all is a paramount necessity of our condition. For our own safety, we must educate the people; whereas in Great Britain, where the humbler classes have no political privileges, it appears to be a matter of indifference whether they are educated or not.'

It is unnecessary to continue my notes of this conversation. The last remark may be said to have brought out the philosophy of the question. Elementary education, so far as to enable every freeman

to exercise the duties of citizenship with credit to himself and without danger to his neighbours, is a state necessity in America. But we should be doing injustice to leave it to be supposed that this guiding principle dates from the era of American independence. It is English, not American; and originated with the rule of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, with all their pragmatical and intolerant notions, had so high a sense of the advantages of elementary instruction, that one of their first public acts was to 'enjoin upon the municipal authorities the duty of seeing that every child within their jurisdictions should be educated.' This was as early as 1642, since which period, the system of elementary schools has been improved in various ways, and firmly established throughout the New England States, whence it has extended to other parts of the Union.

A few facts respecting the system of education in the parent state of Massachusetts, may here be adverted to. In the first place, the education is conducted at the public expense, and therefore no fees are paid by pupils. The doctrine on this point is—that 'the public highway is not more open and free for every man in the community, than is the public school-house for every child; and each parent feels that a free education is as secure a part of the birthright of his offspring, as Heaven's bounties of light and air. The state not only commands that the means of education should be provided for all, but she denounces penalties against all individuals, and all towns and cities, however populous or powerful they may be, that shall presume to stand between her bounty and its recipients. In her righteous code, the interception of knowledge is a crime; and if parents are unable to supply their children with books, she becomes a parent, and supplies them.'*

* *Report on Common Schools of Massachusetts*, by Horace Mann. 1849.

The next remarkable feature of the common-school system of Massachusetts is, that it is under the administration of a general board of education, with local boards elected by all who pay school-rates. No corporations, lay or ecclesiastic, have anything to say in the matter. Schools are erected in districts, or divisions of towns, according to the wants of the population, as ascertained by a periodical census. The laws regulating the number of schools are exceedingly minute in their provisions. In 1850, the population of Massachusetts was 994,499, or close upon a million. Two years later—that is, in 1852—there were in the state 202,880 children between five and fifteen years of age, for whose education the sum of 921,532 dollars was raised by public means, being very nearly a dollar for every inhabitant. Of the above number of children, the mean average attendance at the common schools was 144,477. It appears, however, that 20,812 attended private schools and academies; so that the entire number of children habitually at school was 165,289, or about 1 in 6 of the population. In none of the reports coming under my notice is any explanation given of the cause why the attendance falls so far short of the actual number of children. On inquiring into the circumstance, it was said that many parents were satisfied with sending their children three months in the year to school; the extreme temperature in winter and summer was also said to cause irregularity of attendance; and a heavy complaint was made against foreigners, more particularly Irish, for not taking care to send their children regularly to the free-schools. In Massachusetts there are laws against truantcy; parents who neglect to enforce the attendance of their children at the free-schools, or any private school of their own choosing, being liable in penalties; but I fear these laws are loosely executed.

In the appointment of teachers, no religious test is imposed; it being sufficient that they are of a sound moral character, and competent for their duties. I believe that much difficulty is experienced in finding teachers who will attach themselves permanently to their situations; and the constant shifting tends to interrupt and injure the routine of instruction.

The state, in enjoining universal education, does not consider itself entitled to prescribe instruction in any specific religious doctrines—these being left to be taught by parents, by religious pastors, or by other private agencies. The teacher, however, is recommended to begin the duties of the day by reading a portion of the Scriptures, or by repeating the Lord's Prayer. The absence of direct religious instruction is represented by a recent English traveller as a defect in the New England system, which is leading to universal demoralisation. I feel assured that this, like some other faults with which the Americans are charged, is a gross misrepresentation, founded on the views of interested parties—for even in New England, certain denominations are chagrined at not being allowed to monopolise the duty of imparting, at the expense of the state, their own peculiar tenets.* Much, I was

* In connection with this subject, I may introduce the following passage from the *National Magazine* (December 1853), a respectable periodical published in New York:—'At the present moment an important discussion is going on [in England] in reference to popular education; and the question has been not a little embarrassed by reports from certain sources in this country, that our system tends to a wide-spread and confirmed infidelity, and to great laxity of morals. It is a significant fact, that these opinions have only been advanced by those who were previously committed to the advocacy of parochial or sectarian schools. The discussion has been of great service, however; for it has awakened the community to the importance of insisting upon high moral qualifications in their instructors, and upon decided Christian discipline in the schools. An interesting inquiry, suggested by an English gentleman, was made in reference to the statements above alluded to, under the direction of certain friends of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The

told, is done to extend religious instruction on a footing of kindly interest, by means of Sabbath-evening classes; and so far as I may judge, from what fell under my notice at Boston, an extraordinary degree of attention is given to this kind of instruction by young persons of both sexes, connected with different congregations. I may add, that if the people are not animated by moral and religious convictions, they greatly belie outward appearances; for it is certain that no such scenes of loathsome vice or intemperance are seen in Boston as may be witnessed in the streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow.

I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that, in point of general discipline, the American schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purposes of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh school-system of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder, or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are seated at small desks, not more than two together, in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary, likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter and depart slowly and decorously, instead of being

object of the inquiry was to discover how many of the attendants upon the common schools were also members of Sabbath-schools, and were receiving religious instruction through this instrumentality. The result reached, by examining the schools in Boston, Lowell, and representative towns in commercial and agricultural districts, was that, on an average, 90 per cent. of all the children connected with the common schools were at the time of the examination, or had been, connected with the Sabbath-school, and were receiving, through this important instrumentality, religious culture. This was, indeed, an unexpected and gratifying result, justifying a remark that has somewhere been made—that the Sabbath-school is the *evangelist* of the common school.'

suffered, as I observe, even in some of the more pretentious schools of Edinburgh, to rush rudely out like so many wild animals. 'In Massachusetts, and generally in the States, the plan of imparting a free education according to abilities, is pursued through several grades—primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, such as have been noticed in New York; and I would, from the bare knowledge of this fact, ask any one to compare so wide a range of instruction at the public cost, with the meagre and antiquated routine of elementary education legally maintained in Scotland, and which some persons complacently represent as the perfection of human wisdom. Boston, with a population of about 150,000, appropriates 330,000 dollars for the support of public schools, being more than a fourth of the whole city taxes; and as the number of pupils is nearly 23,000, the yearly cost of educating each child is therefore about fifteen dollars. In what city in Great Britain could we find the inhabitants voluntarily taxing themselves to give every child an education at £3 a head? Besides her elementary and advanced schools, her normal schools, and her university, Massachusetts supports a State Reform School at Westborough. It is on the principle of an industrial institution—work of various kinds, including field-labour, being given to the inmates. To this school, young persons from seven to eighteen or nineteen years of age are sent by courts of justice, for petty offences. Of 724 committed since the opening of the school, 115 were born in foreign countries, mostly in Ireland.

Looking at Massachusetts as a small and comparatively sterile state, of only a million of inhabitants, it is matter of astonishment that she does so much for social amelioration. 'For public, free education alone,' says Horace Mann, in the paper already quoted,

'Massachusetts expends annually more than a million of dollars. To support religious institutions for the worship of God and the salvation of men, she annually expends more than another million; and what she gives away, in the various forms of charity, far exceeds a third sum of equal magnitude. For the support of the poor, nine-tenths of whose cost originate with foreigners, or come from one prolific vice, whose last convulsive energies she is now struggling to subdue, she annually pays more than 300,000 dollars; for the support and improvement of public highways, she pays a much larger sum; and within the last dozen or fourteen years, she has invested a capital in railways, within and without the state, of nearly or quite 60 millions of dollars.' Whence comes all this wealth? asks this fervid writer; and the answer is ready: 'One copious, exhaustless fountain supplies all this abundance. It is Education—the intellectual, moral, and religious education of the people.' I am glad to be able to present this as the opinion of one who may be presumed to be better acquainted with the kind of instruction which is generally imparted, than any stranger who makes a casual visit to Massachusetts.

I have elsewhere had occasion to refer to the general neatness of the dwellings of the operative-classes in America, their self-respect and orderly conduct, their love of reading and anxiety to improve their circumstances; and that these qualities are in no small degree a result of a system of universal school instruction, we have the best testimony in the special Reports of Mr George Wallis and Mr Joseph Whitworth, concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition, laid before parliament a few months ago. A few passages from these interesting Reports may not be here out of place.

Speaking of American workmen, Mr Wallis observes, that no one can 'fail to be impressed with the advantages derived from the long and well-directed attention paid to the education of the whole people by the public-school systems of the New England States and of the state of Pennsylvania. Here, where sound and systematic education has been longest, and, in all probability, most perfectly carried out, the greatest manufacturing developments are to be found; and here it is also where the greatest portion of the skilled workmen of the United States are educated, alike in the simplest elements of knowledge, as in the most skilful application of their ingenuity to the useful arts and the manufacturing industry of their country, and from whence they are spread over the vast territories of the Union, becoming the originators, directors, and, ultimately, the proprietors of establishments which would do no discredit to the manufacturing states of Europe.' Mr Wallis goes on to say—'As there is no apprenticeship system, properly so called, the more useful the youth engaged in any industrial pursuit becomes to his employer, the more profitable it is for himself. Bringing a mind prepared by thorough school discipline, and educated up to a far higher standard than those of a much superior social grade in society in the Old World, the American working-boy develops rapidly into the skilled artisan; and having once mastered one part of his business, he is never content until he has mastered all. Doing *one* mechanical operation well, and only that one, does not satisfy him or his employer. He is ambitious to do something more than a set task, and, therefore, he must learn all. The second part of his trade he is allowed to learn as a reward for becoming master of the first; and so on to the end, if he may be said ever to arrive at *that*. The restless activity of mind and body—the anxiety to

improve his own department of industry—the facts constantly before him of ingenious men who have solved economic and mechanical problems to their own profit and elevation—are all stimulative and encouraging; and it may be said, that there is not a working-boy of average ability in the New England States, at least, who has not an idea of some mechanical invention or improvement in manufactures, by which, in good time, he hopes to better his position, or rise to fortune and social distinction.'

At present, a body of operative carpenters in a large town in England have struck work, in consequence of their employers having introduced machinery into their establishments. Facts of this kind continually occurring in Great Britain, contrast strangely with the statements presented by Mr Whitworth respecting the eagerness with which American operatives, through a superior intelligence, assist in promoting mechanical contrivances. He says, 'wherever machinery can be introduced as a substitute for manual labour, it is universally and willingly resorted to; of this the facts stated in my Report contain many conclusive proofs, but I may here specially refer, as examples, to plough-making, where eight men are able to finish 30 per day; to door-making, where twenty men make 100 panelled doors per day; to last-making, the process of which is completed in 1½ minutes; to sewing by machinery, where one woman does the work of 20; to net-making, where one woman does the work of 100. It is this condition of the labour-market, and this eager resort to machinery wherever it can be applied, to which, under the guidance of superior education and intelligence, the remarkable prosperity of the United States is mainly due.' He afterwards mentions, that 'the results which have been obtained in the United States, by the application of machinery wherever it has been

practicable to manufactures, are rendered still more remarkable by the fact, that combinations to resist its introduction are there unheard of. The workmen hail with satisfaction all mechanical improvements, the importance and value of which, as releasing them from the drudgery of unskilled labour, they are enabled by education to understand and appreciate.' Mr Whitworth concludes by saying, that 'the principles which ought to regulate the relations between the employer and employed seem to be thoroughly understood and appreciated in the United States; and while the law of limited liability affords the most ample facilities for the investment of capital in business, the intelligent and educated artisan is left equally free to earn all he can, by making the best use of his hands, without let or hinderance by his fellows. It rarely happens that a workman who possesses peculiar skill in his craft is disqualified to take the responsible position of superintendent, by the want of education and general knowledge, as is frequently the case in this country. In every state in the Union, and particularly in the north, education is, by means of the common schools, placed within the reach of each individual, and all classes avail themselves of the opportunities afforded.' But in the United States there is another element of improvement in ceaseless operation—the press. 'The desire of knowledge so early implanted is greatly increased, while the facilities for diffusing it are amply provided through the instrumentality of an almost universal press. No taxation of any kind has been suffered to interfere with the free development of this powerful agent for promoting the intelligence of the people; and the consequence is, that where the humblest labourer can indulge in the luxury of his daily paper, everybody reads, and thought and intelligence penetrate through the lowest grades of society.

The benefits which thus result from a liberal system of education and a cheap press to the working-classes of the United States, can hardly be overestimated in a national point of view; but it is to the co-operation of both that they must undoubtedly be ascribed. For if, selecting a proof from among the European states, the condition of Prussia be considered, it will be found that the people of that country, as a body, have not made that progress which, from the great attention paid to the education of all classes, might have been anticipated; and this must certainly be ascribed to the restrictions laid upon the press, which have so materially impeded the general advancement of the people. Wherever education and an unrestricted press are allowed full scope to exercise their united influence, progress and improvement are the certain results; and among the many benefits which arise from their joint co-operation, may be ranked most prominently the value which they teach men to place upon intelligent contrivance, the readiness with which they cause new improvements to be received, and the impulse which they thus unavoidably give to that inventive spirit which is gradually emancipating man from the rude forms of labour, and making what were regarded as the luxuries of one age to be looked upon in the next as the ordinary and necessary conditions of human existence.'

It would be easy, if room permitted, to extend our observations on the subject of elementary education in the New England and other states. What has been said is enough to shew that in this department of public affairs, the Americans—and I may add, the Canadians—have got completely the start of the people of Great Britain, who indeed, in this respect, are behind the English Puritans of the seventeenth century—behind even John Knox, a century earlier. While generation

after generation in England is passing away imperfectly instructed for the present, and as imperfectly prepared for a future state of existence, our American brethren, unimpeded by obstructions of any kind, have shot far ahead, and are carrying the triumphs of free and universal education to limits scarcely so much as dreamed of in this country.

CHAPTER XV.

WASHINGTON.

THE season was now considerably advanced, and I had just time to make a run southwards, previous to the opening of Congress at Washington, on the 5th of December, at which I felt some curiosity to be present. The journey would, unfortunately, take me twice over the same ground; but for this there was no help. I proposed to go through New York to Philadelphia, and thence, without stopping, through Baltimore to Washington, leaving the return excursion to be performed with somewhat more deliberation. As a chain of railways is extended from Boston much further south than I had any intention of going, it was practicable to make the whole journey in from two to three days.

On a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, I bade adieu to my kind friends in Providence, and taking my place in the cars, hoped to arrive at Philadelphia late in the evening. But in this plan of operations I was destined to experience disappointment. The cars got on admirably for about a dozen miles, when on slowly leaving a station, they were by a sudden concussion brought to an abrupt halt. Quietly and apathetically a few persons sallied forth to see what was the matter —I went with them; and finally, everybody in the train came out to learn the particulars of the disaster.

There we all stood in a group near the locomotive, which, with the tender behind it, was placed in a highly

critical position. By an act of carelessness, exceedingly common on the American railways, the person in charge of a siding had neglected to adjust the points to suit the up-train, and the locomotive having run right off the track, was stuck fast in the middle of a rudely constructed wooden bridge; one of its fore-wheels whirling in the air over the abyss beneath. A little more impetus would have sent the whole train to the bottom of the river, which flowed through the ravine. As no personal injury, however, was sustained, the accident was rather amusing than otherwise. I had again an opportunity of remarking the placid impassibility of the American character. In England, there would have been vehement upbraidings of somebody or other. Here, there was perfect imperturbability. Everybody looked on in silence, as if nothing particular had occurred. The only person who made himself heard, was an umbrella pedler, who, taking advantage of what he probably considered to be a fortunate assemblage of customers, rushed madly about recommending his wares to public notice, and assuring every one that he would never have such another chance of purchasing a good, substantial, and cheap umbrella. In a moment, I saw that my day's journey was cut short. The railway was only a single line, and the bridge, blocked up by the locomotive, was barely passable on foot. Our only hope was the arrival of a train in the opposite direction, which might exchange passengers, and return on its track. Meanwhile, the morning was very cold, and most of us sought the refuge of a small station-house, which was provided with a fire in an iron stove. Around the cheering blaze we clustered a solemn band, into the midst of which the everlasting umbrella pedler ever and anon thrust himself with his bundle under his arm, telling everybody that now was the time to buy a right good cotton umbrella. And so

an hour was spent in the station-house, till the train from Worcester was heard approaching, and drawing up in time to avoid running in upon the unfortunate locomotive in its path.

'I say, conductor, how are we to get across that there bridge?' asked several passengers. 'You see it is quite open, with only beams for us to step upon, and hardly room to pass.'

The conductor paid no attention to any such inquiries, but began carrying across portmanteaus and carpet-bags, while the conductor of the other train did the same with the baggage under his charge; and for half an hour there was a scrambling of men, women, and children, conductors and baggage-masters, to and fro, till the exchange was wholly effected—the scene reminding one of the Vision of Mirza, no one, however, having the misfortune to drop through the openings in the bridge into the dark pool below. I had the honour of conducting a middle-aged lady and band-box across the gulf, and was rewarded with a warmth of thanks and good wishes which I had not on any previous occasion experienced. Having all successfully achieved the adventure of crossing, we took our places in the train, which then moved on to Worcester, leaving the passengers who had come with it to find their way to Providence as they best might. The last thing I saw was a crowd of them pulling at a rope which was attached to the errant locomotive; but how long they pulled, or whether they got the engine back to its proper position on the rails, I am unable to say. Without further detention, we arrived in Worcester, but so considerably behind time, that the morning train from Boston to New York had long since passed.

I did not altogether regret a delay of five or six hours in what I found to be one of the prettiest and busiest towns in New England. The wide streets,

ornamented with trees, were lined with large and handsome stores, while in the environs there appeared to be various manufactories of some importance. Worcester is a kind of American Birmingham; articles of hardware being its principal products, among which telegraph-wire and pistols have a prominent place. Recollecting the name of a manufacturer of railway-cars, I visited his establishment, and procured some information that promised to be useful. I was gratified with the respectable appearance of the operatives in the town, and learned that, in point of sobriety and other estimable habits, they were not behind their brethren in other parts of Massachusetts. At the hotel where I dined, the bar had been abolished; and, as usual, the large company at the table-d'hôte drank nothing but iced-water. As the majority of the persons present seemed to be commercial travellers, the spectacle of such temperance contrasted strangely with what I knew to be customary in England.

Catching the evening train from Boston on its way to New York, I arrived at my old quarters in the Astor, an hour after midnight, and set off again, without delay, in the morning. The journey southwards from New York, begins by crossing North River in a ferry-boat to Jersey City on the opposite shore; and there a train is in waiting to carry forward the passengers. On this occasion, a large number required accommodation; for members of Congress, with their families, were taking their flight to Washington for the season, and others were on their way to regions still more distant.

The route through the state of New Jersey was tame and uninteresting. Much of the land is level, with a reddish sandy soil, yielding heavy crops of peaches and other fruits; and numberless orchards, some not quite stripped of their produce, were passed in the journey.

At the distance of eighty-seven miles, the train was intercepted on the borders of the state by a navigable river, half a mile wide; on the further side of which was seen a large city of brick-houses, faced by at least a mile of wharfs and shipping. In a few minutes, we have exchanged our seats in the cars for the deck of a steamer, and are borne forward on the surface of the beautiful Delaware to the far-famed city of Philadelphia.

Reaching the city of Brotherly Love, I do not stay in my journey; but ungraciously passing over classic ground, hasten to the railway-station, where the cars are ready to set out. Now begins a fresh excursion, the train in the first place crossing the Schuylkill, and then proceeding through an old and settled part of Pennsylvania; but the land is still mostly level, and the soil appears thin, with a scrubby vegetation. It is usually understood that the river Delaware marks a change in climate. Here we find the air milder than it is in the north; and the number of black faces which make their appearance, give token of an approach to new social conditions. In the course of the day's run, several rivers and creeks of the sea are crossed on viaducts—one of them a long and low wooden erection on piles in the water; and at two places the *trajet* is performed, as at the Delaware, in ferry-boats. The first of the ferries is that of the Susquehanna, a large river in Maryland, flowing into Chesapeake Bay. The shifting here, to reach Havre-de-Grace, a small town on the southern bank, is complained of by some travellers; but I accepted it as rather an agreeable variety in the excursion. The interior of the steamer which carried the passengers across was fitted up with a restaurant, where tea, coffee, and other light refreshments were served at a moderate cost. For the accommodation of persons of colour, an inferior place

of refreshment, fitted up separately, was under the charge of a respectably dressed female mulatto. In this arrangement there was nothing very novel; for in the New England States, as well as in the state of New York, I had everywhere found separate churches and separate schools for the use of the coloured population. By such experiences in travelling, one is partly prepared for the more severe distinctions incidental to the states in which slavery prevails.

Baltimore, which I saw for a short time in passing, and also on my return, occupies a pleasant situation on a rising-ground overlooking the river Patapsco, and is one of the best built, as it is among the oldest, cities in the United States. Placed on a navigable water connected with the Chesapeake, it appears to be a busy mart of foreign commerce, with a considerable number of vessels loading and unloading at its quays. Like other eastern cities, it has competed for the trade of the West; and now, by means of a railway to Wheeling, on the Ohio, has largely increased its operations. Although only about a hundred and twenty years old, Baltimore, in 1850, contained 195,000 inhabitants, and at present is in as thriving a condition as any city in the Union. It is celebrated for the number of its public monuments, one of which is commemorative of those who fell defending the city against the attack of the British in 1814.

Maryland does not contain many slaves, and I believe the number in this state, as well as in Delaware, is gradually diminishing. The harvest being past, and the fields generally stripped of everything but Indian corn-stalks and other refuse, the country had a somewhat dreary aspect. At different places, in passing along, negroes in frieze-jackets and round hats were observed ploughing up the stubble—the work not exactly such as would gain a prize at a match on

Tweedside, although both horses and ploughs seemed to be of the best kind. Generally, five or six teams were going in one field, with an overseer riding about on horseback. In the distance, might be seen the neat villa residences of the proprietors, with clusters of white cottages for the slaves and their families. The whole routine of farming seemed, indeed, to be different from what is observable in the northern states, where small properties are cultivated almost entirely by the settler and his family—every one working diligently, and nothing being paid away for hired labour of any kind.

Brought thus in sight of slavery, though under no revolting circumstances, I could not, with all my anticipations, avoid feeling somewhat shocked; but what for the moment chiefly occupied my mind, was the apparently uneconomic practice of buying men at a considerable cost to labour in the fields, instead of hiring and dismissing them at pleasure. To a gentleman who was seated before me in the car, I ventured to hint that the practice of using purchased labour must here place the farmers at a considerable disadvantage. He acknowledged that such was the case to a certain extent. 'Slavery,' said he, 'does very well, nay, is absolutely necessary, in the hot southern states, where no negro would work but on compulsion, and where free white labourers could not work at all without falling a sacrifice to the climate. But hereabouts, things are different. Our crops could be cultivated by farmers and their families, as in the north.'

'Then,' said I, 'why is the system of slavery continued—if it can be advantageously done away with?'

'Ah! don't ask me that,' was the reply; 'it is here an old institution, and matters have arranged themselves

accordingly. It is an unfortunate state of things, and I daresay will be remedied some day. My opinion is, that much mischief has been done by the rough manner in which the Abolitionists have abused the slave-owners, many of whom are very worthy people. If the subject were treated calmly, the system of slavery in these middle states would soon drop away. At this moment, considerable numbers of New Englanders are buying farms in Virginia, and introducing their own vigorous method of working. Exhausted estates are constantly to be had at very low prices; and in the hands of the smart Yankee farmers, who know how to plough deep and to lay on plenty of guano, they turn out capital speculations.'

'Do these fresh incomers,' I inquired, 'employ negroes?'

'I think not; they trust to themselves, though they may have one or two helps.'

'Will the free negroes readily work for them?' I asked; touching on a rather trying question.

'Not if they can help it. The truth is, sir, the whole coloured races, of every shade, are a poor, listless set of people; not but there are exceptions among them. I never knew any who would not amuse themselves, or idle away their time, rather than follow steady employment. They do very well as porters, house-servants, coachmen, barbers, waiters, or cooks—anything connected with eating they are good at. They also do tolerably well as preachers; in short, anything that does not involve hard continuous work.'

'Would they not make good railway excavators?'

'Not at all; the labour would be too heavy for them. Notwithstanding the numbers of free negroes, our railways have been made principally by Irish. Ah! sir,' was added with a grin, 'Pat's the boy!'

'I am sorry,' said I, 'to hear so bad an account of

the poor coloured races. May not their unfortunate defects of character be traced in no small degree to the treatment they have received?'

'Cannot tell anything at all about that,' replied my companion. 'I just know this, that I am heartily sick of them; and should be glad to see the country rid of the whole concern. They are a regular nuisance, sir!'

The person who made these remarks was an officer in the uniform of the United States' navy, on his way to Washington; and they were made with the sincerity and frankness of a sailor. I have thought it proper to record what was said, in order to convey an idea of sentiments, far from uncommon in America, respecting the coloured population.

It was dark before the train reached Washington. About nine o'clock, it drew up at a handsome station, outside of which were in waiting a string of carriages, invitingly open for passengers. By the recommendation of my new naval friend, I seated myself in that belonging to Willard's Hotel, and was in a few minutes riding towards the further extremity of the city. The moon shone out as we passed the Capitol, and by its silvery light revealed a large white edifice, with a dome towering above us, on the summit of a commanding eminence. At the distance of a mile westward along Pennsylvania Avenue, the termination of my long day's journey was reached; and I thankfully sought refreshment and repose.

Travellers do not usually speak flatteringly of Washington. Every one seems to think it his duty to have a slap at its pretensions, which fall so very far short of the reality. It is my misfortune in this, as in some other things, to differ from most of my predecessors, and to see little ground for either sarcasm or jocularity. All that can be said of Washington is, that it is a city in process of being built and occupied; and has already,

since its commencement about sixty years ago, acquired a population of 40,000, independently of an increase from members of the legislature with their families, and visitors, during the sessions of Congress. After the witticisms at its alleged spectral appearance, I was rather surprised to discover that, instead of a few mansions scattered about among trees, with miles of interval, it consisted of a number of streets lined with continuous rows of houses, several fine public buildings, and a fair show of stores and hotels. Why the Americans should aim at building a city specially for the accommodation of their government, is not quite clear to the minds of Europeans, who are accustomed to great overgrown capitals in which the wealth and grandeur of a nation are concentrated. Originating partly in the wish to remove the administration beyond the immediate action of popular influences, Washington, I believe, owes its rise chiefly to the desirableness of placing the political metropolis in a locality apart from, and independent of, any particular state. The situation, though no longer equidistant from the several states in the Union, was exceedingly well chosen by the great man whose name was given to the city. The Chesapeake Bay, one of the largest inlets of the Atlantic, receives, about half-way up on the western side, the large river Potomac, itself for a long way up a kind of firth or sea two to three miles in width. Where it narrows to about a mile, at the distance of 290 miles from the Atlantic, the Potomac parts into two branches; and between these, on the left or eastern bank of the principal branch, Washington has been erected. The peninsula so selected, is spacious, with gentle slopes, and would afford accommodation for a city many miles in extent. On a central ridge of ground, with a stretch of open downs between it and the Potomac, stands the principal

portion of the city; the Capitol, or seat of legislation, being at the eastern extremity, on a detached eminence, and the house of the President on the top of a rising-ground a mile westward.

Planned wholly on paper before a single house was built, the thoroughfares have been arranged in parallel, rectangular, and diagonal lines: those which run in one direction being called from the letters of the alphabet; and those which cross them being named First, Second, Third Street; and so on. The diagonal thoroughfares, the most important of all, are styled Avenues; and of these Pennsylvania may be considered the principal. I should think this is the widest street in the world. It measures 160 feet in width —the whole of the middle part for carriages being as well paved as the streets of London, and the footwalks laid with stone or brick. Along the sides of these footpaths are rows of trees, imparting an agreeable shade in the heats of summer. Built of brick, red sandstone, or wood, the houses throughout the city are of the smart and tasteful kind seen in the northern states; and as there is plenty of space for mews-lanes, nothing incongruous is obtruded on the eye of the stranger, unless it be the number of negroes of both sexes, principally slaves. At the period of my visit, much was doing in the way of levelling and paving the streets; and I learned that the value of property had lately risen considerably.

Having surmounted the initiatory difficulties, Washington may now be said to be in a course of improvement creditable to the liberality of the nation; for all public works are undertaken at the expense of the Treasury. The district of Columbia, in which the city is placed—a small territory, formerly a part of Maryland, and possessing no separate political character—is under the administration of Congress. Complaints are

occasionally heard of the expenses to which the country is put on account of Washington; but if the people only knew the sums lavished by parliament on the palaces, parks, and police of the British metropolis, at the cost of the entire United Kingdom, they would have reason to be thankful for being so mercifully dealt with.

As yet, comprehended within a narrow compass, and open in all quarters to visitors, Washington may be satisfactorily seen in a single forenoon. The first thing done is to visit the Capitol, which is observed standing proudly on its eminence, surrounded by an enclosed pleasure-ground, at the eastern extremity of Pennsylvania Avenue. In walking down this principal thoroughfare on the morning after my arrival, there was little bustle to remind one of being in a political metropolis of some celebrity. In the long line of street, there appeared only an omnibus on its way to George Town, in the vicinity, and one or two hackney-cabs. As the morning was fine, the steps of the various hotels were already crowded with lately arrived members of Congress; and the various parties clustering in debate, shewed that matters in connection with the approaching proceedings were in agitation.

Built of light-coloured stone, and in the Corinthian style of architecture, the Capitol, with its wings, handsome portico, and lofty dome, is an edifice of imposing appearance. Advancing up the exterior flights of steps, and entering the portal, we are ushered into a central rotunda, ninety-five feet in diameter, and lighted from the cupola above. On the walls around this spacious vestibule, and on a level with the eye, are placed a series of large pictures representing scenes in American history; two of which, the surrender of Burgoyne and of Cornwallis, cannot but bring unpleasant recollections to the mind of the English

visitor. Chairs are placed in front of the pictures, for the benefit of strangers, who are further accommodated with a printed key to the figures. At different points, doors lead to inner lobbies, whence access is gained to the Hall of the House of Representatives, and to the Senate-chamber, the Library, and other rooms—all so frequently described, that I spare any account of them on the present occasion. I must not omit, however, to mention one thing, from its extreme novelty. This is the perfect liberty to roam at will, without question and without payment, over the whole building. Nor is there any want of attendants ready and willing to afford any sort of information. By one of these, I was obligingly conducted to the top of the cupola, whence a splendid view was obtained of the city beneath; the two environing arms of the Potomac, beyond which were the woody hills of Virginia, forming a framework to the picture. On descending from this giddy altitude, I ventured to offer a gratuity to my conductor, which he respectfully refused, with an explanation worthy of recording: 'I cannot take any money, sir, for doing my duty. I am a public officer, and paid by the public.' If there be a door or gallery keeper in either House of Parliament, who would in this way refuse half-a-crown, let him by all means be named, for he must unquestionably be a prodigy!

The grounds around the building are prettily laid out with shady walks; and near the entrance is a sparkling fountain with a drinking-cup, to appease the insatiate craving for water, which seems a kind of disease among the Americans. In the grounds on the east, is the celebrated statue of Washington by Greenough; it is of colossal size, in a sitting posture, and being executed in Parian marble, the effect is striking, though the spectator is not inclined to admire

the exploded fancy of representing a modern soldier as a half-naked Roman. There are several other figures connected with the Capitol, but none which appears to require notice.

The public buildings I next visited were the Post-office and Patent-office, two remarkably fine edifices of white marble, near the centre of the town. The Patent-office contains a most extraordinary collection of models of articles which have been the subject of a patent; and no other spectacle could furnish so comprehensive a notion of the inventive faculties of the Americans. A spacious hall, with ranges of glass-cases lining the walls and projected across the floor, is full of every variety of object in mechanical art and science. Adjoining, are apartments devoted to the examination and enrolment of articles; and on the floor above, is a museum of natural history and objects of antiquarian interest. Compared with the treasures of the British Museum, the collection is insignificant; and as centralisation at the cost of a whole people is repugnant to the constitution of the States, it may be apprehended that the national museum will never attain the extent and grandeur exhibited in the collections of European capitals. The articles most worthy of notice are certain relics connected with American history — as, the dress, sword, and camp-equipage of General Washington, and the original document in vellum, declaratory of the independence of the States, bearing the autographs of the signers, very much faded. In a separate glass-case stands the old wooden printing-press at which Franklin wrought when a journeyman in London in 1725–6. Removed from the office in Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the young 'American aquatic' had laboured at his vocation, the machine underwent several changes of proprietors, till

it was finally presented to the government of the United States by Mr J. B. Murray of New York. An inscription on a brass-plate narrates the circumstance of Franklin having visited the press in London in 1768, when he came to England as agent for Massachusetts.

Among the latest additions to the attractions of Washington, the Smithsonian Institute is the most important; for it bears reference to the culture of general knowledge, on so liberal a scale as cannot but prove valuable to the community. Originating in the bequest of an English gentleman named Smithson, in favour of the United States' government, a large sum has been appropriated to the erection of a building of red sandstone in the Norman style of architecture, comprising a number of towers and pinnacles. The building occupies a favourable situation in the middle of a lawn, nineteen acres in extent, to the south of the city, near the road towards the Potomac. On visiting it, I found that it was not yet finished. But the main portions, consisting of a library and lecture-room, were open, both being free to all. Some valuable treatises have already appeared for general distribution at the expense of the institution. About a quarter of a mile westward, overlooking the Potomac, a gigantic obelisk was in course of erection to the memory of General Washington—to whom, with all deference, the multiplicity of such testimonials becomes a little tiresome, besides tending to suggest that America has never produced any other person worthy of commemoration. This enormous pile, which is designed to reach 600 feet from the ground, is reared by voluntary subscription throughout the United States. I suppose nothing since the days of the Pyramids has been built on so stupendous a scale.

When a stranger has seen these things, there is nothing left to do but take a look at the mansion of

the President, and the adjoining buildings devoted to the Treasury and other administrative offices. To this quarter—the court end of the town, as I may call it—I now adjourned, for the purpose of calling on a gentleman connected with the government. Here, I have pleasure in saying, I was received in the same perfectly urbane and unceremonious manner I had uniformly experienced in my interviews with officials in all the places I had visited.

'You will call on the President, of course,' said this newly acquired friend.

'I should be glad to do so,' I replied; 'but I know no one to introduce me. I know nothing of the etiquette to be employed on the occasion.'

'Come along with me, and I will introduce you. The President is perfectly accessible.'

So saying, we set out immediately; and after crossing an enclosed patch of pleasure-ground, arrived at the White House, which has a fine look-out from the brow of an eminence, in a southerly direction, over the Potomac. The edifice, with a lofty portico of Ionic columns on its northern front, has a massive effect, with accommodation, I should think, for a large establishment. Neither as regards exterior nor interior appearances, however, was there anything to remind the stranger that the occupant was the head of a great nation. After seeing pretty nearly all the royal palaces in Europe, and being accustomed to observe that the persons of monarchs were surrounded, either for safety or distinction, with military guards, I was much struck with the total absence of force in any shape around the dwelling of the President; which, undefended from real or imaginary violence, can only, in the simplicity of its arrangements, be compared with a gentleman's residence in a quiet rural district. The only person in charge was a door-keeper,

who admitted us to one of the lower reception-rooms —a large apartment, decorated in the French style—in which we paced about a few minutes till our cards were carried up stairs to the President, who was said to be engaged with his cabinet.

'Mention to the President,' said my conductor, in giving the cards, 'that this is a gentleman from Europe.'

Whether this recommendation had any effect, I know not; but after a short delay, we were requested to ascend. In going up stairs, my friend introduced me to several members of the House of Representatives, who were coming down. Two of them, I was afterwards informed, had been originally operative bricklayers, who, by a course of industry and self-culture, had raised themselves to an honourable position.

Almost immediately on reaching the assigned apartment, General Pierce entered from a side-room, and shaking hands, received me in a most agreeable manner; at the same time stating, that he was now much occupied, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me again before my departure from Washington. He was in a plain black dress, apparently about forty-five years of age, and I thought care-worn by the ceaseless and onerous duties he is called on to perform.

I regret that the demands on my time did not permit my waiting for any of the soirées at the White House, which usually commence with the congressional sittings; and it was not, therefore, my good-fortune to see any more of the President, to whom I am, however, indebted for the affable manner in which he was pleased to receive me. Returning to my hotel, I pondered on the singularly simple forms by which the President of the United States regulates his personal intercourse with the world.

I spent another day in Washington, making inquiries

of various kinds, and forming some agreeable acquaintances in the place. It had been suggested to me, that I should, as a matter of duty, call on the British minister. I endeavoured to do so; but after wandering about for two hours in a straggling suburb, west from the President's house, where his excellency was said to dwell, I failed in discovering his residence; no one to whom I applied knowing anything at all about it.

In these and other rambles about Washington, the number of negro slaves, of both sexes and all ages, in the streets and doorways, and serving in various capacities, was exceedingly conspicuous; and this anomalous feature in the social condition of the capital, within the very precincts of the executive and legislature, was felt to lower the respect which, on general grounds, we are disposed to entertain towards the federal government. It would almost seem as if Congress were ashamed of the existence of slavery within the district over which it exercises a municipal sway. According to a late enactment, no public sales of slaves or slave-pens are permitted within the district of Columbia. By this means, the more offensive attributes of the institution do not meet the eye in Washington; and those who desire to see sales by auction of human creatures, require to travel a hundred miles southward to Richmond, in Virginia. With no vulgar curiosity, but a wish to satisfy my mind as regards various controversial particulars, I resolved to make an excursion to Richmond; and the account of this trip, a kind of episode in my visit to Washington, will furnish the subject of next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA.

'WHEN does the carriage leave the door for the steamer down the Potomac?' I asked the book-keeper of Willard's Hotel in Washington.

'At six o'clock in the morning, and nine in the evening,' was the reply.

I preferred setting out in the morning, and was ready accordingly—Mr Willard being up at this early hour, and considerately providing each guest at his departure with a cup of coffee (without charge).

The ride to the landing-place of the steamers, across an open stretch of ground, occupies about half an hour, and on my arrival, I found that a number of persons who had just come by the northern train, were going on board a steamer, which was lying at the extremity of a wooden pier. Speedily everything was adjusted. A very droll-looking negro lad, in a kind of cocked-hat, and boots pulled over a pair of ragged pants, drew in the rope, and we were off.

The Potomac, more like an inland sea than a river, and here a mile in width, forms the connecting-link between the northern and southern railways. The line, as yet, stopped at Washington; and to get again upon the track, it was necessary to descend the Potomac fifty-five miles, to a place called Acquia Creek, where the railway to Richmond commences. An English traveller has said such sore things of the steamers on

the Potomac, that I did not feel quite at ease in making so long an excursion in one of them: but I am bound in justice to say, that so far as my experience went, there was nothing to complain of. For a company of about fifty persons, two tables were prepared for breakfast in a manner that would have done no discredit to a first-class hotel. A good-humoured negro barber plied his vocation in his little apartment. And the toilet apparatus comprehended no wooden bowls—such articles having utterly vanished, if they ever existed anywhere but in the imagination.

In fine weather, the sail down the Potomac from Washington must be exceedingly pleasant; for the river, though broad, is not so wide as to give indistinctness to the scenery on the banks. On the right, we have the woody heights of Virginia, and on the left, the hills of Maryland, with frequent glimpses of villa-residences and farm-settlements on both sides. At the distance of six or seven miles below Washington, but on the Virginia side, we come abreast of Alexandria, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, with a good deal of shipping at its quays, and signs of manufacturing industry on a considerable scale. Eight miles further down, on the same side, is seen upon a green knoll among the picturesque woody eminences, an object of interest which, cold as the morning is, attracts nearly all the passengers from the well-warmed cabin. This is Mount Vernon, once the residence of General Washington, and where, in a vault amidst the grounds, the remains of the great man were intombed. It is a neat country residence, with a tall veranda in front, changed in no respect from what it was sixty years ago; but a local authority speaks of the grounds, which were kept in the greatest trimness by Washington, being now in a discreditable state of disorder—a circumstance which, if true, demands the attention of the American people.

Unfortunately, the spot is not easily reached by land, otherwise I should have gladly made it the object of a pilgrimage.

As the day advanced, the chilliness of the atmosphere wore off, and on arriving at Acquia Creek, the air felt mild and agreeable, although it was the 1st of December. The train was in waiting on a long jetty, and in less than ten minutes it had received its freight of passengers and luggage, and was under-way. Such was my entrance into Virginia—that fine old state, settled by English gentlemen of family, and whose history calls up such melancholy thoughts of the unfortunate Raleigh.

Much of the country through which we passed was uncleared of woods, which had a wild appearance, and the land, where opened to agricultural operations, seemed to be of a poor description. Among the trees growing naturally in the patches of tangled forest, was the *arbor vitæ*, which here attains a considerable size. Rhododendrons hung their faded blossoms by the road-sides, where they grew like common weeds; and in other kinds of vegetation, there was still the lingering aspect of autumn. On crossing the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, the agricultural character of the country was much improved; but even at the best, and all the way to Richmond, a distance of sixty miles from the Potomac, it fell short of what I had seen in Western Canada and Ohio. Yet possessing, as it does, the elements of fertility, what might not be expected from the land, if put under an enlightened system of tillage! The ploughing, performed by slaves under the inspection of overseers riding about the fields on horseback, was very defective; for it seemed scarcely to tear up the soil, and left large pieces altogether untouched. As the train passed, the negro ploughmen invariably stopped in their labour to look at, and speculate on, the phenomenon, as if their heart was not in their work,

and they took every opportunity of shirking it. From the way they seemed to be proceeding, I feel pretty safe in averring, that two ordinary Scotch ploughmen would get through as much labour in a day as any six of them, and do the work, too, in a greatly superior manner.

In the course of the journey, a number of passengers were set down at different stations, leaving so few in the train, that at length another gentleman and myself found ourselves alone in one of the cars. My companion was a man of probably forty years of age, stout made, with sandy hair and whiskers, and had I seen him in England, I should have said he was a working-mechanic, probably a stone-mason, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and out on a holiday. I am particular in referring to his appearance, in order, if possible, to throw some light on the habits in which he very freely indulged. Apparently engaged in deep thought, he continued chewing tobacco with a voracity I had never seen equalled, and which provoked such an incessant torrent of expectoration, that at last the floor around him presented a most unsightly spectacle.

I think travellers, generally, in their descriptions, exaggerate the chewing and spitting of the Americans. It is, in reality, only here and there you meet a person who abandons himself to these nauseous practices, while to the mass of the more respectable people in the States, they are probably as disagreeable as to any well-bred European. The invectives, however, directed against the Americans on this score, dispose me to believe that the English who visit the United States, and pick out so many faults, are either ignorant or neglectful of the manners of their own country. Among the less-instructed classes in Great Britain, spitting in the streets, and other places, is exceedingly common; and since young gentlemen betook

themselves to smoking tobacco in common clay-pipes, the vice may be said to have become fashionable in the junior departments of high-life—at anyrate, we do not see that it meets with public censure. Now, if it be considered that in the United States, the rise from one condition of life to another is astonishingly rapid, and that all classes travel together in the same cars, and live together in the same hotels, it will not be difficult to understand how certain obnoxious practices should obtrude themselves on the notice of the more polished class of travellers.

The train arrived at Richmond about two o'clock in the afternoon; and by an omnibus in attendance, I was transferred to a hotel, which proved to be no way inferior to the establishments in the states further north. The whole of the waiters were negroes, in white jackets; but among the female domestics I recognised one or two Irish girls—the sight of them helping to make good what I had everywhere heard stated about the Irish dispossessing the coloured races. At Willard's Hotel, in Washington, all the waiters, as well as the female servants, were Irish; and here, also, they will probably be so in a short time.

Situated on a high and sloping bank on the left side of the James River, Richmond is much less regular in outline than the greater number of American cities. Its streets, straggling in different directions on no uniform plan, are of an old-established appearance, with stores, churches, and numerous public buildings. Besides the principal thoroughfares, there are many narrow streets or lanes of a dismal, half-deserted appearance, generally dirty, and seemingly ill drained and ventilated. Everywhere, the number of black faces is considerable; for in a population of 27,000, as many as 9000 are said to be slaves. The dwellings occupied by the lower classes of coloured people are of

a miserable kind, resembling the worst brick-houses in the back-lanes of English manufacturing towns. In the upper part of the city, there are some rows of handsome villas, and in this quarter is a public square, with the Capitol, or seat of legislature, in a central and conspicuous situation. In walking through this public edifice towards dusk, I observed that it was guarded by an armed sentinel, the sight of whom had almost the startling effect of an apparition; for it was the first time I had seen a bayonet in the United States, and suggested the unpleasant reflection, that the large infusion of slaves in the composition of society was not unattended with danger.

A fine view is obtained from the front of the Capitol, overlooking the lower part of the city, the river with its falls, and the country in the distance. The falls of the James River appear to have determined the situation of the town. These falls unitedly amount to a descent of eighty feet, and are made available for turning a number of large mills for grinding flour, and other purposes. The occurrence of such falls is only one of a series of similar phenomena along the east coast of America, where, by recessions of the sea, a terrace-range crosses the rivers at a less or greater distance from the ocean, causing an abrupt descent, which is valuable as a water-power. The falls of the James River cease in front of the city, where there are several rocky and woody islets, and at this point two long wooden bridges afford communication with a manufacturing suburb on the right bank.

Although, in many respects, inferior in point of appearance as compared with the smart New-England cities, Richmond shewed various symptoms of prosperity and progress. A species of dock for shipping was in process of excavation adjoining the bridges, and several large cotton-factories were in the course of

erection. In the streets in this lower quarter, there was an active trade in the packing and sale of tobacco, quantities of which, like faded weeds, were being carted to the factories by negroes. The cotton manufacture is carried on in several large establishments, and will soon be extended, but principally, I was told, by means of northern capital, and the employment of hired white labourers, who, for factory purposes, are said to be preferable to persons of colour.

Richmond is known as the principal market for the supply of slaves for the south—a circumstance understood to originate in the fact that Virginia, as a matter of husbandry, breeds negro labourers for the express purpose of sale. Having heard that such was the case, I was interested in knowing by what means and at what prices slaves are offered to purchasers. Without introductions of any kind, I was thrown on my own resources in acquiring this information. Fortunately, however, there was no impediment to encounter in the research. The exposure of ordinary goods in a store is not more open to the public than are the sales of slaves in Richmond. By consulting the local newspapers, I learned that the sales take place by auction every morning in the offices of certain brokers, who, as I understood by the terms of their advertisements, purchased or received slaves for sale on commission.

Where the street was in which the brokers conducted their business, I did not know; but the discovery was easily made. Rambling down the main street in the city, I found that the subject of my search was a narrow and short thoroughfare, turning off to the left, and terminating in a similar cross thoroughfare. Both streets, lined with brick-houses, were dull and silent. There was not a person to whom I could put a question. Looking about, I observed the

office of a commission-agent, and into it I stepped. Conceive the idea of a large shop with two windows, and a door between; no shelving or counters inside; the interior a spacious, dismal apartment, not well swept; the only furniture a desk at one of the windows, and a bench at one side of the shop, three feet high, with two steps to it from the floor. I say, conceive the idea of this dismal-looking place, with nobody in it but three negro children, who, as I entered, were playing at auctioning each other. An intensely black little negro, of four or five years of age, was standing on the bench, or block, as it is called, with an equally black girl, about a year younger, by his side, whom he was pretending to sell by bids to another black child, who was rolling about the floor.

My appearance did not interrupt the merriment. The little auctioneer continued his mimic play, and appeared to enjoy the joke of selling the girl, who stood demurely by his side.

'Fifty dolla for de gal—fifty dolla—fifty dolla—I sell dis here fine gal for fifty dolla,' was uttered with extraordinary volubility by the woolly-headed urchin, accompanied with appropriate gestures, in imitation, doubtless, of the scenes he had seen enacted daily on the spot. I spoke a few words to the little creatures, but was scarcely understood; and the fun went on as if I had not been present: so I left them, happy in rehearsing what was likely soon to be their own fate.

At another office of a similar character, on the opposite side of the street, I was more successful. Here, on inquiry, I was respectfully informed by a person in attendance, that the sale would take place the following morning at half-past nine o'clock.

Next day, I set out accordingly, after breakfast, for the scene of operations, in which there was now a little more life. Two or three persons were lounging about,

smoking cigars; and, looking along the street, I observed that three red flags were projected from the doors of those offices in which sales were to occur. On each flag was pinned a piece of paper, notifying the articles to be sold. The number of lots was not great. On the first, was the following announcement:—'Will be sold this morning, at half-past nine o'clock, a Man and a Boy.'

It was already the appointed hour; but as no company had assembled, I entered and took a seat by the fire. The office, provided with a few deal-forms and chairs, a desk at one of the windows, and a block accessible by a few steps, was tenantless, save by a gentleman who was arranging papers at the desk, and to whom I had addressed myself on the previous evening. Minute after minute passed, and still nobody entered. There was clearly no hurry in going to business. I felt almost like an intruder, and had formed the resolution of departing, in order to look into the other offices, when the person referred to left his desk, and came and seated himself opposite to me at the fire.

'You are an Englishman,' said he, looking me steadily in the face; 'do you want to purchase?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am an Englishman; but I do not intend to purchase. I am travelling about for information, and I shall feel obliged by your letting me know the prices at which negro servants are sold.'

'I will do so with much pleasure,' was the answer. 'Do you mean field-hands or house-servants?'

'All kinds,' I replied; 'I wish to get all the information I can.'

With much politeness, the gentleman stepped to his desk, and began to draw up a note of prices. This, however, seemed to require careful consideration; and while the note was preparing, a lanky person, in a

wide-awake hat, and chewing tobacco, entered, and took the chair just vacated. He had scarcely seated himself, when, on looking towards the door, I observed the subjects of sale—the man and boy indicated by the paper on the red flag—enter together, and quietly walk to a form at the back of the shop, whence, as the day was chilly, they edged themselves towards the fire, in the corner where I was seated. I was now between the two parties—the white man on the right, and the old and young negro on the left—and I waited to see what would take place.

The sight of the negroes at once attracted the attention of Wide-awake. Chewing with vigour, he kept keenly eyeing the pair, as if to see what they were good for. Under this searching gaze, the man and boy were a little abashed, but said nothing. Their appearance had little of the repulsiveness we are apt to associate with the idea of slaves. They were dressed in a gray woollen coat, pants, and waistcoat, coloured cotton neckcloths, clean shirts, coarse woollen stockings, and stout shoes. The man wore a black hat; the boy was bareheaded. Moved by a sudden impulse, Wide-awake left his seat, and rounding the back of my chair, began to grasp at the man's arms, as if to feel their muscular capacity. He then examined his hands and fingers; and, last of all, told him to open his mouth and shew his teeth, which he did in a submissive manner. Having finished these examinations, Wide-awake resumed his seat, and chewed on in silence as before.

I thought it was but fair that I should now have my turn of investigation, and accordingly asked the elder negro what was his age. He said he did not know. I next inquired how old the boy was. He said he was seven years of age. On asking the man if the boy was his son, he said he was not—he was his cousin. I was

going into other particulars, when the office-keeper approached, and handed me the note he had been preparing; at the same time making the observation that the market was dull at present, and that there never could be a more favourable opportunity of buying. I thanked him for the trouble which he had taken; and now submit a copy of his price-current:—

'Best Men, 18 to 25 years old,	.	1200 to 1300 dollars.
Fair do. do. do.	. .	950 to 1050 "
Boys, 5 feet,	. . . .	850 to 950 "
Do., 4 feet 8 inches,	. . .	700 to 800 "
Do., 4 feet 5 inches,	. . .	500 to 600 "
Do., 4 feet,	. . . .	375 to 450 "
Young Women,	. . . .	800 to 1000 "
Girls, 5 feet,	. . . .	750 to 850 "
Do., 4 feet 9 inches,	. . .	700 to 750 "
Do., 4 feet,	. . . . .	350 to 452 "

(Signed) ————,
Richmond, Virginia.'

Leaving this document for future consideration, I pass on to a history of the day's proceedings. It was now ten minutes to ten o'clock, and Wide-awake and I being alike tired of waiting, we went off in quest of sales further up the street. Passing the second office, in which also nobody was to be seen, we were more fortunate at the third. Here, according to the announcement on the paper stuck to the flag, there were to be sold 'A woman and three children; a young woman, three men, a middle-aged woman, and a little boy.' Already a crowd had met, composed, I should think, of persons mostly from the cotton-plantations of the south. A few were seated near a fire on the right-hand side, and others stood round an iron stove in the middle of the apartment. The whole place had a dilapidated appearance. From a back-window, there was a view into a ruinous courtyard; beyond which, in a hollow, accessible by a side-lane, stood a

shabby brick-house, on which the word *Jail* was inscribed in large black letters, on a white ground. I imagined it to be a depôt for the reception of negroes.

On my arrival, and while making these preliminary observations, the lots for sale had not made their appearance. In about five minutes afterwards they were ushered in, one after the other, under the charge of a mulatto, who seemed to act as principal assistant. I saw no whips, chains, or any other engine of force. Nor did such appear to be required. All the lots took their seats on two long forms near the stove; none shewed any sign of resistance; nor did any one utter a word. Their manner was that of perfect humility and resignation.

As soon as all were seated, there was a general examination of their respective merits, by feeling their arms, looking into their mouths, and investigating the quality of their hands and fingers—this last being evidently an important particular. Yet there was no abrupt rudeness in making these examinations—no coarse or domineering language was employed. The three negro men were dressed in the usual manner—in gray woollen clothing. The woman, with three children, excited my peculiar attention. She was neatly attired, with a coloured handkerchief bound round her head, and wore a white apron over her gown. Her children were all girls, one of them a baby at the breast, three months old, and the others two and three years of age respectively, rigged out with clean white pinafores. There was not a tear or an emotion visible in the whole party. Everything seemed to be considered as a matter of course; and the change of owners was possibly looked forward to with as much indifference as ordinary hired servants anticipate a removal from one employer to another.

While intending purchasers were proceeding with

personal examinations of the several lots, I took the liberty of putting a few questions to the mother of the children. The following was our conversation:—

'Are you a married woman?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many children have you had?'

'Seven.'

'Where is your husband?'

'In Madison county.'

'When did you part from him?'

'On Wednesday—two days ago.'

'Were you sorry to part from him?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied with a deep sigh; 'my heart was a'most broke.'

'Why is your master selling you?'

'I don't know—he wants money to buy some land—suppose he sells me for that.'

There might not be a word of truth in these answers, for I had no means of testing their correctness; but the woman seemed to speak unreservedly, and I am inclined to think that she said nothing but what, if necessary, could be substantiated. I spoke, also, to the young woman who was seated near her. She, like the others, was perfectly black, and appeared stout and healthy, of which some of the persons present assured themselves by feeling her arms and ankles, looking into her mouth, and causing her to stand up. She told me she had several brothers and sisters, but did not know where they were. She said she was a house-servant, and would be glad to be bought by a good master—looking at me, as if I should not be unacceptable.

I have said that there was an entire absence of emotion in the party of men, women, and children, thus seated preparatory to being sold. This does not correspond with the ordinary accounts of slave-sales,

which are represented as tearful and harrowing. My belief is, that none of the parties felt deeply on the subject, or at least that any distress they experienced was but momentary—soon passed away, and was forgotten. One of my reasons for this opinion rests on a trifling incident which occurred. While waiting for the commencement of the sale, one of the gentlemen present amused himself with a pointer-dog, which, at command, stood on its hind-legs, and took pieces of bread from his pocket. These tricks greatly entertained the row of negroes, old and young; and the poor woman, whose heart three minutes before was almost broken, now laughed as heartily as any one.

'Sale is going to commence—this way, gentlemen,' cried a man at the door to a number of loungers outside; and all having assembled, the mulatto assistant led the woman and her children to the block, which he helped her to mount. There she stood with her infant at the breast, and one of her girls at each side. The auctioneer, a handsome, gentlemanly personage, took his place, with one foot on an old deal-chair with a broken back, and the other raised on the somewhat more elevated block. It was a striking scene.

'Well, gentlemen,' began the salesman, 'here is a capital woman and her three children, all in good health—what do you say for them? Give me an offer. (Nobody speaks.) I put up the whole lot at 850 dollars—850 dollars—850 dollars (speaking very fast)—850 dollars. Will no one advance upon that? A very extraordinary bargain, gentlemen. A fine healthy baby. Hold it up. (Mulatto goes up the first step of the block; takes the baby from the woman's breast, and holds it aloft with one hand, so as to shew that it was a veritable sucking-baby.) That will do. A woman, still young, and three children, all for 850 dollars. An advance, if you please, gentlemen.

(A voice bids 860.) Thank you, sir—860; any one bids more? (A second voice says, 870; and so on the bidding goes as far as 890 dollars, when it stops.) That won't do, gentlemen. I cannot take such a low price. (After a pause, addressing the mulatto): She may go down.' Down from the block the woman and her children were therefore conducted by the assistant, and, as if nothing had occurred, they calmly resumed their seats by the stove.

The next lot brought forward was one of the men. The mulatto beckoning to him with his hand, requested him to come behind a canvas screen, of two leaves, which was standing near the back-window. The man placidly rose, and having been placed behind the screen, was ordered to take off his clothes, which he did without a word or look of remonstrance. About a dozen gentlemen crowded to the spot while the poor fellow was stripping himself, and as soon as he stood on the floor, bare from top to toe, a most rigorous scrutiny of his person was instituted. The clear black skin, back and front, was viewed all over for sores from disease; and there was no part of his body left unexamined. The man was told to open and shut his hands, asked if he could pick cotton, and every tooth in his head was scrupulously looked at. The investigation being at an end, he was ordered to dress himself; and having done so, was requested to walk to the block.

The ceremony of offering him for competition was gone through as before, but no one would bid. The other two men, after undergoing similar examinations behind the screen, were also put up, but with the same result. Nobody would bid for them, and they were all sent back to their seats. It seemed as if the company had conspired not to buy anything that day. Probably some imperfections had been detected in the

personal qualities of the negroes. Be this as it may, the auctioneer, perhaps a little out of temper from his want of success, walked off to his desk, and the affair was so far at an end.

'This way, gentlemen—this way!' was heard from a voice outside, and the company immediately hived off to the second establishment. At this office there was a young woman, and also a man, for sale. The woman was put up first at 500 dollars; and possessing some recommendable qualities, the bidding for her was run as high as 710 dollars, at which she was knocked down to a purchaser. The man, after the customary examination behind a screen, was put up at 700 dollars; but a small imperfection having been observed in his person, no one would bid for him; and he was ordered down.

'This way, gentlemen—this way, down the street, if you please!' was now shouted by a person in the employment of the first firm, to whose office all very willingly adjourned—one migratory company, it will be perceived, serving all the slave-auctions in the place. Mingling in the crowd, I went to see what should be the fate of the man and boy, with whom I had already had some communication.

There the pair, the two cousins, sat by the fire, just where I had left them an hour ago. The boy was put up first.

'Come along, my man—jump up; there's a good boy!' said one of the partners, a bulky and respectable-looking person, with a gold chain and bunch of seals; at the same time getting on the block. With alacrity the little fellow came forward, and, mounting the steps, stood by his side. The forms in front were filled by the company; and as I seated myself, I found that my old companion, Wide-awake, was close at hand, still chewing and spitting at a great rate.

'Now, gentlemen,' said the auctioneer, putting his hand on the shoulder of the boy, 'here is a very fine boy, seven years of age, warranted sound—what do you say for him? I put him up at 500 dollars—500 dollars (speaking quick, his right hand raised up, and coming down on the open palm of his left)—500 dollars. Any one say more than 500 dollars. (560 is bid.) 560 dollars. Nonsense! Just look at him. See how high he is. (He draws the lot in front of him, and shews that the little fellow's head comes up to his breast.) You see he is a fine, tall, healthy boy. Look at his hands.'

Several step forward, and cause the boy to open and shut his hands—the flexibility of the small fingers, black on the one side, and whitish on the other, being well looked to. The hands, and also the mouth, having given satisfaction, an advance is made to 570, then to 580 dollars.

'Gentlemen, that is a very poor price for a boy of this size. (Addressing the lot): Go down, my boy, and shew them how you can run.'

The boy, seemingly happy to do as he was bid, went down from the block, and ran smartly across the floor several times; the eyes of every one in the room following him.

'Now, that will do. Get up again. (Boy mounts the block, the steps being rather deep for his short legs; but the auctioneer kindly lends him a hand.) Come, gentlemen, you see this is a first-rate lot. (590—600—610—620—630 dollars are bid.) I will sell him for 630 dollars. (Right hand coming down on left.) Last call. 630 dollars once—630 dollars twice. (A pause; hand sinks.) Gone!'

The boy having descended, the man was desired to come forward; and after the usual scrutiny behind a screen, he took his place on the block.

'Well, now, gentlemen,' said the auctioneer, 'here is a right prime lot. Look at this man; strong, healthy, able-bodied; could not be a better hand for field-work. He can drive a wagon, or anything. What do you say for him? I offer the man at the low price of 800 dollars—he is well worth 1200 dollars. Come, make an advance, if you please. 800 dollars said for the man (a bid), thank you; 810 dollars—810 dollars—810 dollars (several bids)—820—830—850—860—going at 860—going. Gentlemen, this is far below his value. A strong-boned man, fit for any kind of heavy work. Just take a look at him. (Addressing the lot): Walk down. (Lot dismounts, and walks from one side of the shop to the other. When about to reascend the block, a gentleman, who is smoking a cigar, examines his mouth and his fingers. Lot resumes his place.) Pray, gentlemen, be quick (continues the auctioneer); I must sell him, and 860 dollars are only bid for the man—860 dollars. (A fresh run of bids to 945 dollars.) 945 dollars once, 945 dollars twice (looking slowly round, to see if all were done), 945 dollars, going—going (hand drops)—gone!'

During this remarkable scene, I sat at the middle of the front form, with my note-book in my hand, in order to obtain a full view of the transaction. So strange was the spectacle, that I could hardly dispel the notion that it was all a kind of dream; and now I look back upon the affair as by far the most curious I ever witnessed. The more intelligent Virginians will sympathise in my feelings on the occasion. I had never until now seen human beings sold; the thing was quite new. Two men are standing on an elevated bench, one white and the other black. The white man is auctioning the black man. What a contrast in look and relative position! The white is a most respectable-looking person; so far

as dress is concerned, he might pass for a clergyman or church-warden. There he stands—can I believe my eyes?—in the might of an Anglo-Saxon, sawing the air with his hand, as if addressing a missionary or any other philanthropic meeting from a platform. Surely that gentlemanly personage cannot imagine that he is engaged in any mortal sin! Beside him is a man with a black skin, and clothed in rough garments. His looks are downcast and submissive. He is being sold, just like a horse at Tattersall's, or a picture at Christie and Manson's—I must be under some illusion. That dark object, whom I have been always taught to consider a man, is not a man. True, he may be called a man in advertisements, and by the mouth of auctioneers. But it is only a figure of speech—a term of convenience. He is a man in one sense, and not in another. He is a kind of man—stands upright on two legs, has hands to work, wears clothes, can cook his food (a point not reached by monkeys), has the command of speech, and, in a way, can think and act like a rational creature—can even be taught to read. But nature has thought fit to give him a black skin, and that tells very badly against him. Perhaps, also, there is something wrong with his craniological development. Being, at all events, so much of a man—genus *homo*—is it quite fair to master him, and sell him, exactly as suits your convenience—you being, from a variety of fortunate circumstances, his superior? All this passed through my mind as I sat on the front form in the saleroom of Messrs ———, while one of the members of that well-known firm was engaged in pursuing, by the laws of Virginia, his legitimate calling.

Such were a forenoon's experiences in the slave-market of Richmond. Everything is described

precisely as it occurred, without passion or prejudice. It would not have been difficult to be sentimental on a subject which appeals so strongly to the feelings; but I have preferred telling the simple truth. In a subsequent chapter, I shall endeavour to offer some general views of slavery in its social and political relations.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONGRESS.

The sales of slaves in Richmond were over for the day; and as I had procured the information for which I had made a run into Virginia, I made the best of my way back to Washington by rail and steamer. Among my fellow-passengers were a number of members of Congress, pushing onward to be in time for the day of opening, which was at hand.

In the course of Saturday there were numerous arrivals; the hotels, smartened up after a long dull season, were thronged to overflowing; and there was an air of business in the usually tranquil thoroughfares. On Sunday, I went to an Episcopal church—an elegant new building, which was crowded with a highly respectable body of worshippers.

Next morning ushered in an important day, Monday, the 5th of December, appointed for the assembling of Congress—great excitement in the hotel parlours, groups eagerly discussing who was to be Speaker of the House of Representatives; who was to be appointed printer to Congress (a thing so good that one year of it is considered to be enough); and other matters of consequence. Rumours cunningly floated about to mislead opponents were, as usual, seen through. Every one was on the alert, and ready to be at his post.

At half-past eleven o'clock, I walked down

Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend, who kindly undertook to be my cicerone. It was a beautifully clear day, rather cold, but with that lightness and dryness of atmosphere which is peculiar to America. Members were proceeding, singly, in pairs, or several together, towards the Capitol, where they went at once to their respective seats. There was no crowding in the streets to witness the opening of Congress; for there was not a bit of finery or pomp about the whole affair—no procession of President and his court, no corps diplomatique, no carriages, no trumpeters, and no dragoons. For anything that could be seen, the Capitol might be supposed to be a church, into which members and spectators were composedly pouring. There was an entire absence of pretension: no bribe was payable for admission to the galleries. At the doors of our Houses of Parliament, may be seen a number of officials, whom it is usually necessary to conciliate with cash. The Americans have had the good sense to get rid of these pampered lackeys. My friend and I walked into the House of Representatives unchallenged, and placed ourselves in a recess outside the barrier which bounds the seats of the members; and here I was introduced to several persons of political notoriety.

The House was full. Representatives from California and other distant states were already present—the whole assemblage forming a body of well-dressed persons, such as you would see any day on 'Change. There was little diversity of costume. A black dress-coat, black satin waistcoat, and black stock, constitute the general attire—ready for court, dinner, ball, public meeting, or anything. A few wore beards, but clean shaving was the rule. Standing, sitting, lounging, talking, according to fancy, they spent the time till noon. 'The moment the hands of the clock point to

twelve,' said my friend, 'business will commence.' A clerk, seated in advance, and a little below the vacant chair of the Speaker, kept his eye fixed on a clock over the doorway, and accordingly rung his bell when the hour of noon was indicated.

Every one being seated and in order, the work of the session commenced by the calling of the roll, each member answering to his name. The vote was afterwards taken for Speaker, when much the larger number having named Linn Boyd of Kentucky, that gentleman was conducted to the chair amidst general plaudits. On the whole, I received a favourable impression of the method of conducting the business of the House, which was simple yet effective. Judging, however, by the accounts given in the newspapers of debates on questions of moment, it would appear that very impassioned scenes occur, and that at such times language is employed which would shock, and would not be tolerated in, the House of Commons. At the same time, I am told that petty means of annoying political opponents while speaking, such as braying, crowing like a cock, and so forth, have not obtained a footing in America; and so far the democracy of the States has an advantage.

The Senate, or Upper House, opens at the same hour as the House of Representatives; and, before departure, I had an opportunity also of noticing some of its proceedings, and being made acquainted with several of its members—among others, the Hon. Charles Sumner, whose eloquent harangues are well known in England.

The plain, business-like way in which legislation is conducted, has been mentioned in disparagement of Congress—a thing not easy to understand. In Great Britain, tradition and precedent are considered to be of so much importance, that arrangements altogether

new, however reasonable in the abstract, are viewed with extreme suspicion, and can with the greatest difficulty be effected. In the United States, on the contrary, every subject may be said to stand on its own merits, and is legislated for accordingly. The English, for example, under a habitual respect for what is sanctioned by antiquity, and fearful of disturbing the foundations of a venerable fabric, admit of extensions in the representative system with the utmost reluctance; while the Americans, having no antiquity to venerate, no traditionary usages to embarrass, go right up to the point, and organise a code of representation on the broadest possible principle. Whether in doing so, they achieve a higher degree of rational liberty, is a different question. What concerns us at present, is the mode of their procedure. Right or wrong, they have had no other course open to them. They have acted under the necessities of their condition.

In England, there has always existed a traditional authority, which, from time to time, has imparted privileges to the people; but in the States, starting at the revolution, there was no authority to impart anything. The monarchical authority was expelled, and power was vested in the people at large. Yet, as a fact in constitutional history, it is interesting to know that the Americans at this crisis in their affairs were not left to organise a government out of chaos. The British monarchy had long previously established Houses of Assembly in its thirteen colonies, and by these agencies, it will be remembered, the new organisation was tranquilly moulded. The thirteen states, therefore, federally united, were but the old colonies, *minus* their English governors, and *plus* the legislative independence they had secured. Besides this inheritance of constituted forms, the States retained the laws

of England, with all the ordinary municipal arrangements; and to this day the stranger observes that each of the original thirteen states possesses, to a lesser or greater extent, the impress which was given to it by its charters from the English monarchy. 'We get copies of all your parliamentary reports, all your statutes,' said a member of Congress to me on visiting the Capitol; 'we know what you are about, and our law-courts constantly quote your procedure.' Could there be a greater compliment paid to England, which, even after a separation of eighty years, is allowed to exert a parental influence over her children? Could America do herself more honour than in making this handsome acknowledgment?

By the creation out of wild territory, conquest, and purchase, the Union, at the time of my visit to the political metropolis, comprehended thirty-one states; and the manner in which these are represented in Congress may be alluded to. The Senate, answering to our House of Lords, is composed of two members from each state, irrespective of its size or amount of population; consequently, the number is sixty-two. These senators are chosen by the legislatures of the several states for the term of six years. One-third retire every two years, by which means a degree of permanency is imparted to the institution. The Vice-president of the United States is the President of the Senate, in which he has a casting vote; in his absence, a temporary president is elected from the body.

The House of Representatives is a purely popular assembly. The members are elected every two years by the people of the several states, and according to a rule fixed by Act of Congress in 1850. By this law, the number of representatives is established at 233. These representatives are appointed by universal

suffrage among free citizens—the poorest as well as the richest having a vote. The number of voters for each representative is apportioned to each elective district every ten years; the number is determined by the simple plan of dividing the whole population by 233; the quotient being, therefore, the number apportioned. In the event of a state being admitted to the Union, a member is assigned to it until next decennial period, when a fresh division by 233 takes place. Thus to the ordinary number of 233, one is at present temporarily added for California, making the actual number 234. Besides these members, the House comprehends a delegate from each of several territories; but these, though allowed to speak on any subject, do not vote. The recent addition of Nebraska to the number of states, will make some change in this respect.

In appointing senators and representatives, whether to Congress or to the legislatures of the several states, the Americans proceed on the principle of asking no public service for nothing. Every member is paid from public funds for his attendance. For a number of years, the rate of compensation for each member of the Senate and House of Representatives has been eight dollars a day during attendance on Congress; no deduction being made on account of sickness. Each, also, receives eight dollars for every twenty miles of travel by the usual road, in going to or returning from Washington. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is allowed sixteen dollars a day.

There can be little doubt that these payments are sufficiently tempting, to induce needy men to seek the post of representative; the allowance, however, is altogether inadequate to compensate the loss which is frequently incurred by a neglect of professional

duties, and the expense of living several months from home. As an additional inducement to assume the function of senator or representative, the members of Congress enjoy a large franking privilege. They may send or receive letters or packets free by post not exceeding two ounces, and public documents three pounds, in weight. Members of Congress would be more than human, if such a privilege were not as greatly abused as it was in England, when franking was tolerated here. One of the more apparent results, is the enormous increase of matter passing through the Post-office—so great as sometimes to retard the mails, and derange the transmission of letters and newspapers. A few days previous to the meeting of Congress, I found the lobbies and passages of the public offices in Washington encumbered with great loads of packages of printed reports, which men were preparing for the approaching demand. Neatly done up in buff-tinted covers, these packages, piled in huge heaps, attested the lavish scale on which public documents are printed for distribution, and the labour to be incurred in inscribing them with the magical symbols—*Pub. Doc.*, and signature of a member. We observe by a newspaper, that this extraordinary system of franking is beginning to be seriously challenged, more particularly since it has been proposed to raise the ordinary charge for postage, in order to meet the cost of carrying so much free material. A characteristic paragraph on the subject is subjoined.*

* 'When the members reach Washington, they find large quantities of documents printed and enveloped under the orders of the preceding session, and begin franking right and left. Two or three days thereafter, the stage-routes diverging from the temporary termini of the railways, especially in the west, are choked up by a medley of letters, newspapers, and documents. A stage-driver goes for the mail, and finds twice as much ready for him as

With an extensive and clear field in their favour, and no embarrassment from antiquated usages, the United States have been able to accomplish aims for the good of society which Great Britain has found utterly impracticable. In organising systems of national education at the public expense, the several states have, for example, completely outstripped the old country. Yet as, in this respect, monarchical Canada is quite as far forward as the States, it would be an error to suppose that republicanism is the cause of the remarkable step in advance. Candidly considered, it will be seen that the legislation of the United Kingdom, when obstructions are overcome and an intelligent public feeling fairly roused, is abreast, if not ahead, of that of Congress. I would, in particular, call attention to the strides in advance made by England as regards freedom of commercial intercourse

his horses can possibly draw. So he picks up two or three bags, and starts off, leaving the residue to a more convenient season; and the next driver finds a still larger pile awaiting him, and treats it in the same manner. Thus, we have had a ton of our weekly paper lying at one time at some half-way house on the route, and our disappointed subscribers writing us the most unflattering letters, ordering us to send on the papers they had paid us for, or send back their money. . . . The short of the matter is this: Congress is now paying some half a million of dollars a year out of the Treasury for printing documents, and perhaps a million more for their transportation and delivery to the members' favourite constituents. We think this all wrong —that everything should pay its way—that he who is not willing to pay postage on his documents, does not really want, and will not be benefited by them. Yet, we can stand the abuse as it is. But Mr Olds and his Fogy committee, propose in effect to take this load off the Treasury, and put it on the postage-payers. Now, we tell the members of Congress, that this won't go down—most decidedly not. So long as they pay the shot out of the Treasury—postage as well as printing—the people won't mind it; but from the day that letters are made to pay two cents each extra to take this load off the Treasury, there will be a low muttering, which those who put their ears to the ground may hear; and the members from the free states who vote in favour of the change, will get badly scratched whenever they are candidates again. If they don't believe it now, they will, after trying the experiment.'—*New York Tribune*, May 9, 1854.

and navigation, leaving America to come laggingly behind, along with the nations for whom she, politically speaking, entertains anything but respect. The people of the United States, if true to themselves and the principles of a sound political economy, ought not, for the sake of special *interests*, to have been second in this great movement—will they even be second? Need I add, that the Americans have done themselves no honour in so long postponing the enactment of an international copyright treaty—a subject legislated upon years ago by Great Britain.

In the matter of cheap postage, the States have had the misfortune to be imitators of England, instead of taking the initiative; moreover, with the full knowledge of the Post-office organisation of the United Kingdom, and possessing an overplus revenue, the Americans have strangely failed to place their postal-system on a footing so perfect as it might be. The franking privilege, accorded not only to members of Congress, but (restrictedly) to an inferior class of postmasters, is an abuse which surprises us to see still tolerated. More remarkable is it to find that the ordinary rate of prepaid postage of three cents for a single letter, does not infer delivery. When the American post undertakes to convey letters and newspapers, the service extends only to their transmission from post-office to post-office. For their delivery at the house of the party to whom they are addressed, there is an additional charge of one or two cents. It is an ordinary custom everywhere in the States, to call for letters or newspapers at the post-office, and by an arrangement with the postmaster, each person has a box into which his correspondence is put. In New York, I observed great crowds daily at the post-office seeking for letters. Let this monstrously inconvenient practice be compared with the plan pursued in London, of sending out

four or five times a day a host of carriers, each with his bundle of letters and newspapers for delivery at the doors of the parties to whom they are addressed, without any additional charge. An American gentleman, who had been some time in London, mentioned to me that nothing surprised and delighted him so much as the incessant distribution of letters; care being taken to transfer the carriers in detachments to their respective beats by means of rapidly-driven omnibuses. 'Your government,' said he, 'is completely ahead of ours in this respect. We could not do better than transfer your postal-system, *body and bones*, to the States.'

Legislation in these, as well as matters of more grave concern, is of course regulated by the expression of public sentiment; but in no country is it more difficult than in America to ascertain what really constitutes the unprejudiced feeling of the community. The States are not one, but many nations, united by a common interest, but differing greatly in social usages and opinions. Subjects of important concern are viewed in one light by the north, and in another by the south; just as it might be expected to be by nations in the north and south of Europe. Then there is the universal division of society into Whigs (answering in some degree to the English Tories or Conservatives), and Democrats, or extreme Republicans. Beyond these distinctions of genera and species, there is an indefinite number of varieties and sub-varieties—Free-soilers, Hunkers, Hards, Softs, Woolly-heads, Doughfaces, &c., rather puzzling to the uninitiated, yet of practical significance; for I observe that in some cases of examinations before judicial tribunals, the party sobriquet of witnesses is appended to their names in the published record of proceedings—as if credibility of evidence depended on political opinion!

Party-spirit is, to all appearance, the soul of American society—regulating and controlling everything. What any man says or does is too commonly judged by the press according to the opinion he entertains on political subjects. Bad as we are in this respect in England, we do not go quite this length, unless when sectarian interests are concerned—there, we regret to say, our so-called religious newspapers possess the worst features of the least respectable American journals. A natural consequence of the fierceness with which persons are attacked for their political sentiments, is an indisposition to mingle in public affairs. I was told over and over again in the States, by people of substance and intelligence, that they shrunk from appearance in public affairs—would have nothing to do with the vulgar wranglings at elections—left things to go any way. This can hardly be considered a sound state of things, for it amounts to delivering up the country to the most noisy and viperish of the population. In New York, as has been observed, the civic government has, from this cause, been practically in the hands of the mob, from which, however, as I understood, a spasmodic effort of the more respectable classes was about to rescue it.

'Things will be better for a little time,' said a gentleman of New York, speaking to me on this subject; 'but they will soon fall back to their former condition—the most noisy and calumnious will carry the day.'

We are scarcely entitled to make this a special charge against the democracy of the States, for a similar reluctance to take part in political movements is observable among certain classes in England; and such must ever be the case until the world is better instructed, and knows and feels that in constitutional governments the franchise is as much a duty

as a privilege. The keen party-spirit, the corrupt practices, the intimidation, the obloquy cast on opponents, are all dwelt upon as grievous sins in the republican elections of America—the ballot is spoken of as a sham. True, perhaps, in every particular; but after recent experiences, can any Englishman have the conscience to hold up the finger of scorn on account of these real or alleged imperfections? On such a subject, the fact of so many members of the House of Commons being convicted of bribery and corruption—and of so many others being ordinarily elected through the meanest venal influences—ought at least to make us careful how we utter a reproach.

Whatever be the faults of the American government, it cannot be said that extravagance is one of them. The Minister of the Exchequer is not called on to devise schemes of taxation to make the two ends meet. His only difficulty is a very strange one—it is what to do with the money in the public Treasury! In 1853, the entire expenditure of the government of the United States was 54,000,000, and its receipts were 61,000,000, of dollars. By accumulated balances, there was at the same time on hand the sum of 75,000,000 dollars; and how this money should be disposed of was a matter of very serious concern. To be sure, there was a debt of 65,000,000 dollars; but it was at a high premium, and by a sacrifice it could easily have been discharged. Portions of the debt were, indeed, being paid off, when opportunities offered, and in a few years the whole will be extinguished, without impairing the balance. At present a variety of schemes are on foot for disposing of this unfortunate overplus. All intelligent individuals, of course, see that the rational mode of procedure is to abolish certain branches of revenue; and so bring the draughts down to the necessary outlay. But to this there are objections on the part of the manufacturing

community. The federal government levies no direct taxes on the people. Its revenue is principally from custom-house duties, which in 1853 amounted to nearly 59,000,000 dollars. Now, these duties are of a protective character. They tax the nation at large, by an aggravation of prices, in order to give a monopoly to certain branches of native industry; and their removal or considerable modification would be equivalent to free-trade, which the public mind, jealous of foreign competition, is not prepared for. Meanwhile, the accumulating cash in the Treasury presents a dilemma of a different kind. It is universally felt to be a source of corruption and danger. Every faction is scheming to have a clutch at it. As a spare fund at command, it may induce some rash warlike expedition, or be otherwise employed in the undue extension of the Union. A third evil connected with it, is the gradual abstraction of money from circulation, in order to be locked profitlessly up in the Treasury; thereby starving commerce of its proper means of support. So that, if things go on as they are doing, the curious conjuncture may come about, of all the available money in the country finding its way into the national Exchequer, where it is not wanted, and trade, accordingly, being brought to a stand. Any way it can be viewed, the accumulation is considered to be most pernicious in its effects, both as regards administrative policy and social wellbeing; and the gravest politicians admit that, in comparison with the evils of the present system, an annual deficit would be a national blessing. After all, there would seem to be worse things than a National Debt!

While attending the opening of Congress, it was explained to me that much was done in the way of *lobbying* and *log-rolling*—phrases unknown in England, though the things signified are by no means wanting.

By lobbying, is meant the influence exerted privately on members by interested parties hanging about the lobbies of the Capitol; and it is said jocularly, that in the passing of bills as much depends on the activity of members for the lobby as on the real representatives. It seems to be one of the duties of these lobbiers, to make such compromises among parties as will induce them to support the measures of each other. One member, for example, wishing to carry a bill for a grant of public land towards a projected railway, and another desiring to extend slavery into a new state, will, by discreet management, be induced to assist each other with a vote. Such is *log-rolling*: mutual assistance by a compromise, as it may be, of principle.

As we all know, splendid examples of log-rolling are of daily occurrence in the House of Commons, through the agency of party whippers-in; and neither are we altogether deficient in a practice, equally irregular, which the Americans describe as 'speaking for *bunkum*.' I heard of some interesting cases of bunkum, by which is signified the bringing forward of a sham proposal, in order to catch popular applause. A member, for instance, desirous of standing well with his constituents, makes an oratorical display in favour of a measure in which they are interested; but with the knowledge that such a measure is impracticable, and will not be carried. In fact, he does not want to carry it; the sole object of the orator is to impose on his supporters, and acquire the character of a meritorious public leader. I was told that in one of the state legislatures, a bill for the Maine Liquor Law was proposed, entirely with a view to bunkum. It was, indeed, passed by the Lower House; all the members who voted for it having dishonestly thrown the odium of rejection on the Senate. The Senate, however, seeing through the trick, passed the bill also; and, finally, the governor appended his

assent, rendering it a law—the whole thing, from first to last, being a piece of mutual deception. The result was, that in the state in question, the law became practically a dead-letter. That such actually was the occurrence, I am unable to say from my own knowledge; yet I think the circumstance as related must possess a certain degree of truth, for I observe by a newspaper, that in a neighbouring state, where a similar law has just been enacted, the people are recommended 'to organise a club or league in each township and city, to take care that this act is promptly and thoroughly enforced,' because, 'if this is not done, the act will prove only a sham and a disgrace.' Are we to understand from the counsel thus given by the press, that the enforcement of laws is to depend on popular leagues or clubs?—a doctrine which would argue prodigious weakness in the ordinary executive power.

It does not appear that the President of the United States holds any personal intercourse with Congress. As has been shewn, he does not, at least, attend at the opening of the session; a day or two after that event, he sends his Message, a voluminous document, to be read to the members. To one accustomed to the outward forms of respect for sovereigns in Europe, the manner in which the President and his measures are sometimes referred to, appears to be inconsistent with the high position he occupies. The latest American newspaper which has come to hand, gives an account of his being burned in effigy, on the ground of his connection with the Nebraska bill. The function of the President, however, is more analogous to that of a prime-minister than a king. He is a responsible officer—only the first magistrate of the Republic. The comparatively small salary allowed him cannot be expected to go far towards keeping up the paraphernalia

of state. It amounts to only 25,000 dollars (£5000) per annum; and as the President is appointed for only four years, the pecuniary advantages are not great. Perhaps the patronage belonging to the office is an object of no inconsiderable importance. According to a practice now of some standing, it is usual for every new President to dismiss some thousands of persons from office, and to appoint his own supporters in their stead; the consequence of which is, that a large number of individuals naturally become agitators for a presidential change. We are accustomed in England to see vacant offices filled by the party in power, on account of political bias; but expulsion is unknown, unless for incompetency, or on some other grounds equally valid. Should the projected arrangement be carried into effect, of appointing persons to civil offices only after they have undergone an examination as to competency, Great Britain will have made a signal step forward in administrative policy, eminently worthy of being copied in the United States, where things, in this respect, are about as bad as they can possibly be. The present President being a Democrat, and democracy having the ascendant in Congress, offices are, of course, filled with Democrats, greatly to the chagrin of the Whigs, who live in the expectation that, by a happy turn in affairs, their time of office is coming. All writers, native and foreign, deplore this most mischievous custom of changing the ordinary and humble officials of government, according to the rise and fall of party; and it undeniably forms one of the worst features of the American state.

At Washington, as well as other cities I visited, everybody with whom I had the honour of conversing on public matters, spoke with respect of England, and entertained the hope that nothing would ever occur to cause any serious disagreement between that country

and the States; and such, I imagine, to be a very general feeling in America, notwithstanding the occasional remarks of a contrary nature by a portion of the press. I need hardly say, that I reciprocated the sentiments of good-will which were expressed, and perhaps was not thought the less of for giving it as my impression, that the least admirable thing about the government of the States was the extreme deference to popular clamour. 'You are,' I said, 'great, wealthy, and with a boundless field of well-doing; your public economy is, in most things, worthy of all praise; but if legislation is to be conducted on the principle of yielding to every gale of popular and inconsiderate impulse—if you do not take time to reflect on consequences—you may be impelled into the most dangerous course of policy; your day of trouble may not be far distant.' Late events, afterwards to be alluded to, do not leave these hints unjustified.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA.

TERMINATING my brief visit to Washington, I made my way northwards by railway through Baltimore to Philadelphia, the journey occupying little more than six hours. Writing now after an interval of several months, I throw my mind back to the very delightful residence of a few days which it was my fortune to enjoy in the city of Brotherly Love. My quarters were at the Girard House, a hotel in Chestnut Street of the first class; but so much of my time was engaged in making calls, seeing sights, and picking up scraps of information, that my stay was a perpetual change of scene and circumstances.

When William Penn fixed on the spacious peninsula between the Delaware on the east, and the Schuylkill on the west, for the site of a large city, he may be said to have selected one of the most charming and convenient spots on the whole coast of America. Approachable from the sea by the Delaware, the land, with a gentle yet sufficient rise from the water, was originally a fertile plain, dotted over with trees, and inhabited only by a few Indians. Such was the sylvan scene on which the first English settlers made their appearance in 1681, and began the reclamation of the wilderness. What do we now see after a period of a hundred and seventy-three years?—A city, the second in point of size in the United States—second, however, to

none in beauty, regularity, and all the blessings attending on good order and intelligence. We are called on so frequently to note the rapid progress of American cities, that the subject ceases to excite surprise. There is something, however, more than usually wonderful in the growth of Philadelphia. At about the time of the Revolution, when the English abandoned it, the number of inhabitants, army included, was only 21,000; so that when Franklin was at the zenith of his glory as a philosopher and statesman, the city of his adoption was in reality but a comparatively small place. Since that not distant era, the population has mounted to nearly, if not beyond, 500,000; and to all appearance it is destined to equal that of New York. That Philadelphia may, indeed, be soon the first of American cities, would not be astonishing; for it possesses the advantage of being now, since railway communication was opened, on the speediest route from the Atlantic to the Ohio and Mississippi, and of having ample room to expand in its dimensions, which New York unfortunately has not.

Every one has heard of the plainness of Philadelphia. According to ordinary notions, it is a plain brick town, with straight lines of street crossing each other at right angles, and altogether as dull and monotonous as its Quaker founders could have desired. In this, as in many things, the fancy dresses up a picture which is dispelled by actual observation. So far from being a dull or dismal town, Philadelphia is found to be a remarkably animated city, with streets crowded with as fashionable a set of people as you could wish to see, and displaying a greater number of private carriages than are paraded in any other part of America. It may be allowed that the scheme of long and straight rows of brick buildings, with scarcely any variation in shape, is not very tasteful; but a severe regularity in this respect

is better than no plan at all, with the consequent confusion of streets, lanes, and mysterious back-courts with which such cities as London are afflicted. As a relief to the monotony of Philadelphia, the houses are constructed of a species of brick so smooth and fine, and so neatly laid, that all other brick-built cities sink in comparison. Then, let it be understood, that the basement story of many of the houses, the architraves, and nearly all the flights of steps to the doors, are of pure white marble. Next, take into account the punctiliously clean windows of plate-glass—the broad granite pavements—the well-swept, I might almost say washed, streets—the rows of leafy trees for shadowing the foot-passengers—the air of neatness generally prevailing—and you have a tolerable idea of the capital of Pennsylvania.

Going into particulars, many other things strike the stranger. Latterly, the taste of the inhabitants has overleaped the primitive architectural design, and begun to substitute magnificent buildings of marble and red sandstone for those of brick. The ordinary height is also here and there exceeded; and now a pleasing variety takes the place of the ancient and much-complained of uniformity. Similar changes are observable in the naming of streets; although, all things considered, the old plan is perhaps the best. It consisted in distinguishing all the streets running one way according to numbers, as First, Second, Third Street, and so on; and naming all those which proceeded in a cross direction, after trees, as Chestnut, Mulberry, Spruce Street, &c. The old names, as far as they went, are happily preserved. Running right across the town, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, is Chestnut Street, the main or fashionable thoroughfare; and near its centre, comprehending a space from First to Fourth Street, is the chief seat of business operations. Suddenly

put down hereabouts, the English stranger would be surprised at the traffic which seems to prevail, the thronging of well-dressed people, and the unexpected splendour of the shops—large stores shewing a long vista of elegant counters, shelving, and glass-cases, such as may be seen in the better parts of London and Paris, and stocked with the most costly articles of luxury. Proceeding eastwards along Chestnut Street, we finally arrive at the Delaware, which is faced by a long quay-like street, with a frontage of wooden wharfs jutting into the water; and here, as far as the eye can carry, nothing is seen but the masts and cordage of vessels, the puffing of steamers arriving and departing, and the struggling of draymen, porters, and sailors, engaged in the business of loading and unloading articles of commerce. At the upper extremity of the quay, the shipment of coal, brought down by railway from the great Pennsylvanian coal-fields, seems to be conducted on so large a scale, that a Northumbrian might be deceived into the idea that he was on the banks of the Tyne.

Renewed and improved in various ways, Philadelphia shews few architectural relics of its early history. We see nothing of any edifice in which Franklin resided; and neither, until the time of my visit, had any public monument been erected to his memory, which, however, is preserved in connection with various institutions. The most remarkable building, dating from the pre-revolutionary period, is the old State-house, situated a short way back from the line of thoroughfare in Chestnut Street, so as to form a kind of square. It is a respectable, old-fashioned looking brick structure, consisting of a ground and upper story, with a spire partly of wood rising from the centre, and a wing added to each end. This edifice, which was erected so early as 1734, afforded accommodation for the congressional assemblies of the Revolution; and it was here, in the

large apartment on the left-hand side of the doorway, that the famed Declaration of Independence was signed. At present, the apartment, which is unfurnished, seems to be reserved as a sacred show-place for strangers. It contains a few relics of antiquarian interest; one of these being the bell which, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of July 1776, sounded a peal from the spire above, to announce that the Declaration had been subscribed. Having been subsequently fractured, it is now laid aside here as an object of curiosity. The other apartments of the old State-house are occupied chiefly as courts of justice; for Philadelphia, although the principal city of Pennsylvania, is not honoured by being made the place of meeting of the state legislature. That dignity, according to the usual American plan of huddling away the business of legislation into retired nooks, has, since 1812, belonged to the small town of Harrisburg, a hundred miles distant, on the Susquehanna river.

Behind the old State-house is an enclosed space with rows of trees; no doubt an agreeable summer-lounge to the Hancocks, Washingtons, and Franklins of revolutionary memory. Adjacent to the further extremity of the enclosure, is one of the few squares in the city, forming a lawn, with walks and seats, and prettily ornamented with trees. On visiting this spot, which is open to the public, I was amused by observing the tameness of a number of gray squirrels, which at call came down from their nests in the trees, and were fed by the children who were playing about the grass. It was pleasing to learn that these little animals did not suffer any injury from the youthful visitors of the square, and that care was taken of them by the public. How much good, I thought, might be done, by thus accustoming children to look kindly on the creatures which God has committed to our general regard and bounty!

Few cities are so well provided with water as Philadelphia. Beyond the environs on the west, the Schuylkill, which is a river about the size of the Thames, is dammed up and thrown back into a capacious pool, whence the water is led away and pumped by powerful wheels into a reservoir, nearly 100 feet high. By these means, 1,500,000 gallons of water are raised every twenty-four hours, and supplied by mains to the city in such profusion, that every family has an ample command of this prime necessary of life. The water-works on the Schuylkill form a favourite resort for the inhabitants of the city. The scene at the spot where the river falls over the barrier forming the dam, is very charming. Immediately beneath, a handsome suspension-bridge has lately been erected, by which access is readily obtained to the opposite banks.

In the neighbourhood of these hydraulic-works, is situated the celebrated Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which, originating in the efforts of a few humane individuals interested in the subject of penal discipline, has formed a model for the system of prisons now authorised in Great Britain. Having visited pretty nearly all the large prisons in Germany, France, and England, I felt a degree of interest in comparing their arrangements with those in operation in this American institution. The plan adopted is that of the separate system, as it is called, but with considerable modifications. About eleven acres of ground are surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, with battlemented turrets; and in the middle of the enclosure is the prison, designed on the principle of corridors radiating from a central point. The cells open from, and are ranged along, the corridors, in the usual manner, each containing a convict, who, from entry to dismissal, lives and works in his cell, and is allowed no communication

with other prisoners. In England, it is customary to permit the prisoners to have outdoor exercise at certain hours in courtyards. Here, a more humane and reasonable practice is followed. Each cell is provided with a small courtyard, into which the unhappy inmate may, during the day, step at pleasure. The door into this little airing-ground is at the end of the cell opposite the door, and according to taste, is laid out partly as a parterre of flowers, in the cultivation of which the prisoner may relieve the wretchedness of his confinement. In several instances, on entering the cells, I found the inmates in their courtyards reading in the sunshine, which stole over the top of the high bounding-walls; and I thought, that this open communing with nature must have in it something soothing and improving to the feelings. Hand-weaving at small looms, and shoemaking, seemed the principal crafts pursued by the prisoners. In one of the cells, occupied by a shoemaker, there was a pair of pigeons, which sat meekly on the edge of a pail by the man's side; and on questioning him respecting these animals, he said he prized them as companions. 'They do me good,' he said, 'when I look at them: their cooing cheers me when I am alone.' I was glad that the prison authorities allowed the unfortunate man this simple pleasure. But it seems to be one of the aims of the directors of the institution, to neglect no means of operating on the moral sentiments of the prisoners. Though styled the separate system, the discipline admits of the freest intercourse with respectable visitors. The best people in Philadelphia call upon, and hold converse with the convicts, who doubtless receive no small benefit through such agencies.

The last cell I visited was double the size of the others, and occupied by a man who was busily engaged at a bench, making chairs with carpentry tools. On our

entry, he did not look up, but continued at his employment. He was a stout-made young man, probably not more than thirty years of age, with a good-humoured expression of countenance, and was dressed in a linen blouse, confined round the waist. A more unlikely person for a criminal could hardly be imagined. After a few introductory observations, I inquired the nature of the offence for which he was committed. His answer was the single and startling word—'Murder!'

'Whom did you kill?' I asked. His reply was affecting.

'I killed my wife; but it was in self-defence. She was a bad woman; she had been drinking with some men in my own house, and when I returned home after a short absence, she ran at me with an axe. I saved myself by holding out my razor, which happened to be in my pocket at the time; it unfortunately struck upon her neck, and she bled to death. I was tried, and condemned to twelve years' imprisonment.' Such was the man's story; and if true in all particulars, it seems to infer scant justice in the tribunals. On looking about, I observed a child's chest of drawers, which the prisoner said he had made for his daughter, who came at times to see him, and whose visits afforded him the only gleam of happiness in his lot. I could not but feel deeply interested in this individual; and I ventured to throw out the hope, that by good conduct he might by and by obtain a remission of his sentence. On the whole, after making a survey of the prison, and hearing explanations respecting its arrangements, I was more favourably impressed with the genial system pursued, than with the comparatively arid discipline which prevails in our penitentiaries. Besides this general receptacle for criminals, there are two houses of refuge for juvenile vagrants and offenders in Philadelphia—one for white and another for coloured inmates; for even in

crime and suffering, colour asserts a distinction here as elsewhere in the States.

The humane system of prison-discipline introduced into Philadelphia, seems to be appropriate in a city founded by a body of religionists whose aim has always been that of practical benevolence. Begun by Friends, this sect has left its impress on the public institutions, and also the usages of the inhabitants, but has long since dwindled down to be one of the least noticeable religious bodies in the city, and in the present day, the number of persons dressed as Quakers in the streets is in no way conspicuous.

The public buildings of Philadelphia—such as banks, hospitals, churches, theatres, and other establishments, including a Merchants' Exchange—are of a more than usually elegant style of architecture; and it seemed as if in no city in the union was greater progress making than in this department of the arts. One of the more stately of these public edifices is the Girard Bank, in Third Street, once occupied by Stephen Girard, and where that remarkable person amassed the large fortune which, at his death, was bequeathed to the city for the support of an institution for orphans, and other purposes. The Girard College, founded by this appropriation, and now occupied as an educational hospital for children, is situated at a short distance from the town on a high ground, towards the Schuylkill, and is by far the finest building, in point of size, material, and purely Grecian character, in the United States. On the evening after my arrival, a gentleman kindly undertook to conduct me to this, the grandest architectural product of America. Placed as it is within a spacious pleasure-ground, I was struck with its magnificent proportions and general aspect. It is in form a parallelogram, composed entirely of white marble, with a basement of steps all round. With eight Corinthian

pillars at each end, and eleven on each side, supporting a pediment and roof, it presents an exact model of the higher class Greek temples. The pillars are 6 feet in diameter, and 55 feet high, exclusive of base and capital. As it was open to inspection, I ascended by an inner stair to the roof, whence a magnificent view was obtained over the city and country to the west. The roof itself is a curiosity. It is composed of slabs of marble, resembling tiles, and the weight of these alone is about 1000 tons. Consisting chiefly of class-rooms, the edifice does not lodge the pupils, who, with the teachers and other officers, reside in two separate or out buildings. The whole of this superb monument cost nearly 2,000,000 of dollars. I call it monument; for, like Heriot's and Donaldson's Hospitals at Edinburgh, it is, in reality, a thing devised by the founder to keep his name from sinking into oblivion. The rearing of children in monastic establishments of this class, is an error of the past, which one does not expect to find perpetuated in so new a country as America; and the sight of Girard College, with all its architectural elegance, is on this account felt to be more painful than otherwise.

As regards general education, Pennsylvania has followed the example set by the New England states; and now the stranger will be gratified in witnessing a completely ramified system, adapted to the wants of the community, free from sectarian bias, and conducted entirely at the public cost, as a matter of municipal policy. Nearly an entire day was devoted by me to visiting schools and academies established on this liberal basis; and, like all who have made similar inquiries, I rejoiced to see such admirable means adopted to insure the intelligence of future generations. As elsewhere, I observed that in these public schools the children of different classes of people attended without

reserve—the son of a carter, for example, being seen beside the son of a judge—a state of things less imputable to any republican notion, than to the fact, that the education given could not be excelled, if it could be at all approached, in any private establishment. Perhaps, also, something is due to another fact; which is, that the children of a humbler class of persons are usually as well dressed as those of a superior station; for in general circumstances, American operatives, with their high sense of self-respect, dress themselves and their families in a manner which admits of no challenge from the more opulent classes. The entire number of publicly supported schools, ranging from the primary to the higher establishments, is about 300, with upwards of 800 teachers, of whom the majority are young women specially educated for the purpose in a normal school. Besides these institutions, there are many denominational academies; and latterly, a School of Design has been commenced for the purpose of improving the tastes of young persons connected with manufacturing establishments.

Like Boston and New York, Philadelphia abounds in public libraries, museums, and scientific and artistic institutions. I was taken from library to library through a long and bewildering series, each addressed to a different class of readers—apprentices, merchants, and men of scientific and literary acquirements. In this excursion, I visited the rooms of the American Philosophical Society—the oldest institution of the kind in the United States, having been begun by Dr Franklin, whose venerable portrait hangs in one of the apartments. The custodier of the institution, among other curiosities, shewed a number of letters of Franklin; and what was more historically interesting, the original draught of the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson, containing the fiery passage in reference to negro

slavery, which was discreetly struck out on the final revisal of the document.

Once the political metropolis of the States, nothing of that character now pertains to Philadelphia but the national Mint, which, for some special reasons, has not been removed to Washington. After a sight of the Royal Mint in London, one would not expect to find any novelty here; but the establishment is exceedingly worthy of being visited, if only to see the extent of the coining process, and the beauty of the mechanism which is employed. Accommodated in a large marble building, with a portico and pillars in front, the Mint is conducted with a singular accuracy of arrangement under proper officers, and according to the latest improvements in the arts. Many of the lighter operations, including the weighing and filing of the gold pieces, and the assorting of quantities of coin, are performed by young women. While being politely conducted through the several departments by the principal of the establishment, I inquired what means were adopted for securing the integrity of the persons employed; and was told in reply, that none was attempted beyond the ordinary checks as to weight. 'Our true check, however,' said the intelligent functionary, 'is the sentiment of self-respect. All are put on their honour, and the smallest act of dishonesty in one would be felt as a disgrace to the whole. We are repaid for our confidence—nothing is lost; thefts are unknown.' Can they be a bad people, of whom such a character is given? I think not.

Since the discovery of gold in California, the coinage has been immense. Travellers, a few years ago, spoke of the abundance and wretchedness of the paper-money circulating everywhere through the States. You still see dollar-notes, purporting to be issued by state and city banks; but, to all appearance, the circulating

medium is to a very large extent, if not chiefly, in gold coins. At the time of my visit, the principal deficiency was in silver, for small-change; though new quarter dollars of that metal, resembling an English shilling, were coming into use, and are now perhaps plentiful. The most common coins were the gold dollar—a most beautiful small piece—the two-and-a-half dollar, and the five-dollar piece. The eagle—a ten-dollar gold coin—was seldom visible, and more seldom still, the double eagle. Latterly, it has been proposed to coin fifty-dollar gold pieces; and some of an octagonal form of that amount have been actually executed at California, and are seen in the windows of the money-changers in New York. On looking over the collection of native and foreign coins in the Mint at Philadelphia, it is observable that the Americans come quite up to the English in some details of mechanical execution, but are still distanced in artistic design. The devices on the various American pieces, gold and silver, are not elegant, neither is the die-sinking so perfect as it might be; and to an improvement in both these points, the United States' government, for the sake of its own credit, could not do better than direct attention. It appears that for several years the coinage in the Mint at Philadelphia has been upwards of 50,000,000 of dollars per annum. Taken in connection with the product of the English and French Mints, it is stated on authority, that the coined money ushered into existence in the year 1853, attained the value of £38,725,831—a quantity of hard cash added to the ordinary currency which gives an impressive idea of the industrial transactions of modern times.

After all that a stranger can say of the more remarkable edifices and institutions in a city—after describing the aspect of the streets and of the people who crowd them—he necessarily leaves off with the

conviction, that he has failed to impart a full and correct idea of what came under his notice. How, for example, am I able to communicate a just notion of the intelligence, the refinement, the enterprise of the Philadelphians—their agreeable and hospitable society, their pleasant evening-parties, their love of literature, their happy blending of the industrial habits of the north with the social usages of the south? All this must be left to conjecture, as well as the Oriental luxury of their dwellings, and the delicate beauty of their ladies. I only indulge in the hope that these fair and fascinating beings will not accuse me of want of gallantry in hinting to them, in the gentlest possible manner, that they have one fault—at least I think they have—one, however, common to all their country-women, and that is, staying too much in the house, in an atmosphere not quite, but nearly, as hot as that of an oven. O these terribly suffocating apartments, with the streams of warm air rushing out of gratings from some unimaginable hot cavern beneath—siroccos of the desert led, as a matter of fancy, into drawing-rooms—languor-promoting and cheek-blanching gales—enemies to health and longevity! How the ordinary duties of life are carried on in these hot-houses, I cannot understand. Sometimes I was inclined to think that there must be a great chilliness in American constitutions—that they must feel cold much more readily than we do in England, where, even in the coldest weather, houses are rarely heated beyond 65 degrees, and that by open fires promotive of ventilation. From whatever reason, the Americans heat their dwellings to a degree of which we in the old country have not the faintest conception. That such a practice is the main cause of a want of rosy colour in the complexion, and that appearance of premature old age in many persons of both sexes, is past a doubt; though I

am not aware that the subject has met with attention from physiologists. 'What with the thin dry air out of doors, and hot stoves within, the Americans,' said a facetious friend, 'get themselves regularly baked—shrivelled up before their time. No wonder they are everlastingly drinking cold water: if they did not keep moistening themselves, they would dry up to mummies.' This joke was rather hard, but not altogether undeserved.

Philadelphia is somehow associated, *par excellence*, in the minds of the English with the idea of America. When we think of the history of that great country, or of its statesmen, or patriots, up comes the notion of Philadelphia in a very remarkable way. The story of Franklin's early struggles, imprinted on the mind of every boy, has perhaps something to do with this psychological spectrum. We all recollect his efforts to get up a printing-office—the deceptious promises of the English governor to lend him money to import a small stock of types—his newspaper, started originally by Keimar in 1723, and the second in the province—his experiments in drawing lightning from the clouds—and many other interesting circumstances in his career. It is now about a hundred and twenty years since Franklin commenced as a bookseller and printer in Philadelphia, and gave, as it may be said, a literary reputation to the place. From small beginnings, the trade in the production of books has increased so largely, that now the city in this respect is a formidable rival to Boston and New York. Besides a large number of magazines, and journals of science and art, published periodically, there were, at the time of my visit, as many as twelve or thirteen daily, and upwards of forty weekly, newspapers —several of them religious, for Sunday-reading. From several publishing-houses, there are issued vast quantities of books in miscellaneous literature; and here,

among other curiosities which interested me professionally, I alighted upon the large concern of Messrs Lippincott, Grambo, and Company, which, independently of a trade in publishing, carries on the peculiar business of book-merchants. A spacious building, several stories in height, is stored, floor above floor, with books gathered from all the publishers in the Union, as well as from England, and ready for selection and purchase by retail-booksellers coming from every part of the States. Any person, for example, wishing to open a book-store in California, or some other distant quarter, may here, in a walk from bin to bin, acquire such a varied stock as suits his purse or his inclination. Say that he is going to open for a season at Saratoga, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, or any other fashionable watering-place, there he has his choice of handy little volumes, flashily gilt, in the light line. Or, say that he wishes to go into the school, or heavy trade, still he finds a mine of material ready to his fingers. In an hour, he might load a wagon with all the varied literary wares he can possibly require; just as a country draper, dropping into one of the streets about Cheapside, is able to lay in his miscellaneous stock of haberdashery for the season. I was told by one of the principals of the firm, that it had dealings in every seat of population of any importance from New Orleans to Toronto, and from the Atlantic to beyond St Louis. Think of commercial travellers being despatched on a journey of 2000 miles —as far as from London to Cairo or Jerusalem!

Such concerns as this are types of the manufacturing and trading establishments of Philadelphia, which, in different departments, is making extraordinary endeavours to reach the position taken from it half a century ago by New York. A person accustomed to think of Birmingham as the only great seat of

manufactures in metal, would be surprised to see the large establishments in Philadelphia for the production of that single article, the locomotive, of which several hundreds are exported annually to England. In a factory of another kind, I found 800 persons employed in making gas-lustres and chandeliers; and in a third, were seen 150 operatives engaged in the manufacture of gold chains and other varieties of jewellery. In the fabrication of military and ladies' dress-trimmings, some hundreds of hands are also employed; and one house pointed out to me, was said to make 1000 umbrellas and parasols in a day. The manufactures of the place are stated as amounting to the value of 64,000,000 of dollars per annum. The opulence introduced through this means is vastly augmented by the produce of the rich mineral fields of Pennsylvania, which here finds an outlet. As has been hinted, New York has taken the place of Philadelphia as the leading entrepôt of commerce in the States—an event traceable in some degree to its readier access from Europe, but principally to the opening of the Erie Canal, and other channels of communication with the 'Great West.' Neglectful of its interests in this respect, and with capital directed to mining industry, Philadelphia has seen its rival on the Hudson outstrip it in the race of prosperity. At length, awakened to a sense of their danger, and recovered from a temporary financial depression, the Philadelphians are going ahead at a great rate, and it will behove New York to look to its laurels. No Atlantic city can ever take a commanding position, if unprovided with a direct and easy access to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the great lake-countries on the north. Philadelphia has found that out, and by means of railways recently opened, is busied in getting back the traffic which it ought never to have parted with. One thing, however, is wanting. Reposing on

the west on the one side, it will need to cultivate an intercourse with England on the other. The Delaware must be the port of entry and departure of first-class steamers in weekly communication with Southampton or Liverpool; for at present, no inconsiderable portion of the goods and passengers for Philadelphia require, for the sake of speed, to go round by New York—a circumstance attended with numerous inconveniences. I believe the Delaware—a massive river, and presenting miles of frontage for traffic—is fitted to bear with safety, to and from the ocean, vessels of any burden; and with such an estuary, and such internal resources, it would be difficult to assign a limit to its greatness.

I left Philadelphia with more regret than I had experienced in departing from any other city in America. As regards good organisation, refinement, and prosperity, the only eastern city fit to be named with it, is Boston; and when I add Toronto, the three seats of population are mentioned, which, according to my fancy, offer the attractions usually sought for by a class of emigrants whose aim goes beyond mere money-making or the ordinary necessities of existence. Philadelphia, though not picturesque, is invested with charms to invite the settlement of the enterprising, the tasteful, and the moderately opulent. In the far northern townships, the severity of winter and the brevity of summer may repel the fastidious in climate; but nothing is left to pine for on the banks of the lovely Schuylkill or the noble Delaware. Even the idler, who needs the habitual solacement of his clubs, his whist-parties, his conversaziones, and his billiards, will have no difficulty in discovering the objects of his search in Philadelphia.

Hastening northwards, by a railway train which took me through Trenton, the scene of Washington's famous

exploit, after crossing the Delaware on the night of Christmas 1776, I arrived in New York a day or two before my departure for England; and here I may pause to make some general observations suggested by my excursion.

CHAPTER XIX.

RAILWAYS, TELEGRAPHS, AND OTHER THINGS.

THE railways, now an extraordinary feature of the United States, are rapidly developing the latent resources of the country, and effecting such changes on the general aspect of affairs, that in a few years hence an inconceivable progress will have been attained. There are some things so peculiar about the American railway-system, and so desirable to be made known in England, that I propose to offer a few explanations on the subject, the result of personal inquiry and of information derived from official papers.

Railways for the transport of stone and coal came into operation in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in 1826 and 1827, and increased in number for general traffic up to 1848, when 6000 miles of railway were completed throughout the States. Since that stage in their history, they have considerably increased, and been pushed to great distances towards the interior. In October 1853, the length of railways in actual operation in the United States was 14,494 miles, nearly one-half of which was in the New England States and in the state of New York. The number of railways in these states, and also in Pennsylvania, surprises every traveller from Europe. They are seen radiating in several directions from every city, interlining and crossing and sending out branches, so as to bring every seat of population of any importance into ready

communication with the chief marts of commerce. In Massachusetts alone, in the early part of 1853, there were about 1200 miles of railway—a large number for a state with one-third of the population of Scotland. At the same period, New York had 2123 miles; Pennsylvania, 1244 miles; and Ohio, which is by comparison a newly settled state, 1385 miles. Large extensions have now been made in all; and the entire railway-system of the United States at the present moment may be said to comprehend nearly 18,000 miles, with several thousand miles in course of construction. It is anticipated that, previous to the year 1860, there will be completed within the limits of the United States at least 35,000 miles of railway.

The principle pursued in organising this marvellous system of transport, has been, in the first place, to rest satisfied with single lines until the resources of a district were so far opened up, and capital thereby created, as to warrant the construction of double tracks. Only a few have as yet attained the dignity of double lines. I have no recollection of seeing more than one railway which had reached this degree of maturity—that down the banks of the Hudson to New York—and even it is only double at particular places. It will be understood, therefore, that American railways are almost all only single tracks, and do not admit of trains passing each other, except at appointed stations. Sometimes a train has to stop for an hour till the arrival of the one in the opposite direction; but this, as with other inconveniences, is felt to be of inferior moment in comparison with having no railway at all; and keeping in remembrance the wretched state of the ordinary roads, or rather tracks in mud, not worthy of the name of roads, I am not in the least surprised at the patience shewn by Americans in waiting for trains at mid-way stations.

In general, however, there is not much detention on this account; it being ordinarily contrived that meals may be taken at the places where such unavoidable delays occur.

Contented at the outset with single lines, the projectors of railways are also satisfied with other simple and economic arrangements. Where bridges or viaducts are required, they are usually constructed of logs of wood, both for the upright supports and cross-bearers, applied in a rough state from the adze, without polish or painting. In some instances, there are long viaduct connections of this kind across lakes and inlets of the sea; and so little are they above the surface, that the trains seem as if running on the water. I seldom saw any ledges to these viaducts; and nothing could have saved the trains had they slipped from the track. In the more populous and advanced districts, we occasionally see viaducts across rivers, constructed at a considerable cost of stone and iron. There is a handsome bridge of this kind near Philadelphia, and another of stupendous proportions on the New York and Dunkirk line of railway.

The rails ordinarily employed are of the T shape, common in England, whence they are largely imported; and the gauge is, with some exceptions, our own width of 4 feet 8½ inches. The universal practice is to lay them in an unexceptionable manner on transverse wooden sleepers, of which there seems to be no scarcity anywhere, for they are generally placed not more than a foot apart; this abundance of sleepers apparently compensating for a want of proper ballasting or packing with gravel. Little trouble is taken to dress the surface, to drain the sides, or to fence the lines. Where the railways intersect cultivated fields, or patches of a superior kind of pasture-land, the lines are enclosed

with the usual zigzag rails; but in many places there are no fences of any kind, and the lines can be crossed by foot-passengers without challenge. Sometimes, owing to the want of fences, cattle stray upon the lines, and are killed; although, to avert such catastrophes, the locomotives are provided with a shelving-fender in front, called a cow-catcher, which is intended to clear the tracks of any large object that may be in the way. At various places, the railways proceed for miles through thick forests of tall trees, and there the prospect from the windows of the cars is wild and solemn. Lofty pines, intermingled with birch and maple, rise like a wall on each side. Here and there, occur small clearings, in which huge trunks and boughs are strewn about, rotting into mould, or gathered together in heaps to be burned. Sometimes the outermost trees have been partly torn up by the roots by the last gale of wind, and recline on those behind them, or impend in dangerous proximity to the line, as if nodding in anger at the passing trains—monarchs of the wood, whose reign in these ancient solitudes has been strangely intruded upon by the rushing enginery of modern transport. Probably, there is a law to enjoin the cutting down of trees within a proper distance of the line; but if there be, it is not always strictly regarded. From the neglect of such precautions, trees that are blown down occasionally fall across the tracks, causing accidents or stoppages. On coming from Cleveland towards Buffalo, through a forest which skirts Lake Erie, I learned that, two days previously, a fallen tree had retarded the train for several hours, and caused considerable inconvenience to the passengers.

The economising of means is likewise carried to a considerable length in the construction of inexpensive station-houses. The more important termini, at the

principal cities, consist of handsome suites of offices, for the sale of tickets, waiting-rooms, and other purposes, but on a scale very inferior in point of grandeur to what we see at Euston Square—the very outlay on the pillared entrance to that establishment being enough to make a railway of moderate extent on the American pattern. At Philadelphia and Washington, the termini are more than usually elegant. Those of New York are commonplace, and confused in their arrangements: nor do they require to be of an imposing character; for in the last-mentioned city, the cars enter and depart in detachments, drawn by horses. The method of constructing the cars with steps accessible from the ground, renders high platforms unnecessary; and such slight elevations as are placed for the accommodation of passengers, being made of wood, like a raised flooring, there is, in this particular also, a saving of outlay. In the waiting-apartments, there is likewise nothing very fine; and the only distinction is a separate reception-room, and in many places a separate wicket for the sale of tickets, exclusively for ladies. At many stations on the western lines, I observed no waiting-rooms of any kind, if we exclude from that category the space outside the bar of the ticket-seller. At Richmond, in Virginia, I was set down in the middle of the public street, and saw no trace of a station-house, further than a small office where tickets were obtained.

So far, it will be perceived that an American railway is got up on an exceedingly cheap plan; and, placed in comparison with the magnificently constructed lines of England, it might be pronounced a rude and shabby affair. As regards initiatory expenses, something instructive can be said. In most of the states, each railway company requires to have a special statute or charter, which is procured at an insignificant cost; all that is necessary being to shew

that the proposed company is provided with means to carry out its undertaking. In several states, including New York and Ohio, no special charter is now needed for a railway. A general railway law prescribes the rules to be followed by all corporate concerns; and within the provisions named, any railway company, if it has the means, may commence operations. There is thus, in reality, no impediment to the covering the whole country with railways; and this freedom is imparted on the solid ground, that each company best knows its own interests, and that nobody will be so foolish as to throw away money in making a railway, any more than in setting up a store, or building a factory, where it is not wanted. This free-and-easy system may be attended with evils; but some will perhaps think it preferable to the expensive and generally futile contests about railway bills in Parliament.

Thus relieved of many expenses which weigh heavily on our system, and diminish profits, the American railway companies have the further advantage of getting land for nothing, or at very insignificant prices. In the western, or unimproved parts of the country, land for railways is sometimes given by townships, counties, or the state authorities, in order to encourage capitalists; and I heard even of instances in which the public contributed not only the land, but the earth-works—so much alive are the people to the advantage of having a district opened up by such communication. In the older settled states, land is less easily procured, and may have cost in many places as much as £10 to £20 an acre; the highest of these prices, however, being not more than a twentieth of what is paid for some of the most wretched land in Great Britain.

The only expenses worth speaking of in the

construction of American railways, are those incurred for labour and for iron rails. Wood for sleepers can, in many places, be had for the cost of cutting and preparing. To the great open prairies, wood as well as rails must, of course, be brought from distant quarters; but the expense of carriage is balanced by the comparatively light cost of earth-works. In these prairies, a railway may be carried 500 miles in a straight line on nearly a dead-level — the line stretching onward through grass and flowers without the slightest obstruction, and appearing to the eye like a zone girdling the earth. In these level regions, the cost for railways, including every outlay, is stated to be about 20,000 dollars per mile; but the general average cost over the whole States, as I see by an official document, is 34,307 dollars, or about £6866 per mile. No doubt, this is a small sum compared with the average cost of our great lines, swollen by the rapacity of landowners, by parliamentary expenses, and extravagances of various kinds. But as single lines, of an economical kind, are now being constructed in Scotland for little more than £4000 per mile, I am inclined to think that, but for the protective duties imposed on foreign rails (and perhaps, also, a little quiet jobbing), the cost of lines in the United States, all things considered, would be materially less than it is.*

An English railway, as is well known, is secluded from end to end within palings and gateways, the whole forming an enclosure from which passengers are not allowed to make their exit without delivering up their tickets. Things are entirely different in the United

* In 1851, the total sum invested in railways in the United States was 592,770,000 dollars, of which amount 300,000,000 dollars were borrowed on bonds, at an interest of 8 to 10 per cent. per annum. The estimated actual profits of the railway companies vary from 5 to 10 per cent.

States. The side-palings, as above mentioned, are at best only fences of particular fields; and near the stations no gates are employed to detain passengers. Every kind of mechanism for seclusion is rendered unnecessary, by the plans for selling and receiving back tickets. Within all the principal termini, there are offices where tickets may be procured, and there are likewise, in every city of importance, general railway agency-offices, resembling shops, where tickets for a series of railways, *en suite*, may be purchased. There seems to be considerable competition among the agents who keep these establishments, in order to induce passengers to go by particular lines. Their shops are known by flaming placards hung out at the doors, and vast quantities of handbills are distributed, recommendatory of certain routes as the cheapest and speediest. It would be impossible to give an idea of the profusion with which such alluring advertisements are scattered among travellers. At the hotels, they are literally sown broadcast on the ground; it being nothing singular to see a lad enter with a mass of yellow or pink coloured bills, and throw them about on the tables, chairs, and floor of the bar, to be picked up and read according to pleasure.

Whether purchased from agents, or at the stations, the tickets do not carry any date, further than the year in which they are issued. The practice is to sell all the tickets required in the route, although embracing the lines of several companies. In England, there is a more convenient plan of issuing a single through-ticket, which carries the passenger forward to the end of his journey. I am not aware that this is adopted any where in America. So far as my experience goes, the passenger is furnished with several tickets for the line of railway on his route. Comparatively few persons, however, put themselves to the trouble of waiting

to buy tickets at the stations, but unceremoniously enter the cars, and take their seats even at the last moment, leaving the business of settlement to be adjusted with the conductor. Let me say a word respecting this functionary.

An American conductor is a nondescript being, half clerk, half guard, with a dash of the gentleman. He is generally well dressed; sometimes wears a beard; and when off duty, he passes for a respectable personage at any of the hotels, and may be seen lounging about in the best company with a fashionable wife. No one would be surprised to find that he is a colonel in the militia, for 'good Whips' in the old coaching-time are known to have boasted that distinction. At all events, the conductor would need to be a person of some integrity, for the check upon his transactions is infinitesimally small. One thing is remarkable about him—you do not get a sight of him till the train is in motion, and when it stops he disappears. I can account for this mysterious feature in his character, only by supposing, that as soon as he touches *terra firma*, he removes from the front of his hat the word blazoned in metal, which indicates his office; and so all at once becomes an ordinary human being. The suddenness of his appearance, when the train gets under-way, is very marvellous. Hardly have the wheels made a revolution, when the door at one end of the car is opened, and the conductor, like a wandering spirit, begins his rounds. Walking down the middle, with a row of seats on each side, and each seat holding two persons, he holds out his hand right and left as he proceeds, allowing no one to escape his vigilance. All he says is 'Ticket!' and he utters the word in a dry, callous tone, as if it would cost something to be cheerful. If you have already bought a ticket, you render it up to this abrupt demand, and a check-ticket is given in

exchange. Should you have followed the ordinary practice, and have no ticket to produce, the conductor selects the ticket you require from a small tin box he carries under his arm, and you pay him the cost of it, increased in price to the extent of five cents, as a penalty for having had to buy it in the cars—such fine being exigible, according to a printed notification on the walls of the station-houses.

Having finished off in the car in which you are seated, the conductor opens the door at the further end, steps from the platform across a gulf of two feet, to the platform of the next car; and so goes through the whole train, till he reaches the van devoted to the baggage, where he has a kind of den for counting his money, and cogitating over his affairs. But as there is no rest for the wicked, so there is no repose for a conductor. Just before coming up to a station, he makes his appearance, and takes a deliberate survey of his customers, receiving checks from those who are about to depart. When the train is in motion again, the same ceremony is gone through—rather troublesome, it must be owned; but the conductor has a faculty for remembering who have checks for a long, and who for a short journey, and ceases to say 'Ticket' more than two or three times to anybody. When it grows dark, the conductor does not trust to the lamp which lights up each car; he carries a lantern with a strong reflector, which enables him to scrutinise the equivocal bank-notes that may be tendered in payment. To enable him to perform this operation satisfactorily, the lantern is made with a tin hoop beneath, and through this ring the arm is thrust, so as to leave both hands disengaged.

The checks which are distributed and collected by the conductor in the manner just explained, consist of narrow pieces of pasteboard about three inches long,

and are of some use to travellers. On one side there is a list of the various stopping-places, with the intermediate distances in miles; and thus, on consulting them, we are able to ascertain our progress. Information in this form is very desirable; for as there is a great deficiency of railway-officers at the stations, and as the conductor is usually out of the way when you want to ask a question, you are very much left to such knowledge as the checks and the American Bradshaw are able to furnish.

Wanting the precision, and, it may be, the comfort of the English railway-system, the routine of procedure in America is in one respect superior. I allude to the arrangements connected with baggage. Every train possesses a luggage-van (called a crate), and within an opening in its side is found a baggage-master, who takes charge of every person's luggage without any additional fee. The way this is done deserves notice. On going up to the baggage-master with a portmanteau, he, on learning your destination, attaches a brass-plate on which a number is struck, the plate being hung to a leather strap which he loops through the handle of the portmanteau. At the same time, he gives you a duplicate brass-plate, on producing which at the end of your journey, your portmanteau is rendered up. At all the principal termini, you are spared the trouble of even looking after your luggage. Just before arrival, the baggage-master leaves his van, and walking through the cars, asks every person if he would like his luggage delivered, and where. Thankful to be relieved of what is at best an annoyance, you give up your duplicate brass-ticket, the number of which is immediately entered in a book, with the name of the hotel you are going to; and, behold! in half an hour or less after arrival, there lies your luggage on the floor of your bedroom. This trouble is requited by a small fee, which is paid

by the clerk of the hotel, and entered in your account. There is a very extensive process of baggage-delivery of this kind in New York and other large cities. I should, however, recommend travellers in the States to carry with them only a hand-valise, or carpet-bag, which they would be allowed to take with them into the cars.

Economical as the trains are in general construction, and with little cost, as I should think, for attendants, the expense of running them must also bear but lightly on the revenue. The common rate of speed is from twenty to thirty miles per hour. Two passenger-trains, each way per diem, is an ordinary allowance; and from the general levelness of the country, the cost of haulage cannot be excessive. English locomotives consume coke, manufactured for the purpose; but American engines are much less nice in this respect—they 'fire up' with billets of wood, procured at a trifling cost, and stored in large stacks along the road, ready for use. From this rough fuel, when ignited, sparks rise in large quantities; but to prevent their egress, a capacious grating is placed over the chimney, and we do not hear of any damage being done by them. For the most part, the engines are powerful, and seem fit for any kind of work.

The most peculiar thing of all about these railways is the passenger-carriage—always called a 'car' by the Americans. The object which in exterior appearance most nearly resembles an American railway-car, is one of those houses on wheels which accompanies travelling shows and menageries; the only difference being that the car is double the length. The car is, in reality, nothing more than a long wooden box, painted yellow, with a roundish shaped roof; a door at each end; and a row of windows at each side. Outside the door, is a small platform, provided with a flight of steps on each side,

and which reaches to within a foot of the ground. The platform is guarded by an outer railing, except in the middle, opposite the door; and by means of this egress, the conductor is enabled to cross from platform to platform, along the whole train. Passengers, if they please, may also perform this feat while the train is in motion; but it is not unattended with danger, and there is a placard within the cars cautioning persons from standing on the platforms.

Cars differ somewhat in their interior organisation. Some have a small apartment at one end for ladies, or nurses with children. More commonly, they consist of a long unbroken sweep, with two rows of seats, and a pathway of eighteen inches between. Fully seated, a car should hold thirty persons on each side, or a total of sixty; but allowing space for a stove, the number is generally fifty-six or fifty-eight; and fully equipped and ornamented, such a car costs 2200 dollars, or £440. Considering the narrowness of the railway-track, I often wondered how these cars could accommodate four persons in the breadth, independently of the pathway between the seats. Space is obtained only by making the cars overhang the track, to a much greater extent than we are accustomed to in England. Mounted on two swivel-trucks, one before and another behind, each with four wheels, the car, long as it is, turns round a corner with the ease of a gentleman's carriage; by which contrivance, in surveying for a railway, it is not thought necessary to make long sweeping curves.

Running, as has been mentioned, right through cities and across highways, with no other protection to the public than the caution to 'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings,' it is matter for surprise that so few accidents, comparatively speaking, take place. Perhaps something is due to the circumstance, that

the conductor can at all times communicate with the engine-driver by means of a cord, which is confined like a bell-wire along the ceiling of each car, and arranged at the starting of the trains. Such accidents as occur, arise chiefly from carelessness; and it was my impression, from what fell under my notice, that there is much recklessness in the management, and a general indifference to regularity or safety.

Candidly considered, the American railway-system has many imperfections. Its rude arrangements, including the plan of making no distinction in the classes of travellers, would never pass muster in Europe. Nevertheless, it is well adapted to the wants of the great new country in which it has been naturalised, and we may expect that it will in time undergo every desirable improvement. Already the most gigantic efforts have been made to unite the chief cities on the Atlantic with the Valley of the Mississippi and the vast regions westward and northward from it. From Portland in Maine, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, lines now proceed direct to the interior, where they are united to other lines, either finished or about to be so, by which a traveller may reach the principal cities in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin. Joined to the lines now constructed, and forming in Canada, the north will be thoroughly laid open for settlement; and connected with a line proceeding southwards from Illinois, traffic will be opened up on the one hand with Mobile and New Orleans, and on the other, with the regions bordering on Lakes Huron and Superior. The next steps are to reach Oregon and California; and the manner in which such extensions are to be executed now engages earnest consideration. The most urgently called for of these lines is that to California, by a pass through the Rocky Mountains; and when this is effected, it will be possible

to reach San Francisco in four days from New York, and by the additional means of steam-vessels, to go round the world in three months. Traversing from the borders of the Mississippi to San Francisco, a country 1600 miles in breadth, the line cannot be undertaken without liberal aid from government. We may venture to hope this will not be refused; for on no more noble object could the overplus public funds be employed, than in uniting by railway the Atlantic with the Pacific, and so pouring across America the copious stream of European and Asiatic commerce.

From the great, though still imperfect, railway organisation of the States, we obtain but an inadequate idea of the indomitable energy of the people, and the mighty field over which they direct their enterprise. Their canal and river navigation, extending over more than 10,000 miles, is in itself a wonder; and in this, as in all other affairs, private enterprise greatly excels the operations of the government. In truth, the government, with a multiplicity of interests to conciliate, and naturally weak in its authority, is left completely behind in the race of public improvement. The fact of there being, in 1852, mail-routes to the aggregate length of 214,284 miles, and post-offices to the number of 20,901, is outshone by the statistics of the express-system for forwarding parcels, money, &c. Conducted by private individuals and companies, and originating only about twelve years ago, the various express-houses are the goods and money carriers of the Union, and have now agencies in every part of the States and Canada; one company alone employing 1500 men, and its dispatches travelling not less than 25,000 miles per diem.

The system of intercommunication is completed by the operations of the telegraph companies. In the States, three kinds of telegraphs are employed—those

of Morse, House, and Bain; the difference between them being mainly the method of indication. That which came chiefly under my notice, was the plan of printing the messages on a narrow slip of paper. Unitedly, the various telegraphic-systems pervade the entire region between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and from Nova Scotia and Canada to New Orleans. The number of miles of telegraph in the States is now about 20,000, and in Canada, and other British possessions, from 2000 to 3000. The wires are carried along the sides of the railways, across fields and rivers, through forests, and in cities they may be seen crossing the streets and the tops of the houses. From New York, two lines proceed south to New Orleans: one by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Charleston, making a length of 1966 miles; the other runs from Cleveland, on Lake Ontario, by Cincinnati and Nashville, being a length of 1200 miles. Messages connected with markets, the rise and fall of stocks, news from Europe, and other matters of public news, are staple communications; but so small a price is charged, that there is also a large amount of miscellaneous correspondence. A message of ten words, for example, may be sent from Washington to St Louis—a distance of 989 miles—for 1 dollar 20 cents. Under 200 miles, the charge is about a cent per word. It is stated on good authority, that on some lines as many as 700 messages are sent in one day. So rapid is the transit, that the news brought to New York by a European steamer, at eight o'clock A.M., has been telegraphed, by way of Cincinnati, to New Orleans, and the effects there produced on the market returned to New York by eleven o'clock—being a circuit of nearly 4000 miles in three hours.

The amount of telegraphic business is largely increased by the number of dispatches for the press.

An association of the seven principal morning papers in New York, during the year ending 1st November 1852, dispensed, unitedly or as individuals, 64,000 dollars for dispatches and special and exclusive messages—large sums to be paid for news by papers which are sold for a penny each. Such an expenditure could not, indeed, be incurred but for the greatness of the circulation of these papers—the daily issue of some of them being upwards of 100,000 copies. The mention of such a fact as this, affords in itself a testimony to the spirit of intelligent inquiry which sustains the press of the United States. It is only, indeed, after being a little time in that country, that we gain a proper idea of the extent to which the business of newspaper publication may be carried, when liberated from monopoly, and left entirely to public enterprise. I should not expect to be credited, did I not speak from official authority,* when I say, that on the 1st of June 1850, there were in the United States 350 daily newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 750,000 copies; as many as 2000 weeklies, circulating in the aggregate 2,875,000 copies; and that altogether, including semi-weekly, tri-weekly, monthly, &c., there were 2800 prints, with a total aggregate circulation of 5,000,000. The number of newspapers printed during the year which then expired, amounted to 422,600,000 copies —a fact which throws more light on the freedom of thought in the States than any other I could advance.

* *Abstract of Seventh Census.* Washington: 1853.

CHAPTER XX.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

LIMITED as had been my excursion and opportunities of observation, the broad fact was sufficiently impressed on my mind, that the people of England know but little of America, while that little is disfigured by certain prejudices and misapprehensions. Travellers have, for the most part, dealt so unkindly by the Americans, that I was unprepared for much that came in my way of a nature that can be spoken of only with respect. Their energetic industry, perseverance, and enterprise; the tastefulness of their dwellings, and (with one unfortunate exception) the cleanliness and good government of their cities; their patriotism and independence of sentiment; their temperance; their respect for women; their systems of popular education; their free and untaxed press; their spontaneous yet ample support of the ordinances of religion,* as well as of every variety of beneficiary institution —all seemed to me to merit commendation, and to

* In 1850, there were in the United States 36,011 churches, with an aggregate accommodation for 13,849,896 persons; and the total value of church property was 86,416,639 dollars. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, were the most numerous bodies. As regards education: in 1850, nearly 4,000,000 of young persons were receiving instruction in the various educational institutions of the country, or at the rate of 1 in every 5 free persons; the teachers numbered more than 115,000; and the colleges and schools nearly 100,000—their support being chiefly from legally imposed rates.

overbalance greatly such imperfections as have been fastened upon and exaggerated in the descriptions presented by tourists.

Undeniably, the personal manners of the Americans do not, in general, come up to the standard established in England. In ordinary circumstances, we miss some of the more polite observances of Europe; but the blank does not represent an unmitigated loss. We are not encumbered with the formalities of an inexorable etiquette; nor do we see that stiffness of manner in the general intercourse between class and class, which is stamped on English society. The hauteur of rank is totally unknown, nor would it be tolerated. In the absence of hereditary honours, opulence and refinement create distinctions; but these are simply respected, not worshipped. We all know, of course, that ordinary politeness, or graciousness of manner, is a different thing from servility; and there can be little doubt that, as America grows older, and competition becomes more intense, a proper perception of this not unimportant truth will be more widely spread and acted on.

If the less-cultivated Americans be as yet faulty in this respect, their shortcomings are obviously traceable to the great breadth of field over which they exercise a command. Happy in not being cribbed and confined within a town, or even a spacious district, they can choose their locality over more than thirty states; and if one place does not come up to expectations, they can resort to another. Neither do they feel themselves indissolubly tied to any particular profession. I was frequently assured that no man in the States is damaged by a change from one line of industry to another. Every trade is open to everybody; and as, from the general diffusion of education, every one is prepared to do his duty creditably, he is presumed to

be able to turn his hand to almost anything. Hence, the restlessness of the American character. Attachment to locality is scarcely known; and shifting from place to place, a thousand miles at a stretch, with a view to bettering the condition, seems to be an ordinary occurrence. There is, in fact, an immense internal migration. New England is continually throwing off swarms towards the newly opened territories and states in the far West; the latest manifestation of this kind being the movement of a colony of settlers from Massachusetts to the newly organised state of Nebraska.

The abundance of all material comforts, may perhaps be mentioned as a cause of the occasionally rude independent bearing which falls under notice. No such indication of fulness exists in England. Straitened in circumstances, and burdened with taxation, but with a conventional necessity for keeping up appearances, a large proportion of our middle classes require to be exceedingly frugal in the consumption of articles of domestic use. A person accustomed to shifts of this nature, is astonished at the profusion at table in all quarters of America. There is, at least, no stinting as to food. It was often pressed on my notice, that the hired labourers in the fields are provided with better fare than falls to the lot of thousands of the 'genteel' classes in England.

In no part of America did I see any beggars or ragged vagrants; and except in New York, the condition of which is exceedingly anomalous, I did not observe any drunkenness—there having been, as I understood, a great reform in this particular. I should say that, independently of the 'Maine Law,' public opinion on the subject of drinking-usages is considerably in advance of that of England. My belief, however, is, that owing to peculiarities of climate, there is less

desire to partake of stimulants, and less immunity from the consequences of an excessive use of them, than in the humid atmosphere of northern Europe. Other things struck me favourably. I observed that all classes were well dressed. My attention was called to the fact, that when operatives had finished the labours of the day, they generally changed their garments, and were as neatly attired as those in higher stations. It was also observable that mechanics, in good employment, occupy better houses, pay higher rents, and dress their wives and families better, than is usual in England or Scotland; that they, in short, aim at living in greater respectability; and in doing so, necessarily avoid such indulgences as would improperly absorb their means. It was agreeable to note, that the English language is everywhere spoken well. I heard no *patois*, no local dialect. The tone of speech was uniform, though more nasal in some parts of New England than in other places.

In forming an opinion of a country, much depends on the point from which it is viewed. The point of view for America, as it appears to me, is America itself. To look at it with English eyes and English expectations, is surely unwise. Hopeless would it be for any one fresh from the old country to look for magnificent gentlemen's seats, fine lawns, beautiful hedgerows, admirable roads, superb carriages, old-settled usages and institutions, and that artificiality of manner which in England has required a thousand years to mature. We must take America as it is, and make the best of it. It is a new, and, as yet, not fully settled country; and, all things considered, has done wonders during its short progress. No one can forget that, except in the case of Virginia, and one or two other places, it has been peopled by the more humble, or, at all events, struggling classes of European society. The aristocracy

of England have shrunk from it. Instead of acting as leaders, and becoming the heroes of a new world, they have left the high honour of founding communities throughout America to groups of miscellaneous individuals, who at least possessed the spirit to cross the Atlantic in quest of fortune, rather than sink into pauperism at home.

The proper aspect, therefore, in which to view America, is that of a field for the reception of emigrants. It was thus I beheld it; and from all that came under my notice, I am bound to recommend it as a new home to all whose hearts and hands are disposed to labour, and who, for the sake of future prospects, as regards themselves and families, are willing to make a present sacrifice. To all classes of married manual labourers, the United States and Canada offer a peculiarly attractive field; not so much so, however, from the higher rates of remuneration, as the many opportunities for advantageously making investments, and by that means greatly improving their circumstances. This, indeed, is the only point worth pressing on notice. In England, the operative having scarcely any means of disposing of small savings to advantage —the interest of the savings-bank forming no adequate temptation—he rarely economises, but recklessly spends all his earnings, of whatever amount, on present indulgences. It is vain, I fear, to try to convince him of this folly. Practically, he is without hope; and, uninstructed, he does not reflect on consequences. In America, on the contrary, everything contributes to excite his higher emotions. The sentiment of hope is stimulated in an extraordinary degree. In the more newly settled cities and townships, so many bargains may be had of small portions of land, which may probably, in a year or two hence, be sold for many times the original cost, that there is the greatest

possible reason for economising and becoming capitalists. The saved twenty dollars of to-day may, by a judicious investment, be shortly a hundred, nay, a thousand, dollars; so that, with a reasonable degree of prudence, a person in humble circumstances rises by rapid and sure strides to fortune.

I feel assured that this tends to explain the superior character of the American workman. In coming down Lake St Clair in a steamer, there was on board a Canadian settler, who had some years ago left Scotland, and was now in the enjoyment of a pleasant and thriving farm on the banks of the lake. On conversing with him respecting his affairs, he told me that all the time he was in the Old Country, he never felt any inducement to save; for it was a dreary thing to look forward to the accumulation of a shilling or two a week, with no prospect of trading on the amount, and only at the end of his days having a few pounds in the savings-bank. 'But here,' said he, 'with a saving of two dollars we can buy an acre of land, and may, perhaps, sell it again afterwards for ten dollars; and this kind of thing makes us all very careful.' Did not this man's explanation solve the problem which now engages the attention of writers on social economy? Did it not go far towards elucidating the cause of so much of our intemperance—the absence of hope? The native American, however, possesses advantages over the immigrant. With intelligence sharpened by education, he is better able to take advantage of all available means of improvement in his condition; the press rouses him with its daily stimulus; the law interposes no impediment of taxes and embarrassing forms on the transfer of property; the constitution offers him the prospect of rising to a position of public confidence; no overshadowing influence weighs on his

spirits; he is socially and politically free; his whole feelings, from boyhood, have been those of a responsible and self-reliant being, who has had much to gain by the exercise of discretion.

If I may use the expression, there is a *spontaneity* in well-doing in America. In the circumstances just referred to, men conduct themselves properly, because it is natural for them to do so; and from the aspect of the American operative-classes, I am disposed to think they would feel affronted in being made objects of special solicitude by those in a more affluent condition. To speak plainly, why should one class of persons in a community require constantly to have the thinking done for them by another class? I am afraid, that wherever such appears necessary, as in England, there is something socially defective. The whole tendency of institutional arrangements in America, as has been shewn, is to evoke feelings of self-reliance. A contrary tendency still prevails to a large extent in Great Britain, where, from causes which it is unnecessary to recapitulate, the humbler classes require to be ministered to and thought for, as if they were children. We must contrive means for amusing them, and keeping them out of mischief; call meetings to get up reading-rooms, baths, wash-houses, and temperance coffee-houses for them; offer prizes to those among them who will keep the neatest houses and gardens; and in so many ways busy ourselves about them, that at length it would seem as if it were the duty of one-half the community to think for the other. The spectacle of well-educated, thoughtful, independent America, enabled me to see through the fallacy of first disabling a man from thinking and acting for himself, and then trying to fortify him by a system of well-meant, but really enervating patronage. It is something to have to say of the United States, that the mechanics and

rural labourers of that country do not require to be patronised.

The persons in America who seemed to me to merit compassion most, were not the poor, for of these there are not many, except in a few large cities: those who are to be pitied, are the rich. Obtaining wealth by a course of successful industry, it would appear as if there were no other means of spending it than in rearing splendid mansions, and furnishing them in a style of Oriental luxury, and thereafter living in gorgeous magnificence, like the prince-merchants of Genoa in the past times of Italian glory. So far as the actual founders of fortunes are concerned, there is, perhaps, little to discommend in all this; but it was disagreeably pressed on my notice, that the sons of these millionaires, born to do nothing but to live on their father's earnings, were much to be pitied. In New York, they were seen lounging about idly in the parlours and bar-rooms of the hotels, worn out with dissipation, and the nightly victims of gambling-houses, of which there are a number in Broadway on a scale of matchless splendour. Among the vices they have lately thought fit to introduce, is the practice, now obsolete in England, of encouraging professional pugilism, the exercise of which occasionally leads to serious affrays. In Great Britain, as we all know, a considerable part of the fortunes realised in trade is expended in the purchase of land, and in effecting rural improvements of various kinds; the country, by such means, becoming a useful engine of depletion to the town; but in America, land conveys no honour, and is not bought except as a temporary investment, or as a source of livelihood. Wealthy men, therefore, would have nothing to look for in rural life beyond the pleasure of a villa; so far as I could learn, they do not even go that length, but consume their means,

for the most part, in the more seductive but not very refining enjoyments of the city. With few exceptions, therefore, families of any note do not continue in affluence more than one or two generations. An 'old family' in America, must ever be a kind of miracle. The principle which seems to be laid down is, that family distinction is adverse to democratic institutions; and that, consequently, each generation ought to be left to shift for itself—a philosophic rule, no doubt, but which, like many other good maxims, is not without practical difficulties.

Leaving the wealthier classes of New York to discover, if they can, what is the use of money after they have made it, it is more to my purpose to call attention to the advantages which America presents as an outlet for the redundant and partially impoverished classes of the United Kingdom. When I reflect on the condition of the rural labourers in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland—the poorness of their living; their generally wretched dwellings; the little pains taken to afford them an education calculated to excite their better feelings; their blank prospects as to old age; and when I consider that, within a short distance, there is a country inviting their settlement, where they can scarcely fail to attain a position of comfort and respectability, I am surprised that the 'exodus,' great as it is, is not many times greater—in fact, the astonishing thing, as it appears to me, is, how under present circumstances any at all remain.*

* On the day on which this was written, I saw, seated on the ground by the side of a road in Scotland, a party of ploughmen and female field-workers taking their mid-day refreshment, which consisted solely of coarse bannocks of peasemeal, milk drank from a bottle, and morsels of meagre cheese. Could I avoid drawing a comparison between this hard lot, and that of the well-paid and well-provisioned labourers in Nova Scotia, Canada, and the United States?

Perhaps part of the reluctance to remove to America is due to fears on the score of health. Peculiar in some respects, the climate of those northern and middle regions to which emigrants usually direct their course, need not, however, be the subject of apprehension. The most remarkable peculiarity of the air, as has been already hinted, is its dryness. The prevailing westerly winds, coming over thousands of miles of land, lose their moisture before reaching the more settled regions in the east, and are felt to be thin and desiccating. Except in swampy districts, damp in any form is unknown, moisture being almost immediately absorbed. Newly plastered houses are dry enough to be inhabited a day or two after being finished. Clothes put out to dry, need to hang but a short time. In writing, I observed that the ink dried in half the time it would have required to do so in England. That such properties in the atmosphere have an injurious effect on the constitution, is more than probable; at least, I observed that the people generally were less florid in complexion, and less robust, than the English. At the same time, it was my conviction, especially as regards females, that much more injury is done to health in Canada and the States by the overheating of apartments with stoves, than by the aridity of the atmosphere. From statistical inquiry, it does not, however, appear that life is to any appreciable degree less valuable in the northern and middle parts of the States than it is in England—the damage which may be done by the dryness of the air and the extremes of temperature being, as it were, balanced by the unwholesome influences of our atmospheric humidity. Settlers in Canada, with whom I conversed on the subject, gave the preference to the American climate, on account not only of its pleasantly exhilarating properties, but of its equable character. It is proper to say, that

there may be some danger in proceeding to America during the extreme heats of summer; and I would, on this account, recommend travellers not to quit England before August, from which time till December the weather is temperate and agreeable. Crossing the Atlantic in spring, during the prevalence of icebergs, is particularly to be avoided.

Fears have been sometimes entertained, that the constant influx of a large and generally uninstructed class of foreigners, more particularly Irish, must have a tendency to disorganise the institutional arrangements of the States, and even lower the tone of society. Great, however, as is the flood of immigrants, not of the most enlightened kind, it does not appear that they exercise any deteriorating influences, or are in any respect troublesome, except in New York and other large seats of population. Scattering themselves over the country, they are, for the most part, lost in the general community, and soon acquire the sentiments of self-respect common to the American character. The change is remarkable in the case of the Irish. Attaching themselves to such employments as, without risk, bring in small sums of ready money, they are found to be a saving and most useful class of people, with tastes and aspirations considerably different from those they formerly possessed. Altering so far, they may almost be said to be more Americanised than the Americans; for they signalise themselves by saying hard things of the Old Country, and if not the most inveterate, are, at least, the most noisy of its enemies. In the second generation, however—thanks to the universal system of education—the Irishman has disappeared. Associating in and out of school with the shrewd native youth—laughed, if not instructed, out of prejudices—the children of Irish descent have generally lost the distinctive marks of their origin.

It is a curious proof of the permanency usually given to any idea, true or false, by popular literature, that well-informed persons in this country are still occasionally heard scoffing at Pennsylvania on account of her repudiated bonds. We all remember the effect of the half-whimsical complaints of the Rev. Sidney Smith on this subject. We join in the laugh, sneer at the Pennsylvanians; and so it goes on. All the time, it is an absolute fiction that this state ever repudiated her debts. She did, indeed, at a moment of singular pecuniary difficulty, affecting the whole nation, suspend payment of the interest of her bonds. The country having been so far drained of money, that barter had to be resorted to, it was simply impossible for the state to pay the interest on these debts; but the debts were always acknowledged, and as soon as possible payment of the interest was resumed. No one ever lost a penny by Pennsylvania. There are, indeed, I believe, some states in the west and south which did for a time *repudiate;* and even the most temporary exemplification of such a system must be deplored, for the effect it could not but have in shaking the general faith in American state probity. It is at the same time true, that great as is the traffic between England and America,* we hear no complaints against the uprightness of the merchants of the latter country. It appears from official inquiry, that, independently of debts suspended by the defaulting states, the amount lent by foreigners on bonds and other securities to America is, at the lowest calculation, £40,000,000; and the interest on this debt is, so far as I am aware, always duly paid.

A question constantly arises, in looking at the

* In the year ending June 30, 1852, the imports into the United States from Great Britain and Ireland were valued at 90,628,339 dollars, and the exports to 115,569,975 dollars.

political fabric of the United States: 'Will it last —does it not contain within itself the germs of dissolution?' In offering a few observations in reply, it will be necessary to touch upon what is admitted to be the most unpleasant social feature of this remarkable country.

When the American colonists renounced their allegiance to George III., and assumed an attitude of independence, it was confidently predicted that their nationality, unsupported by monarchical and aristocratic institutions, could not possibly endure beyond the first outburst of enthusiasm. The experience of eighty years has failed to realise these prognostications; and it may be said that the principle of self-reliance has never been so successfully tested as in the history of the United States. Left to themselves, and favoured by breadth of territory, the progress of the American people has for many years been no ordinary phenomenon.

At the Declaration of Independence, the number of states was thirteen, with a population of about 3,000,000—a wonderfully small number, to have defied and beat off the British monarchy. In 1800, when several new states had been added to the confederacy, the population was little more than 6,000,000. During the next fifty years, there was a great advance. In 1850, when the number of states had increased to thirty-one, along with several territories not organised into states, the population had reached 23,191,918. At this point, it was 3,000,000 ahead of that of the island of Great Britain; and as at this ratio it doubles every twenty-five years, we might infer that towards the conclusion of the present century, the United States will possess a population of not far from 100,000,000.

Such are the prospects entertained by the Americans

themselves, with perhaps too slight a regard for a seriously disturbing element in their calculations. The present population, as above stated, are not all whites—exercising the privileges and animated with the sentiments of freemen. In the number, are comprehended 3,204,345 slaves, and 433,643 persons of colour nominally free, but occupying a socially degraded position. The presence of such an immense mass of population, alien in blood and aspect, in the midst of the commonwealth, is an awkward, and, I fear, a dangerous, feature in the condition of the United States, which cannot be passed over in any impartial estimate of the prospective growth and dignity of the country.

At the Revolution, there was, comparatively speaking, but a handful of negro slaves in the several states, introduced from Africa during the colonial administration; and it was probably expected by Washington and others, that in time the number would diminish, and that, finally, it would disappear. The reverse, however, has been the result. In the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, slavery, wherever it existed, has been legally abolished, leaving generally a residuum of free negroes; but in the other older states, slavery is still in force, besides being ingrafted in various new states, which have been acquired by conquest or purchase; so that, as an institution with large vested interests, it is stronger and more lifelike than ever. According to the census of 1850, it existed in fifteen out of thirty-one states; in one of them, however—New Jersey—it was in the form of an expiring apprenticeship.

For a number of years, as is well known, there has been much angry discussion on the subject between the northern and southern states; and at times the contention has been so great, as to lead to mutual

threats of a dismemberment of the Union. A stranger has no little difficulty in understanding how much of this war of words is real, and how much is merely an explosion of *bunkum*. In 1820, there occurred a kind of truce between the belligerents, called the Missouri Compromise; by which, in virtue of an Act of Congress, all the territories north of latitude 36° 30′ were guaranteed free institutions. By means of subsequent compromises, fugitive slaves were legally reclaimable in the free states; and there the matter rested, till the recent passage of the act constituting the state of Nebraska, by which the newly incorporated inhabitants, though north of the line of demarcation, are left the choice of their own institutions—at liberty, if they please, to introduce slavery. The commotion in the north, consequent on this transaction, has been considerable; and according to a portion of the press, in tracing the progress of events, 'Slavery is at length triumphant; Freedom subservient'—a sufficiently sorrowful confession to make respecting a country which prides itself on its achievements in the cause of civil liberty.

I repeat, it is difficult to understand what is the genuine public feeling on this entangled question; for with all the demonstrations in favour of freedom in the north, there does not appear in that quarter to be any practical relaxation of the usages which condemn persons of African descent to an inferior social status. There seems, in short, to be a fixed notion throughout the whole of the states, whether slave or free, that the coloured is by nature a subordinate race; and that, in no circumstances, can it be considered equal to the white. Apart from commercial views, this opinion lies at the root of American slavery; and the question would need to be argued less on political and philanthropic than on physiological grounds.

Previous to my departure from Richmond, in Virginia, I had an accidental conversation with a gentleman, a resident in that city, on the subject of slavery. This person gave it as his sincere opinion, founded on close observation, and a number of physiological facts, that negroes were an inferior species or variety of human beings, destined, or at least eminently suited, to be servants to the white and more noble race; that, considering their faculties, they were happier in a state of slavery than in freedom, or when left to their own expedients for subsistence; and that their sale and transfer was, from these premises, legitimate and proper. Such opinions are, perhaps, extreme; but, on the whole, I believe they pretty fairly represent the views of the south on the subject of slavery,* which is considered to be not merely a conventional, but an absolutely natural institution, sanctioned by the precept and example of ministers of the Gospel, and derived from the most remote usages of antiquity.

It may have been merely a coincidence, but it is remarkable, that all with whom I conversed in the States on the distinctions of race, tended to the opinion, that the negro was in many respects an inferior being, and his existence in America an anomaly. The want of mental energy and forethought, the love of finery and of trifling amusements, distaste of persevering industry and bodily labour, as well as overpowering animal propensities, were urged as general characteristics of the coloured population; and it was alleged, that when consigned to their own resources, they do not successfully compete with the white Anglo-Americans, or with the immigrant Irish; the fact being added, that in slavery they

* See *Types of Mankind;* by J. C. Nott and Geo. R. Gliddon. 1 vol., 4to. Trübner & Co., London; and Lippincott, Philadelphia. 1854.

increase at the same ratio as the whites, while in freedom, and affected with the vices of society, the ratio of increase falls short by one-third. Much of this was new to me; and I was not a little surprised to find, when speaking a kind word for at least a very unfortunate, if not brilliant race, that the people of the northern states, though repudiating slavery, did not think more favourably of the negro character than those further south. Throughout Massachusetts, and other New England States, likewise in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, &c., there is a rigorous separation of the white and black races. In every city, there are white and black schools, and white and black churches. No dark-skinned child is suffered to attend a school for white children. In Boston, celebrated for its piety and philanthropy, all the coloured children require to go to one school, however inconveniently situated it may be for some of them. This school was instituted in 1812, and the following is the existing ordinance respecting it:—'The coloured population in the city not being sufficiently numerous to require more than one school, it has been thought proper to provide in this the means of instruction in all the branches of learning, which are taught in the several schools for white children.'* In New York, there are nine public schools exclusively for coloured children, besides a coloured orphan asylum. In the city of Providence, Rhode Island, it is ordained that 'there shall be three public schools maintained exclusively for the instruction of coloured children, the grades thereof to be determined from time to time by the school committee.' In Philadelphia, there is a similar organisation of district schools for coloured children.

* *Rules of the School Committee of the City of Boston*, 1853; p. 38.

As an explanation of these distinctions, I was informed that white would not sit beside coloured children; and further, that coloured children, after a certain age, did not correspondingly advance in learning—their intellect being apparently incapable of being cultured beyond a particular point. From whatever cause, it was clear that a reluctance to associate with persons of negro descent was universally inculcated in infancy, and strengthened with age. The result is a singular social phenomenon. We see, in effect, two nations—one white and another black—growing up together within the same political circle, but never mingling on a principle of equality.

The people of England, who see a negro only as a wandering curiosity, are not at all aware of the repugnance generally entertained towards persons of colour in the United States: it appeared to me to amount to an absolute mionomania. As for an alliance with one of the race, no matter how faint the shade of colour, it would inevitably lead to a loss of caste, as fatal to social position and family ties as any that occurs in the Brahminical system. Lately, a remarkable illustration of this occurred at New Orleans. It was a law case, involving the question of purity of blood. The plaintiff, George Pandelly, a gentleman in a respectable station, sued Victor Wiltz for slander. Wiltz had said that Pandelly had a taint of negro blood; inasmuch as one of his ancestresses was a mulatto of 'African combination.' In describing the case to the court, the counsel for the plaintiff was so overcome by the enormity of the offence, that he shed tears! He produced several aged witnesses to prove that the ancestress, mentioned by Wiltz as a mulatto, was the great-great-grandmother of the plaintiff, and was not a mulatto of negro origin, but a woman who had derived her colour from Indian blood! Satisfied with

the evidence on this important point, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, but no damages; which was considered satisfactory—the sole object of Mr Pandelly having been to establish the purity of his descent.

All the efforts, in my opinion, which may be made with a view to influencing the south in favour of emancipation, are valueless so long as there exists a determined resolution throughout northern society to consider the coloured race, in all its varieties of shade, as beneath the dignity of human nature, and in no respect worthy to be associated with, countenanced, honoured, or so much as spoken to on terms of equality. Excluded, by such inflexible and carefully nourished prejudices, from entertaining the slightest prospect of ever rising beyond the humblest position; condemned to infamy from birth; not tolerated in the railway-cars which are devoted to the use of the whites; turned away from any of the ordinary hotels, no matter what be their character, means, or style of dress; in a word, treated from first to last as *Parias*—how can we expect that objects of so much contumely are to improve in their faculties or feelings, or to possess, in any degree, the virtue of self-respect? The wonder, indeed, is, that they conduct themselves so well as they do, or that they assume anything like the dress or manners of civilised persons.

Glad to have had an opportunity of calling attention to many cheering and commendable features in the social system of the Americans, I consider it not less my duty to say, that in their general conduct towards the coloured race, a wrong is done which cannot be alluded to except in terms of the deepest sorrow and reproach. I cannot think without shame of the pious and polished New Englanders adding to their offences on this score, the guilt of hypocrisy. Affecting to weep over the sufferings of imaginary dark-skinned

heroes and heroines; denouncing in well-studied platform oratory the horrid sin of reducing human beings to the abject condition of chattels; bitterly scornful of southern planters for hard-hearted selfishness and depravity; fanatical on the subject of abolition; wholly frantic at the spectacle of fugitive slaves seized and carried back to their owners—these very persons are daily surrounded by manumitted slaves, or their educated descendants, yet shrink from them as if the touch were pollution, and look as if they would expire at the bare idea of inviting one of them to their house or table. Until all this is changed, the northern Abolitionists place themselves in a false position, and do damage to the cause they espouse. If they think that negroes are MEN, let them give the world an evidence of their sincerity, by moving the reversal of all those social and political arrangements which now in the free states exclude persons of colour, not only from the common courtesies of life, but from the privileges and honours of citizens. I say, until this is done, the uproar about abolition is a delusion and a snare. As things remain, the owners of slaves are furnished with the excuse that emancipation, besides being attended with no practical benefit, would be an act of cruelty to their dependents; for that the education given to free persons of colour only aggravates the severity of their condition—makes them feel a sense of degradation, from which, as slaves in a state of ignorance, they are happily exempted. The great question, then, is, What is to be done with the slaves if they are set at liberty? Are they to grow up a powerful alien people within the commonwealth, dangerous in their numbers, but doubly dangerous in their consciousness of wrongs, and in the passions which may incite them to acts of vengeance?

Serious as is this question, there is one, perhaps, still

more serious. Are the slaves to go on increasing in a geometrical ratio—6,000,000 in 1875, 12,000,000 in 1900; and so on through an infinitude of years? Sympathising so far with the Americans in the dilemma in which circumstances have placed them, I cannot say they have acted with discretion in seeing this portentous evil widen in its sphere, and swell to such vast dimensions, as at length to go beyond the reach of all ordinary measures of correction. Nay, at this moment the canker is extending its ramifications over the boundless territories of the West; and it is to be feared that, in a few years hence, the northern and middle free states will be but a speck in comparison with the slave region. This is a thing which concerns not the Americans alone, but the whole civilised world. The highest intellects of Europe are looking with breathless wonder at the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race, impelled by their instincts, and led by the hand of God over the vast continent of America.* They talk of the not distant time when there will be a nation counted by hundreds of millions, speaking the English tongue, and governed by the institutes of freemen. But always, in the midst of their glowing anticipations, there arises a terrific spectre—human slavery—reminding them that it was this which blighted the old civilisations, Egypt, Greece, Rome—and why not America! Already in Virginia, naturally rich and beautiful, there is a growing impoverishment, notwithstanding that large sums are realised by the individuals who rear human stock for the southern plantations. In the partially deteriorated state of that fine old English domain, and its apparent incapability of

* M. de Tocqueville speaks of the progressive settlement of the Anglo-Saxons, as 'driven by the hand of God' across the western wilderness, at the average rate of seventeen miles per annum.

keeping pace with the more prosperous communities of the north, it may be said to approximate to the physical and moral condition which disfigured Italy in the second century. Is history to be an endless series of repetitions?

What the Americans may do to counteract the danger which threatens them, I cannot take it upon me to say. With a growing belief that slavery is injurious to the industrial and moral progress of a state, the institution may, in no great length of time, disappear from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, because these states enjoy a temperate climate, and are a fitting field for the settlement of enterprising immigrants. Its expulsion from the intertropical regions in the south, is matter for less sanguine hope. The demand for American cotton in the markets of Europe, increasing year by year, too surely strengthens the institution in the southern states, and surrounds the subject with difficulties, not to be treated lightly or sentimentally, but with the profound consideration of practical statesmanship. That things can remain as they are, as regards the relationship between the South and the North, is by no means probable. The interests and feelings of both are becoming mutually opposite and hostile; and it should occasion little surprise to learn that the South, smarting under alleged losses and indignities, took the initiative of breaking up the Union, and setting up for itself as an independent power. In such a conjuncture, the North, reduced to a second-rate sovereignty, could scarcely be expected to retain a hold over the West, which would either form a third group of independent states, or seek for federation with the South. And so, in so far as political Unity is concerned, falls the mighty fabric raised by Washington, and of whose destiny such

high anticipations have been entertained! In Canada —free from the taint and the contentions consequent on slavery, and enjoying a high degree of liberty—I found it to be a common belief, that the union of the States could not possibly long hold together; and that the North, in the event of a rupture, would sue for a federation with the British American provinces, as a natural ally. That these provinces—united, populous, and prosperous—will, some day, attain the dignity of an independent nation, few can doubt; but it is evident, that annexation to the States in present circumstances would be neither agreeable nor expedient, and will not be thought of.*

While lamenting the unsatisfactory condition, present and prospective, of the coloured population, it is gratifying to consider the energetic measures that have been adopted by the African Colonisation Society to transplant, with their own consent, free negroes from America to Liberia. Viewing these endeavours as at all events a means of encouraging emancipation, checking the slave-trade, and at the

* On this point, I may be permitted to draw attention to the following emphatic passages in a speech in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, delivered in May last by the Hon. Joseph Howe, provincial secretary:—'Sir, I believe annexation would be unwise for other reasons. I believe the United States are large enough already. In a few years, the population of that country must reach 100,000,000; they have as much work to do now as they can do well; and I believe before many years, if their union is preserved, they will have more work to do than any legislature can despatch after their modes in 365 days. . . . There is another question which must be settled before you, or I, sir, or any Nova Scotian, will be a party to annexation. Sir, I believe the question of slavery must be settled sooner or later by bloodshed. I do not believe it can ever be settled in any other way. That question shadows the institutions, and poisens the springs of public and social life among our neighbours. It saps all principles, overrides all obligations. Why, sir, I did believe, until very lately, that no constable, armed with a law which violated the law of God, could capture a slave in any of the northern states; but the Fugitive Slave Law has been enforced even in Puritan New England, where tea could not be sold or stamps collected.'

same time of introducing Christianity and civilised usages into Africa, they appear to have been deserving of more encouragement than they have had the good-fortune to receive. Successful only in a moderate degree, the operations of this society are not likely to make a deep impression on the numbers of the coloured population; and the question of their disposal still remains unsettled.

With a conviction that much harm has been done by exasperating reproaches from this side of the Atlantic on the subject of slavery, I have done little more than glance at the institution, or the dangers which, through its agency, menace the integrity of the Union. I have, likewise, refrained from any lengthened comment on the constant discord arising from the violence of faction, and have barely alluded to the extreme hazards into which the nation, under the impulse of popular clamour, is, from time to time, hurried by reckless legislation.

Trustful that the American confederation is not destined to be dismembered through the unhappy conflicts which now agitate the community—trustful that the question of slavery is to be settled in a manner more peaceful than is figured in the speech of Mr Howe—and having great faith in the power and acute intelligence of the American people to carry them through every difficulty (all their political squabbles notwithstanding), provided they will only take time to look ahead, and avoid the perils that beset their course, I bid them and their country a respectful farewell.

At noon of the 14th of December, I went on board the steamer *Europa* at New York, and in a few hours the shores of America sunk beneath the waves of the Atlantic. In thus quitting the New World, I felt how imperfect had been my acquaintanceship with it. But

I was pleased to think that I had realised a long-cherished wish, and was now able to speak, though with diffidence, of the great country to which so many inquiring minds are at present eagerly directed.

After a voyage unmarked by any particular incident, I arrived in Liverpool on the evening of the 26th of December.

THE END.

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